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ROSES AND THORNS

OF PARIS....
AND LONDON.

|||

A HISTORIC AND DESCRIPTIVE REVIEW OF THE VIRTUES AND VICES OF THE TWO GREATEST CITIES OF THE EARTH

PRESENTING Pen-and-Pencil Sketches of the Glories and Shames, the Elevating and Debasing Influences, the Reclaiming and Destructive Efforts, the Helpful and Perverting Agencies that render Paris and London the Babylons and Jerusalems of the century.

EXHIBITING Society as it exists in the Palace and the Slums, among the Princes and the Pariahs, the Moral and the Fallen, the Good and the Degenerate.

THAT LESSONS MAY BE LEARNED THEREFROM INFLUENCING TO SHUN EVIL AND ADMIRE VIRTUE

Embellished with Original Illustrations by Famous Artists

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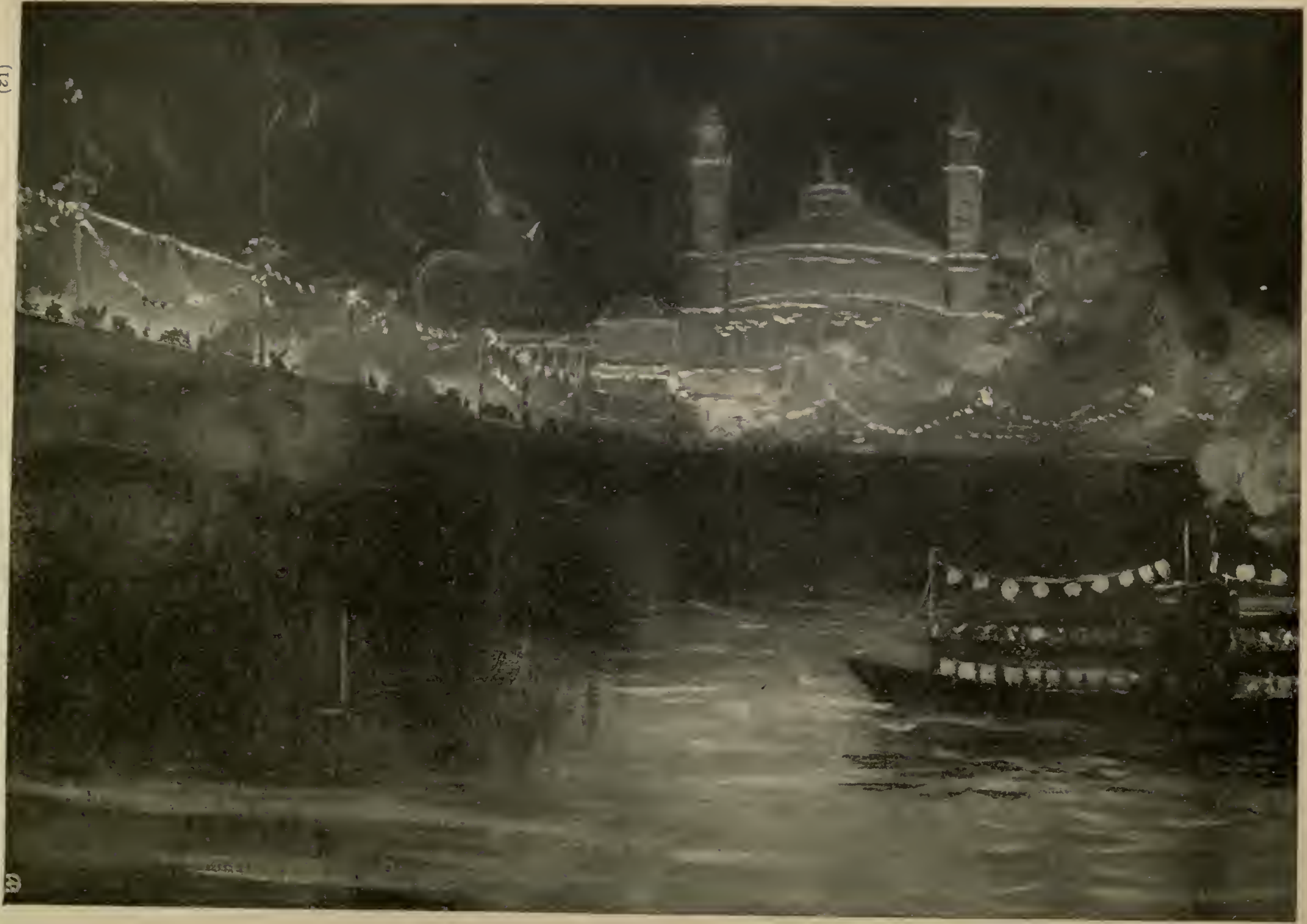

ILLUMINATION OF THE TROCADERO ON NIGHT OF JULY FOURTEENTH.

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A GLANCE WITHIN.

UNDER the very great stimulus which has been given to travel by the rapid and comfortable means provided by boat, ship and rail, a knowledge of the world's geography is not only rapidly extending, but familiarity with peoples of all lands is being promoted by literature, as well as by communication, until ignorance of customs, manners, and the interests of life in all countries is no longer excusable. Those who have the opportunities which travel afford are very fortunate, but it is really a small percentage of those who see with sharp eyes and comprehend with acute understanding, for the tourist, as a rule, is devoted to pleasure rather than to acquisition; to watching the moving panorama from ship, car, omnibus, and sidewalk, without receiving instructive impressions or studying conditions, so that it most frequently happens those who go abroad find only temporary enjoyment and no permanent intellectual benefits.

In all seriousness let the question be asked, How many of the thousands who visit Paris or London derive any appreciation of the character of those two great metropoli, or who are able, upon returning, to tell anything of consequence of their historic attractions? My experience teaches that a vast majority of these swallows take little heed of what they fly over, and that their pleasure is limited to what the mind retains of superficial or accidental observations. For this reason those who acquire their knowledge by reading only are often better informed of the really important institutions of foreign countries than are those who actually visit them. It is a blessing, therefore, to realize that not alone the fortunates who are able to cross the ocean, but also those who are forced by circumstances to deny themselves the pleasures of foreign excursions may, through a study of good books, become acquainted with all the features that encourage a desire for travel.

To know Paris and London is an education of itself, for are they not the centres of wealth, learning, attraction, as well as those concomitant phases which render civilization a paradox? The tourist usually perambulates the highways, seldom seeking the by-paths which alone reveal the true, the unveneered, the natural life and ways of the native peoples. The great trade avenues of Paris or London exhibit little that is different from what may be seen in a walk along the commercial thoroughfares of our American cities; to understand the differences, to observe the things most instructive, we must make excursions through the less prominent quarters, visit historic spots, investigate the low as well as the high conditions which constitute, by strange assimilation, the life that makes these remarkable European capitals centres of extraordinary interest.

In submitting to my readers this work on Paris and London I beg the privilege of explaining, that I have treated the subject from a standpoint of such familiarity as is formed by personal investigation; that I have written of my own observations, instead of those made by others; that what I have described are either the things I have actually seen or those that are verified by history. I have chosen to write of Paris as the city gay and magnificent, for it cannot be treated naturally in any other manner. The French are a people devoted to pleasure; they live, as it were, in an atmosphere of sensation; what may be regarded as social improprieties in other countries are often more than mere permissibilities in Paris, because to enjoy life, without infringing the personal rights of others, is a primal desire of the French. They have been called flippant, gay, even frothy, but whatever their shortcomings, from our own point of view, they are a wonderful people, famous not more for their accomplishments in the field, for their militant renown, than for the glory which shines with greatest lustre from the grander monuments of their achievements in the arts, the sciences, and literature. But Paris is the world's emporium of fashion, and as a fashion centre therefore her chief interest obtains, especially to the large body of visitors from American shores. Her reputation as a city of pleasure, rather than of commerce, demands that I should confine my descriptions largely to those features that reflect the gay disposition which distinguishes her, not omitting, of course, the worthy institutions in which her fame is secure; and accordingly I have fulfilled this expectation, if not requirement, by writing of the shadows as well as of the sunlight; of the sombre, as well as of the theatrical; of the repulsive, as well as of the picturesque; of the bad, as well as of the good, in order that the reader may know Paris as she is, the interior and the exterior, the night side and the day picture, the pauper and the prince, the fraud and the exemplar; in short, of all the characteristic phases which distinguish Paris as the most attractive city of the world.

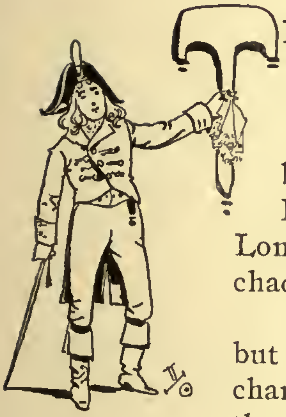
London is not only the metropolis of population, but of commerce and wealth as well, a giant in all the forces of modern culture and civilization, and is especially interesting to Americans because of her history, which, in antecedent association and relationship, is part of our own. I have, therefore, sought not only to describe the social life and institutions of London, in all the infinite variety which is there to be found, bounded by the very low and the exalted, but to present likewise descriptions of her famous shrines and memorable places, that the reader may be made acquainted with the most important episodes in her history, which is very largely the history of England, and thus come to know London of the past as well as of the present.

The illustrations which illumine this work were made by several of the best artists of Paris and London, employed by the publishers to make engravings for the text matter, and their productions are therefore instructive aids to the reader, presenting to the eye real pictures of the things described, and thus while stimulating interest they serve the understanding by creating permanent impressions, which will be particularly useful to those who may not have an opportunity to visit the two most attractive cities of the earth.

AFTER HOURS IN PARIS.

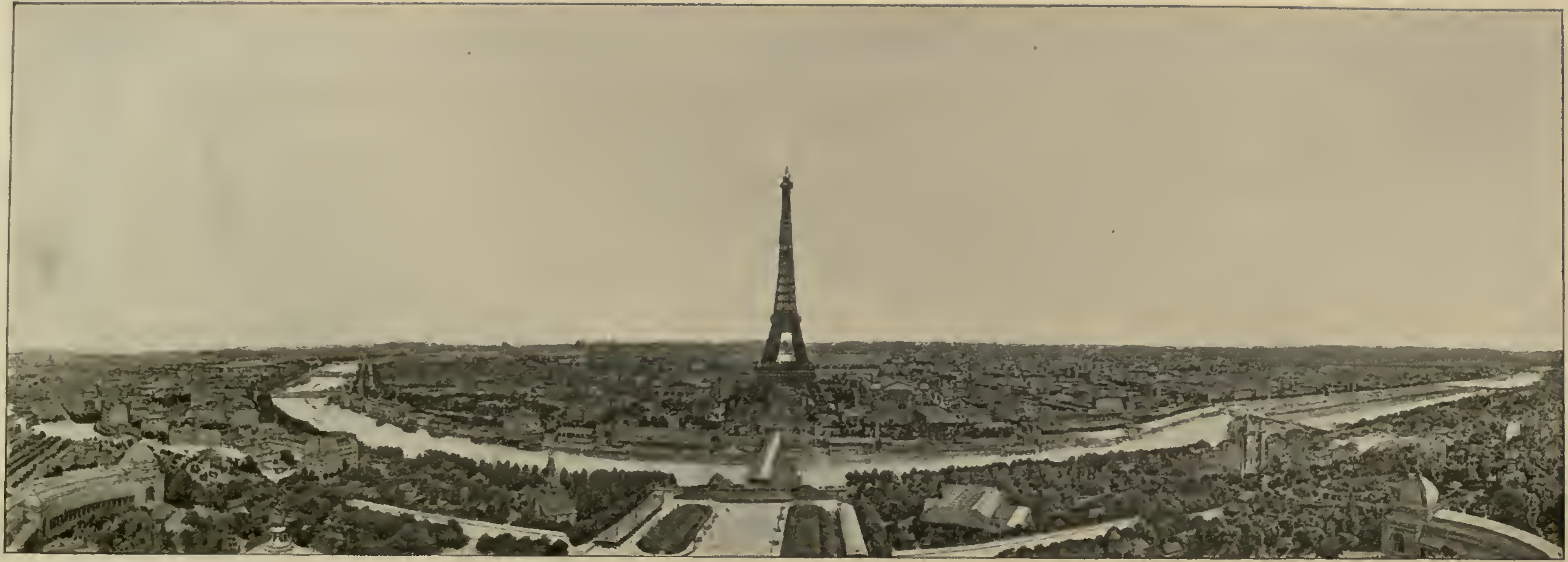
CHAPTER I.

THE GAY METROPOLIS.



THE fact has often been observed that men gain their reputation by accident, and I may add to this the equally apt statement that cities frequently become famous through adventitious occurrences. Thus, Babylon is best known by Belshazzar's feast; Damascus, by Paul's conversion; Moscow, by Napoleon's retreat; Rome, by Nero's crimes; London, by the tragedies of the Tower; and Paris, by the chaos of revolution.

There is no great city without some distinctive attraction, but Paris is peculiar in that she seems to possess all the charms, the evils, and the graces, that exist respectively in all the other large cities of the world. While this is manifestly true her wonderful popularity as a cosmopolitan metropolis cannot justly be attributed, wholly, at least, to the saturnian inducements which she presents. It may be said, to her infinite credit, that Paris is famous for her art galleries, for the unexampled beauty of her parks, for the magnificence of her monuments, for the splendor of her boulevards, for the reputation of her colleges, for the interest of her history, for the glory of her achievements, civil and military. But there is an attraction greater than any and all of these, more irresistible, if you will, and larger, it may be said, in regret if not in shame, because the charm exists in the very antithesis of the praiseworthy; a brilliancy that may be likened to the candle for a moth, or the moon-bridge for a child. It is a peculiarity of our so-called civilization that while we praise by word the beauties of art and the charms of culture, we pay our tributes by patronage to the illicit and the morbid. A horse-race or an execution will draw a larger audience than a concert or a sermon; and a bull-fight, with its horribly cruel, its savage slaughter, is always certain of an immense attendance. Nor is this the limit of our barbarity, for while we assume to adore purity we offer our devotions at the shrine of Aphrodite, excusing ourselves with the cant phrase, "beauty unadorned is adorned the most." People despise the looking-glass that reflects their deformities; and the moralist is the most unpopular of philosophers.



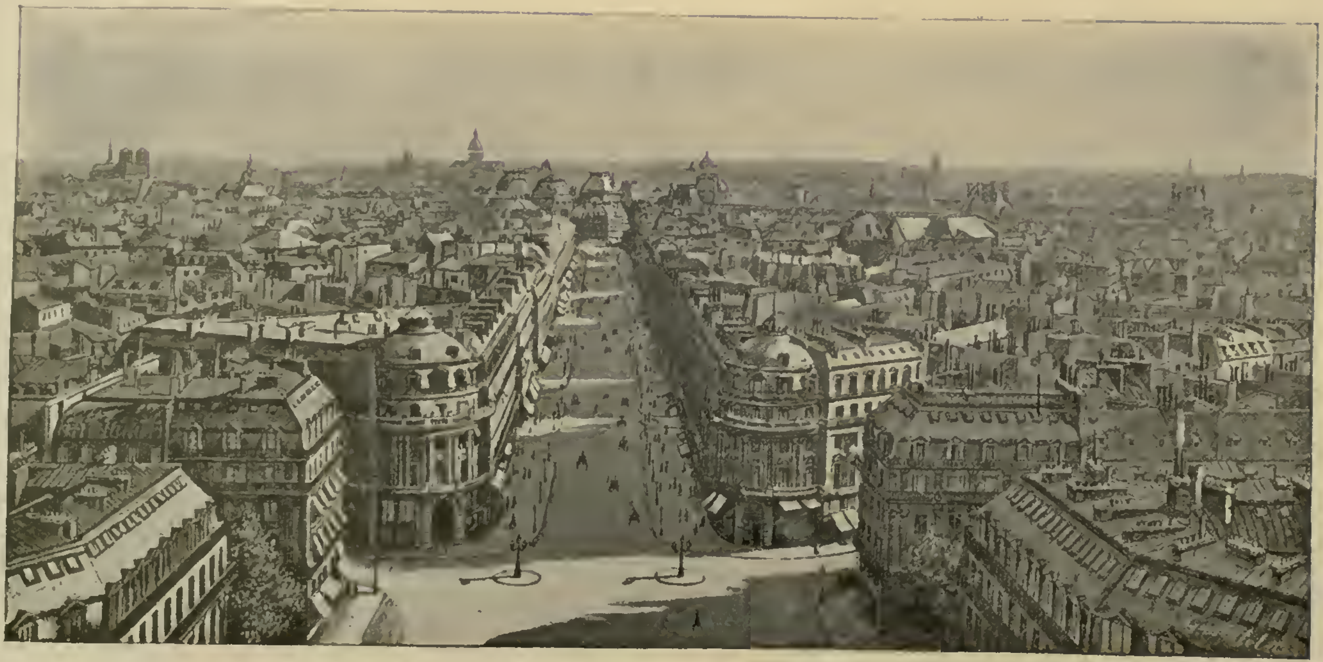
PANORAMA OF THE SEINE AND PARIS, LOOKING WEST FROM THE TROCADERO.

The number of Americans who go to Europe every summer is rapidly increasing; and singular is the fact that depression of business, poverty of purse, instead of seeming to check the hegira as it might reasonably be expected to do, appears to have a contrary effect, for travel eastward was very much greater in the spring and early summer months of 1897 than ever before; indeed, the number going abroad was limited only by the capacity of ships to carry the people. It has become a craze; a deep-seated, condemnable stampede which threatens most serious consequences to our country. And why this mad fad to visit Europe? Ah! that is the question, and an exceedingly interesting one, because the answer cannot be given on a single sheet of paper, being so remarkable that satisfying reply will require a book.

What are the Attractions of Paris?

What is the chief objective point of a very great majority of Americans? Paris! What are the special allurements of Paris? Well, while this is not a difficult query to answer for those who have visited that gilded place, the necessary explanations that must accompany the reply are as lengthy as they are surprising and entertaining. In no other city of the world are so many beautiful things to be seen. The French people are wonderfully artistic; they have an eye for the harmony of color and arrangement, as well as for sound. The streets are remarkable, being almost as handsome and well-kept as a polished floor. The boulevards are perfectly paved with eucalyptus wood, the avenues are laid with asphalt, and the streets are fortified against the wear of heavy vehicles by granite blocks. There is quite a distinction between boulevards, avenues, and streets, in Paris; as great in fact as we recognize between streets, boulevards, and alleys in America, although there is no exclusiveness of travel enforced by Paris law as in many of the cities of this country. The idea of harmony is carried by the French into the architecture of avenues as well as into that of buildings, so that violations of conformity such as we see in American cities on every street—the top-loftiness of giant structures overshadowing the diminutive crowns of their pigmy neighbors—is nowhere observable in Paris; such disfigurements of the general view would not be permitted. As a result, none of the buildings in Paris are very tall, five stories being about the highest, and there is a striking uniformity of exterior construction throughout, which is very pleasing to the eye as it surveys the long succession of cornices, cupolas, and verandas that line the thoroughfares; but to break a possible monotony which might otherwise appear to the critical, the straight line is not a long one, for graceful curves are frequent and at points of street intersection there is often an arch, large, graceful, and finely carved, or a circular place adorned with historic monument.

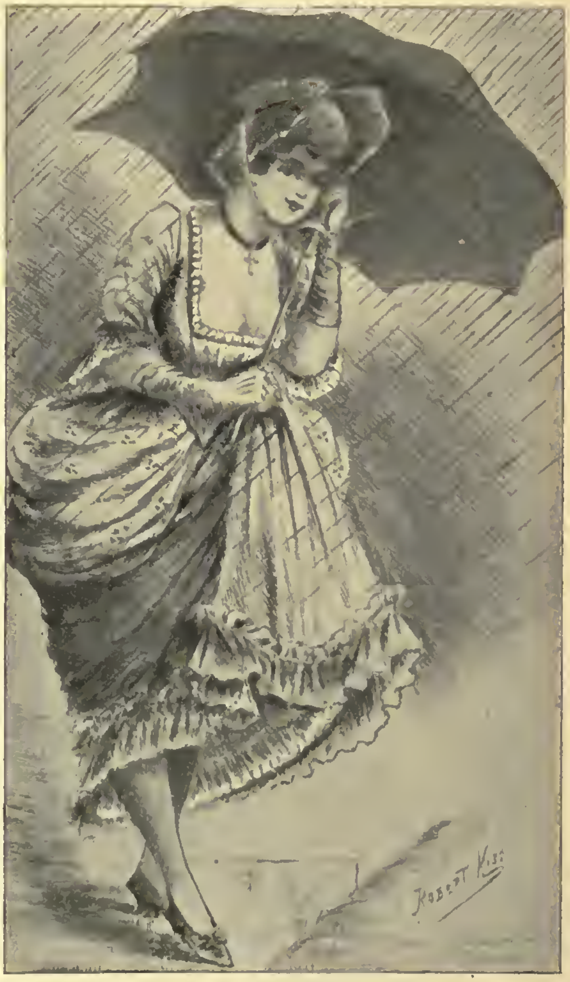
The streets of Paris are beautiful, but the parks are exquisite. A city of two and a half millions of people, which she contains, needs a great deal of breathing space, and this need is supplied more abundantly by Paris than by



PANORAMIC SCENE FROM THE LOGGIA OF THE OPERA HOUSE, LOOKING DOWN THE RUE SEPTEMBER 4.

any other city in the world. Not only are her parks larger and more numerous, but they are finer in every respect; they are more picturesque in landscape; more inviting with trees, shrubbery, and flowers; more charming with lakes, fountains, and statuary, and freer to the people who visit them, for they are not defaced by such restrictive and homely legends as "Keep off the Grass."

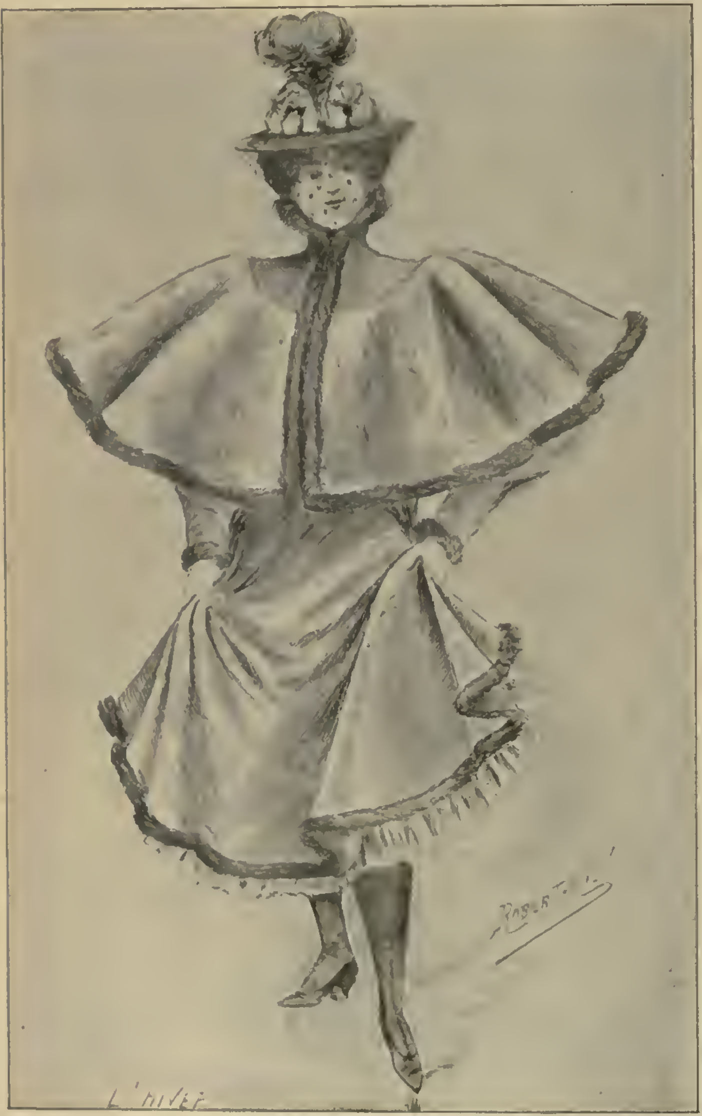
Her museums are the delight of the world, the treasure houses of all nations. The painter, the sculptor, the archeologist, the author, the student, and the unlettered as well find in them the richest products of inspiration, the rarest gems that ever graced the hand of genius, or flashed from the coronet of learning. Here the new world often pays tribute to the old, for the graves of antiquity have been ravished of their opulence of sculpture, of jewels, of adornments; and paintings by master hands, and conceptions of artists of every land, wrought in marble, metal and precious woods, have been gathered in these museums to tell the story of civilizations of long ago, and brought into comparison with the best productions of the present age to illustrate the attainments of all peoples in all periods, as well as to please the eye and gratify the curiosity of the superficial observer.



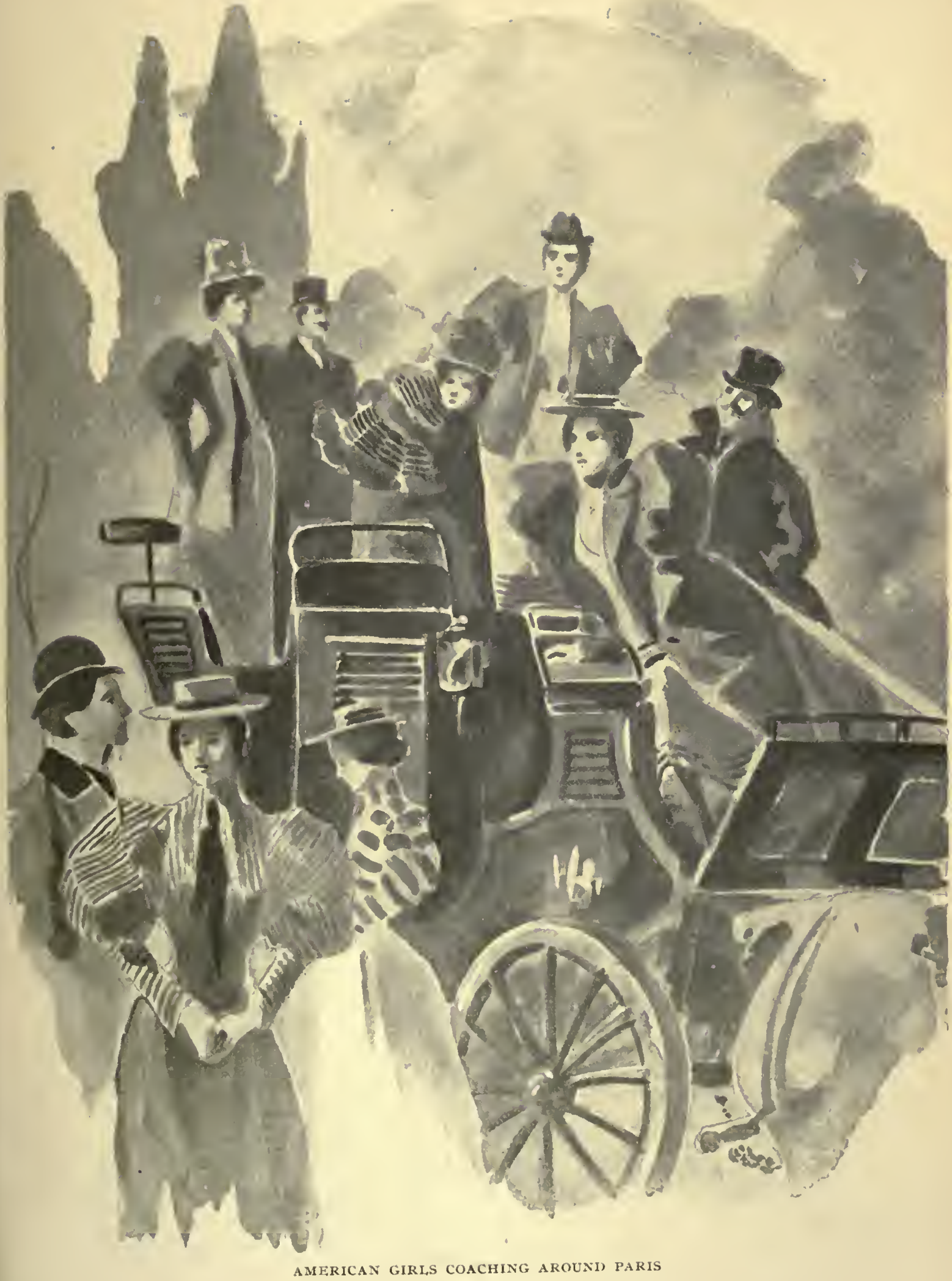
CAUGHT IN THE RAIN.

The Apotheosis of Dress.

And as Paris has been beautified until it is unique in its embellishments and harmonious picturesqueness, and entitled to the praise that every visitor bestows, it would be a paradox, a sad disfigurement, if the people who made the place so glorious, did not manifest a superior taste in dressing themselves. Nor is this natural expectation disappointed, for the French excel as much in their personal appearance as they do in their creations of streets, parks, boulevards, museums, and palaces. The best dressed women in the world are the French; not that they robe themselves in the most expensive materials; not that they wear the costliest jewels; not that they expose more of the person and thus contrast a white skin with a pink ribbon and a diamond necklace, but because they exhibit better taste in selecting, in harmonizing, and in fitting. A French girl with no better stuff at hand than a few feathers, two bolts of ribbon, and a piece of plain cloth, can array herself in a manner more bewitching than a German, English, or American girl can clothe herself from the largest selection of dress goods and millinery to be found in any bazaar of fashion in the three nations. It is a gift, or a talent, or an inheritance, surely not an acquirement, because every French girl possesses it, like an instinct, whether she lives in the country or in the city, for of the thousands of townspeople and peasants I have seen I have not yet had my attention called to an illy-dressed French girl. So it is not to be wondered that all the styles of dress among women are set by the French, especially since besides being better dressers they are more creative, and are constantly originating new modes in order to avoid the appearance of commonplace, which is every French woman's dread. Where we find a people whose minds are largely occupied with dress and in beautifying their surroundings, we may expect to see many evidences of the visionary, the impracticable, the unsubstantial. A Christmas tree, with its tinsel, iridescent globes, colored lights, and lustrous gew-gaws, is pleasing to the sight, but for usefulness it may not be compared with the tree that bears real fruit. The simile is a just one when applied to the French people, for they are peculiarly unsubstantial. At first sight, or before acquaintance reveals their true character, they are the most punctilious, the most polite, the most considerate of all nationalities; but when we come to know them well, we find they are



PROMENADE IN WINTER DRESS.



AMERICAN GIRLS COACHING AROUND PARIS

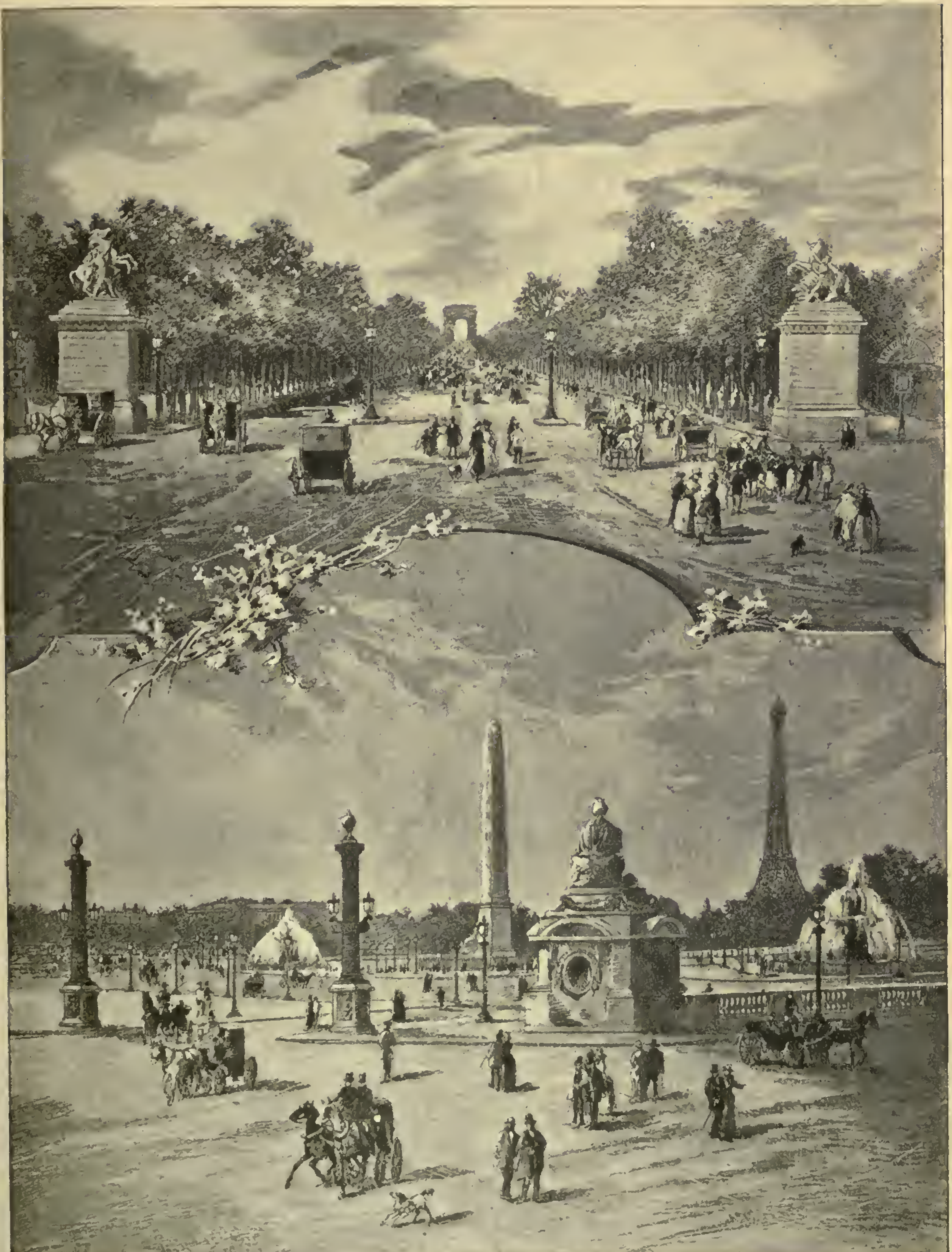
easily excited, very volcanic, quick to resent, take umbrage without proper cause, and when aroused a Frenchman is the most unreasonable creature on earth, so mad that he is almost certain to bring about his own undoing. It is this very characteristic which often renders the French soldier such an uncertain fighter. Every nation has its faults, every people is distinguished for some weakness, and let us not flatter ourselves that Americans are the exception, for in some respects, as I hope to prove in subsequent pages, we are the greatest toadies and jack-a-napes on earth, and if more than half our population were hung up to dry for several years, or until our freshness were fully cured, America would be tremendously benefited.

A WINDY DAY IN PARIS.

The French are not more devoted to fine appearances than they are to amusements; to such an extent, indeed, do they carry their greed for entertainment that the most active talent in Paris, at least, is absorbed by desire and effort to devise some new form of divertisement. The result of this is that nowhere else in the world are there such curious, remarkable, *outre*, shocking, bewildering, laughable, pitiful, and morbid shows as may be seen in Paris. I am sure my readers will confirm this opinion after they have perused some of the chapters herein, containing descriptions of a few of the entertainments which afford pleasure to the throngs of Parisians and others who patronize them.

Why do Americans Prefer Paris?

By persons who make a specialty of statistics, it is estimated that in the three months—May, June, and July, of 1897—no less than 200,000 Americans visited Europe, and that they spent an average of $750 each while abroad, or a total of $150,000,000. I am inclined to believe that this estimate of the average individual expense is much too small, but accepting it as given, it furnishes a partial answer to the at present absorbing question, "Why is there such a large export of American gold to Europe?" It is also said, and I believe it, that not more than one person in twelve who goes to Europe



PLACE DE LA CONCORDE AND AVENUE DES CHAMPS-ELYSEES.

from America, has ever seen any of his own country west of St. Louis. I have made several trips to Europe myself, though, with pride do I say it, never for pleasure only, and my own experience compels me to believe three things about Americans who go abroad, and hence I may divide the visitors into three classes:

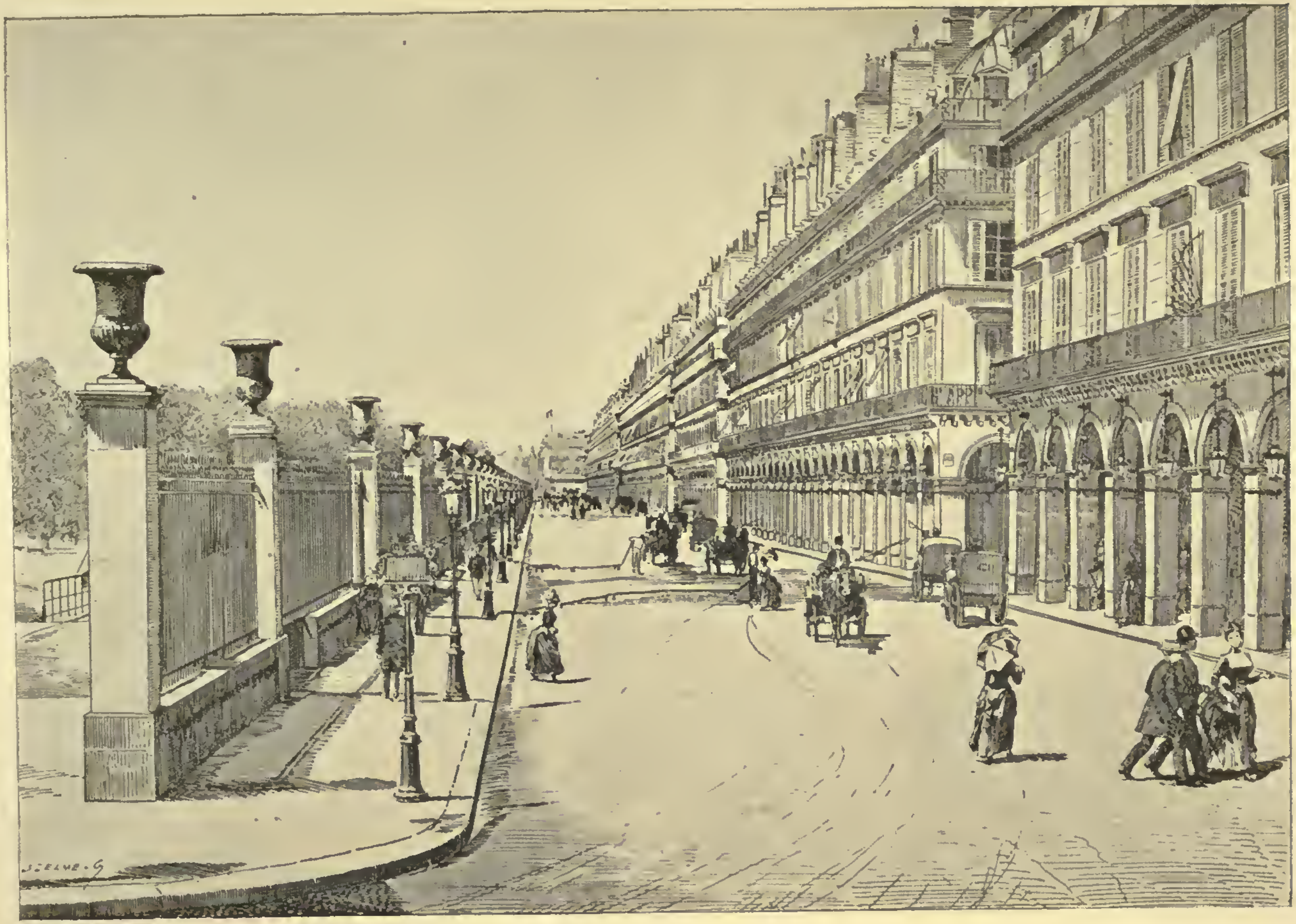
1. Those who make the trip on business.

2. Those who go with no other purpose in view than to say upon returning, "I spent my vacation, or a year, in Europe."

3. Those who go to see if the candle about which they have heard and read so much can singe their wings. This latter class compose the large majority. Home has a strong restraining influence, and to many persons of both sexes a visit abroad unlooses the tether which binds them to propriety and permits them to leap into forbidden fields where the grass looks very tempting even though all around are signboards marking the enclosures as "dangerous." Perversity is perhaps the strongest trait in human character. If it were not for this original and almost God-defying sin there would be no evil in the world; no drunkenness; no swearing; no swindling; no tobacco chewing; no lust; no crime.

A thing forbidden, however, is a thing desired, for the brand of interdiction is the spark of temptation and the flame that destroys. To speak directly, to tell the truth, to lampoon deception, to expose hypocrisy and evil, is every one's duty. It is mine as well, and I shall not shirk it. In an earlier work I wrote of "Paris Beautiful," as she is to the exterior view; in this I propose to describe the social life, and the social snares of Paris; the revelry, the fan-fare, the theatrical, the veneer of the metropolis that is pre-eminently gay, giddy and very often shocking.

Of the 200,000 persons who go abroad, how many of them have Paris as an objective point? You will be surprised to learn that more than ninety per cent is the correct answer. The English lines of ocean steamers land their passengers at Liverpool, Southampton, or Glasgow. These excursionists all go to London, but it is because London is on the way to Paris. Not one person in a hundred spends more than a week in London. The same is true of those who land at Bremen, or Hamburg, or Havre. They all hurry to the gilded capital. Nowhere else in the world are there so many hotels, boarding houses, and cafés as in Paris, yet in the season, which is the time when all the native population who are able to do so leave for the watering-places, it is almost impossible to secure rooms at the hotels. I have found the Grand Hotel, with its 1500 rooms, so full of guests as early as April that dozens of applicants were being turned away every day. Imagine then what the demand is for accommodations in June and July, the height of the season for American travelers. And though many Americans are to be found throughout the summer in the mountain and lake districts of Switzerland, the water-cure resorts of Germany, and in cities of Austria and Hungary, yet the greater part either spend the whole of their



RUE DE RIVOLI.

so-called vacation in Paris, or at least a month or two of it. And it is a matter of general observation and remark that, of those who leave Paris for other places in Europe, more than nine-tenths are far past middle age, the younger class, where permitted, preferring to remain and enjoy the boulevards, the casinos, the cafés, and the abandon of the city of pleasure. The attractions which hold them there I shall tell you about under appropriate heads and chapters.

Paris is a very paradise for widows, real widows, grass widows, and temporary widows. Many women who lose their husbands go to Paris to forget them. They make a success of it. Others go to Paris to lose their husbands. These rarely fail. Still others visit Paris with the view of finding husbands. This latter class, if good-looking or fascinating, usually secure what they seek, either a single man or another woman's husband, and it really doesn't appear to make much difference to them.

Powerful Effects of Bad Example.

Human nature is one of the queerest of things, filled as it is with wonderful conceits and paradoxes. How difficult a thing it is to persuade a young girl in the West to adopt a short suit and go bathing in one of the lakes or rivers with her brothers, or even her father! She is modest; besides, she dreads the idea of innovation. Other girls are not seen bathing in the rivers and she will not make a spectacle of herself by wearing a swimming suit that would cause her to be the talk of town and country. Yet this same modest girl will go to the seashore and robe, or rather disrobe, herself in a Jersey suit large enough to comfortably fit a gadfly and strut for an hour up and down the beach, happiest when she draws the largest attention to the plumpness of her figure. Strange, isn't it?

Well, girls go to Paris who at home are so prudish that they almost prefer to sit up all night rather than put off their clothes for a chemise, and after a short stay there, so powerful is the effect of example, that they hear with delight the risque songs, and look on with highly pleased senses at the sensuous can-can of the Moulin Rouge. It is a sudden transition from the pure to the forbidden, but everybody seems to enjoy the change, if we may judge by the expressions heard at these shady entertainments. Do we require stronger proof than this of the willful perversity of human nature?

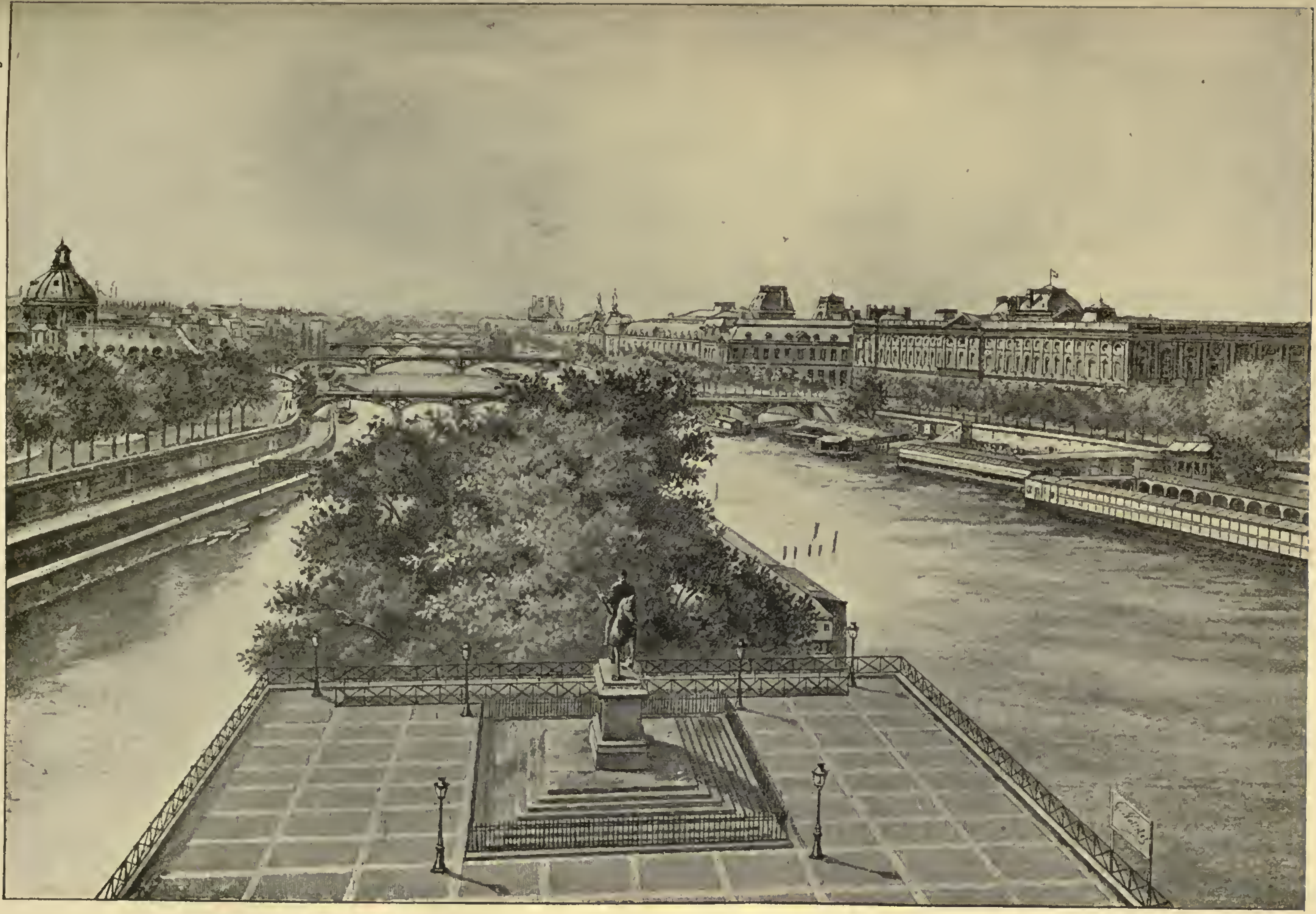
The experiment is worth the trial. When you hear persons talking of going abroad, ask them if they have seen all of America. Then inquire of them why they prefer to visit Europe to traveling in their own country. The answers may in nearly every case be anticipated. The first will always be "No." The second is about like this: "Oh, there is so much to be seen in Europe. Yes, I suppose there is some fine scenery in the West, but it's a long way to reach it. But what will most interest me in Europe we do not have in America. I want so much to see the old castles and palaces where royalty formerly lived; the classical ruins; the scenes of Scott, Dumas," etc., and, you may add in a low voice, "Rabelais." "And I want to see the great museums and monuments, by which history may be studied so impressively that it is impossible to forget it; and I long to go through the Luxembourg, and the Louvre, where hang the greatest paintings of the old masters and of the distinguished living artists," etc. Yes, nearly every one gives the same answer; they have heard it from other lips, they have read it in books, and it serves them well. Now, having the answer, how about the truth? If you go to Paris do not fail to visit the grand galleries of the Louvre, and of the Luxembourg. In the former, the largest museum of the kind in the world, you will find the most beautiful specimens of sculpture and the finest paintings ever produced. It is worth thousands of miles of travel to see. The Palace and Museum of the Luxembourg is only second in importance to the Louvre. It is filled with exquisite statuary and magnificent paintings, every example of which is the work of a living artist, for as soon as an artist dies, whose picture or sculpture is in the Luxembourg, it is removed to the Louvre, where it ever afterwards remains. Every American should visit often and remain long at these great museums, but in sadness it must be told, that both are almost entirely neglected by Americans. Go through them at any time, and though you may know that 50,000 Americans are in Paris, you will be astonished to find less than fifty of that large number in either place.

Then go over to the Musée Cluny, in the Latin Quarter; as a museum it is of little interest, but among the curiosities there shown are two girdles of chastity. One is of ivory and leather, the other of steel. They are carefully kept in glass cases, but may be seen by any visitor. I do not need to explain what they are, but certainly a sight of such contrivances is neither instructive nor beneficial, and it ought to send a blush of shame to every honest woman's cheek, yet I must tell you that it is usually difficult to catch even a glimpse of these two articles, because of the large crowd of men, women, girls, and boys, a thoroughly promiscuous gathering, that surrounds them. Nothing is better advertised, because it is popularized by word of mouth, and it catches people of both sexes who care nothing for real art.

Disposition to Drift with the Current of Pleasure.

I do not want to be understood as holding up to contumely every American who goes to Paris, for in the beginning I divided the visitors into three classes, and I am therefore now and henceforth describing those who belong to the third section. If you have been to Paris you will know what division you should be assigned to, and no one can take exceptions to my classification, because I shall not particularize, as I despise personalities. I may also tell you that Americans are no worse than other people. A difference of speech or nationality does not extend to sensations and desires. Thirst, hunger, pleasure, pain, are common to all people; so it is that what excites or attracts Americans has a like effect upon persons of other nationality. It is this fact that makes Paris so cosmopolitan. If I write most about Americans it is because I am one of them, and chiefly because my readers are indifferent to what other people like and dislike, but are much interested in the conduct—especially the misbehavior—of Americans abroad. Not a few, however, go abroad for their health, to forget a grief, for several honest reasons, and many go for schooling; of these there is little to be written. A person in ill health is not generally attracted by night entertainments; those who go through grief are not supposed to mingle in giddy crowds; and if for an education of any kind it is hardly likely that either means or inclination give them opportunity to indulge those propensities which, dormant in the innocent, may be aroused by vicious examples, as they are in the idle wealthy.

A BEAUTY IN THE BOIS.



STATUE OF HENRY IV., WITH THE INSTITUTE OF FRANCE ON THE LEFT AND THE LOUVRE MUSEUM ON THE RIGHT.

CHAPTER II.

SOCIETY DELINQUENCIES IN THE GIDDY CITY.

SOCIETY in Paris is difficult to describe. It is not just what it ought to be. There are several reasons for this. A people are powerfully influenced by their rulers, because the court sets both the pace and the fashions. A licentious king will naturally surround himself with licentious followers, and as these compose the highest class socially as well as officially, society will surely become tainted by the association. And France has been exceedingly unfortunate in the character of most of her kings. Louis IX. had both a mother and a wife who were shockingly dissolute, by one of whom he was poisoned. Charles VII. had a mistress in the person of Agnes Sorel, who practically ruled the court. Louis XI., though called the Pious, was notorious as the author of a number of vile stories that were chiefly borrowed from Boccacio. His private life was very bad.

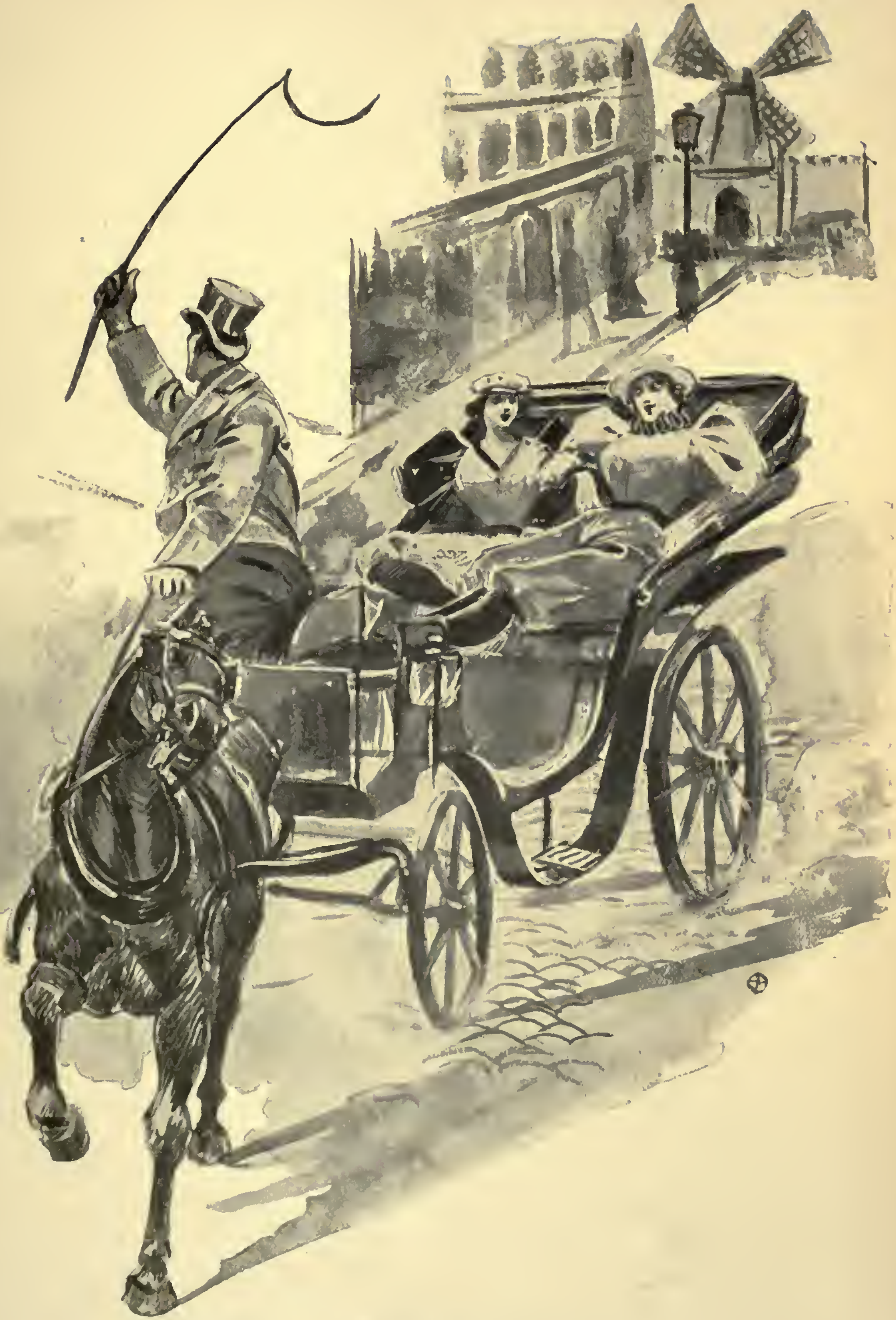
Louis XII. was forced to marry the daughter of Louis XI., whom he afterward repudiated and divorced for another woman. Yet he is called the father of his people.

Marie de Médicis, wife of Henry IV., had a favorite in Concini, and was infamous in her conduct with other men.

Louis XIV. ran the gamut of lewdness, whose reign is remarkable for the grossness of manners and depravity of morals that pervaded all classes, and which paved the way for the Revolution. His mistresses were numerous, the most prominent of whom were the Duchess de La Valliere and the Marchioness de Montespan, by whom he had a number of children, and who afterward privately married Mme. de Maintenon.

Louis XV. practiced the grossest indecencies in the most brazenly open way. To such extent did this debauchery of his court finally grow, that multitudes of ladies of the highest distinction were open suitors for the king's favors, while the nobles throughout France emulated each other in pandering to the lewd appetite of the monarch. The most noted of his mistresses were Chateauroux, Pompadour, and du Barry. The deer park at Versailles was called his harem, in which were kept for the pleasure of the king a number of young girls enticed from their homes by the royal procuress.

Louis XVI. was probably pure in mind, but ignominy attached to his court by reason of the flagitious actions of his wife, Marie Antoinette, who preferred the favors of certain of her marshals to those of her husband.



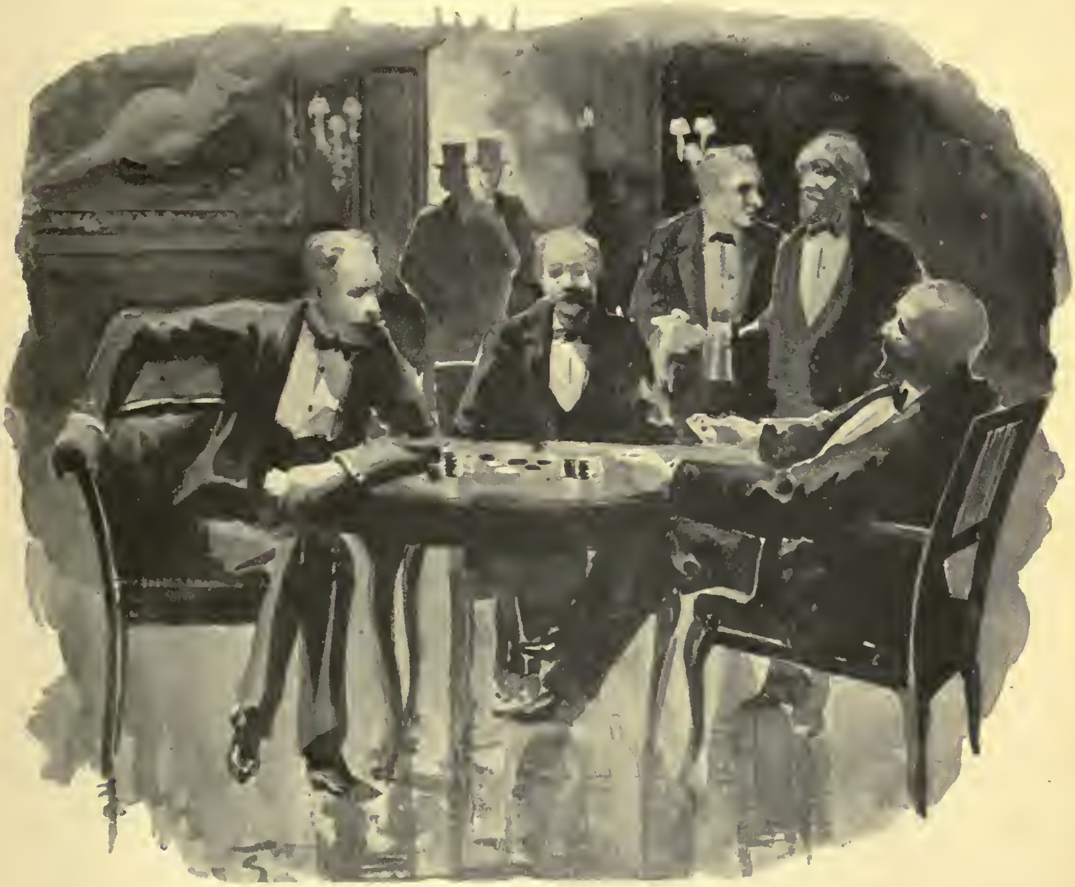
GIRLS COMING FROM THE MOULIN DE LA GALETTE.

Napoleon was as weak in his morals as he was strong in his genius for generalship. He violated every rule of conduct that makes for honor and constancy, and established a social order whose influence for evil will be felt for another century. His first wife, Josephéne, a widow, was not without reproach, and his second wife, Maria Louise, had an intrigue with an Austrian officer which became advertised to the entire court and the world. And this story of shame, with small changes, will describe the household of nearly every ruler of France. The resulting influence is seen to-day in the whole social life of the French people, and to such an extent that the word "Frenchy" is used very generally to express immodesty. It is not my purpose to prefer an indictment against the Parisians as people of rank indecency, for while grossness is flagrant in Paris, so well advertised, indeed, as to constitute one of the chief characteristics and most popular attractions of the metropolis, I am glad to say that the number of honest men and women of the nation are not few, though they have a mighty struggle in their contention with vice.

Causes of Lax Morals and Domestic Infelicities.

Domestic life in Paris is equivocal; there are unquestionably many happy families, made up of loyal husbands and true wives, but these are so sensible to the dangers which surround their children that special means are adopted for their protection. Among the upper classes girls are never permitted to attend the theatre, pay calls, make visits, or appear on the streets without the company of their mothers, fathers, or some near relative. An American may spend a year in Paris without seeing a single young lady native of the place unless perchance it be driving with their proper attendants in the Bois or the Champs Elysées. This protection is so beneficent that impurity is the exception among girls of the better class. I may not except only the wealthy either, for many families among the more lowly are no less circumspect of the conduct of their daughters, whose virtue is carefully guarded from childhood until marriage. Let it be understood, therefore, that my arraignment is not of all French women, but rather of what in charity we may designate as the unfortunate class; which, alas, is perhaps more numerous in Paris than in any other Christian city of the world.

The conditions which render it so are not very hard to understand. In addition to the causes already given, there are others scarcely less potent. France may be called a warlike nation; whenever she is not fighting she is in a state of active preparation, which is almost as bad. Every male above the age of seventeen and under forty must serve seven years in the army, or else buy immunity from service, which only the very few are able to do. Privates are paid the ridiculous sum of thirty cents per month, which is such an insufficiency for their needs, notwithstanding they are furnished clothes and rations, that the soldiery is in the deepest slough of poverty. They cannot, of course, afford to marry, even if they had a disposition to do so, and when they are finally discharged it is at an age when the fever of love has been cured by deprivation and the demoralization of morals which army life produces. There is, accordingly, small chance to marry, and the result is a nation of men and women who know nothing of the comforts and blessings of domesticity. In consequence of this lamentable condition children are a rarity in France, and especially so in Paris. So great is this evil that the nation is fast losing its strength. Statistics show that while the population of Paris is increasing, though slowly, that of France is decreasing at such an alarming rate that the government now grants a pension to every family having three or more children. Indeed, remission of tax, and direct bounty fail of the effects desired, for the French people seem to have an aversion for offspring. It is very hard working and economizing for the poor of Paris to live, so, to reduce expenses and get rid of encumbrances at the same time, it is a common practice to send infants to the country where they are cared for by peasants at small cost to the parents, who are so indifferent that they often allow years to pass without having a sight of them. And so it is, dogs and cats are much more common household ornaments than children, whose shouts and prattle are very rarely heard in the parks or streets of Paris.



SCENE AT A PARIS GAMBLING CLUB.

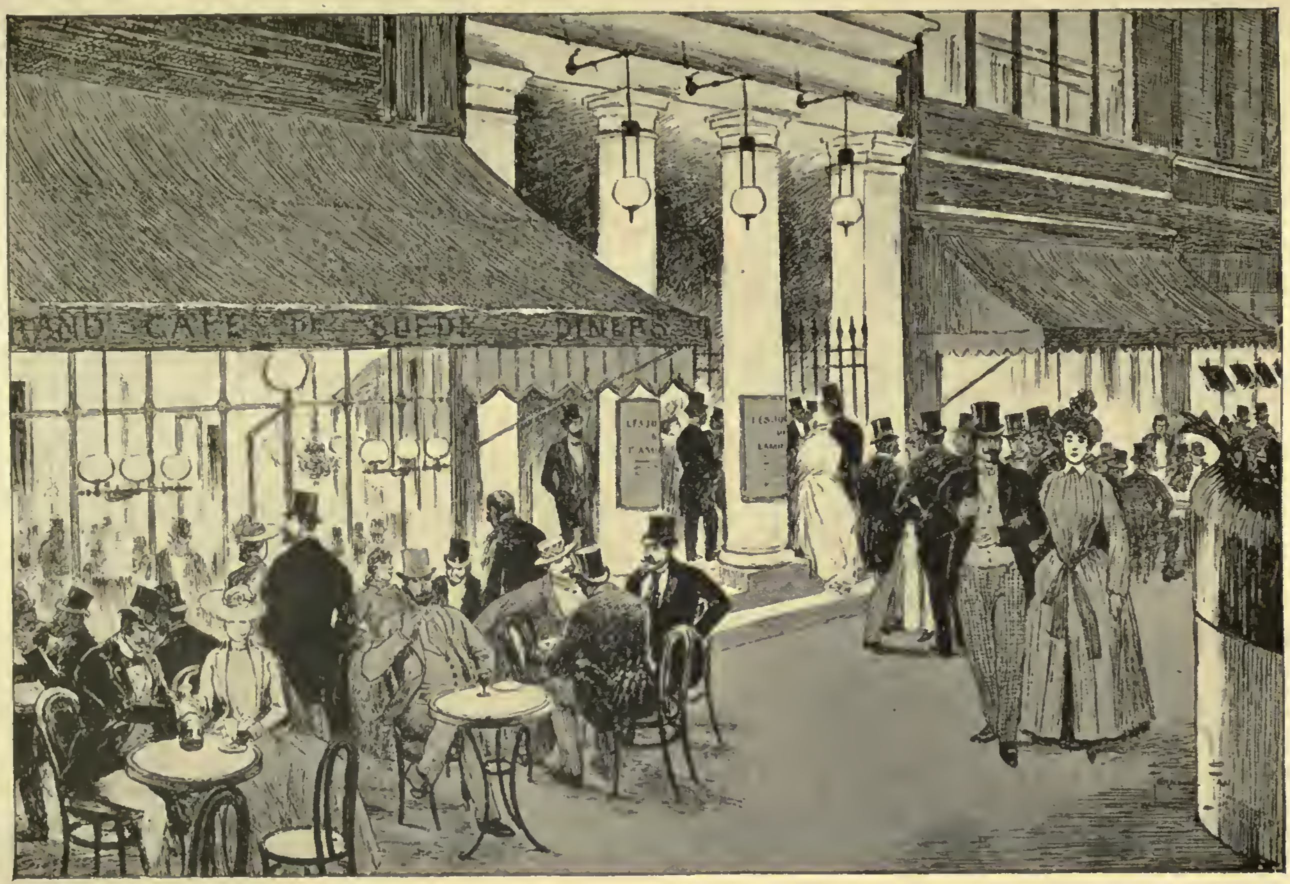
Inseparability of French Families.

And yet, for all this, there is an almost inseparable bond that ties members of a French family together after the children are half-grown, or large enough to contribute some assistance to the parents. As a very observing American lady writer has truthfully said: "It is not as with us, where the sons once in their teens go off and rent their bachelor apartments, and become thereafter visiting members of the parental domicile. Except with some special reason for forming separate establishments, sons stay at home into baldness. Aunts, daughters-in-law, grandmothers, cousins, may be found under the same roof from generation to generation." Economy, perhaps as much as kinship, induces this community of living and interest, but it is practiced more generally in France than in any other country. Another inviolate badge of relationship is found in the charity with which lapses from virtue are regarded among these people. A daughter may be ever so notorious in her amours without incurring the scorn or even ill-will of her parents, who freely condone her offences by appearing to ignore them.

The example set by nearly all the French rulers of maintaining mistresses, is followed to an almost shocking extent by men of means in Paris, a practice so common that wives seem to expect it and rarely make protest. An exception, however, was manifested by a prominent matron, wife of a well-known painter, in April, 1896, whose violence set Paris agog and brought the police into the affair. The painter husband in question had a *liaison* with a very beautiful woman, whose face and well-rounded figure was made the subject of his brush so repeatedly that the just jealousy of his neglected wife was aroused, and when one of the objectionable pictures was hung in the *salon* with a chance of receiving honorable mention, the wife made such an onslaught upon it with her parasol as destroyed both the picture and the false husband's hope. She was arrested for vandalism, but her temper and pluckiness triumphed, for upon being arraigned she told the story of her wrongs so dramatically that the judge commended her violence, and said it would be well if other wives did likewise.

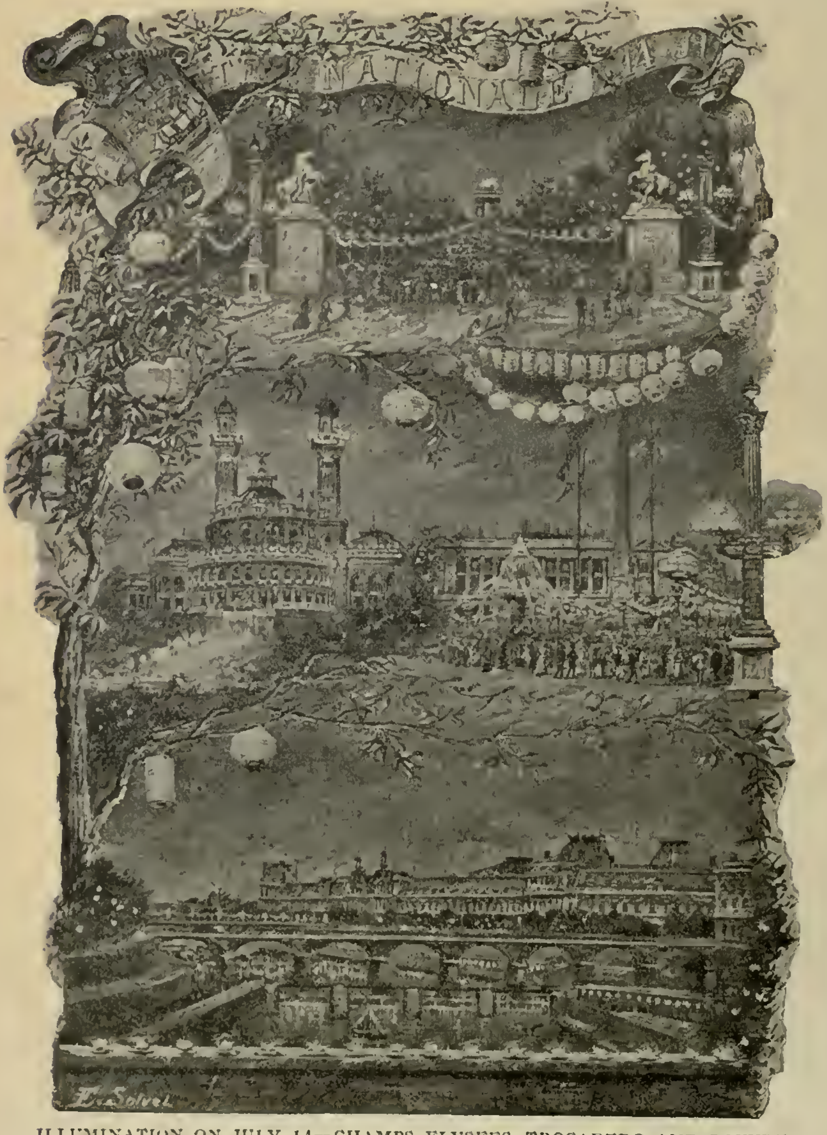
Wedding of American Heiresses to Foreign Titles.

The most lamentable spectacle of which I have heard report is that of an American heiress bound by conjugal ties to a titled French husband. This is a subject often written of, but it never loses interest, because it is an appeal not so much of common sense as of warning. A danger signal ought to be set up most prominently, and it is impossible to placard a pitfall too much. As a rule, such a title as "count" in France and Italy is of no value whatever. In the long years ago there was a nobility whose members were of great social prominence. But they are extinct now, or else survive as a mere relic, and too common to be of any worth as rarities. A viscount may have some claims as


AND CAFE DE SUEDE DINERS

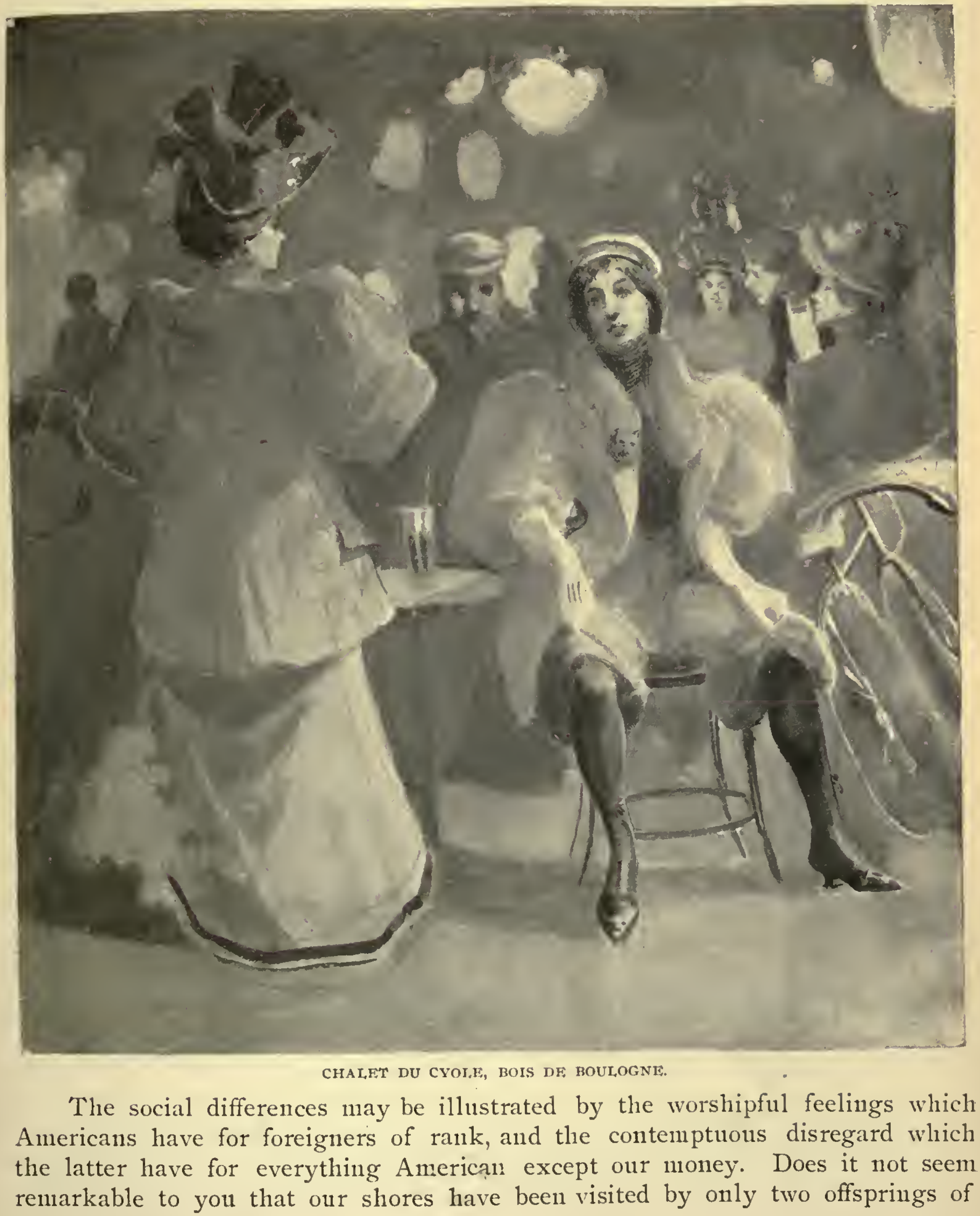
A RENDEZVOUS ON THE BOULEVARD.

the descendant of a rich or once powerful family, but a count really has nothing but poverty to distinguish him, for he is one of the shabby genteel hand-me-downs whom no one regards save Americans. And even if it were otherwise, how foolish a thing it is for an heiress to barter her riches for a title. There is a wide gulf between even the tag-end of royalty and the plebeian. Why, a king cannot contract a lawful marriage with one who is destitute of the blood of his kind. The morganatic wife can never hope for a recognition at court beyond that of mistress. And this prejudice of blood extends to the very toes of kingly relationship. A count cannot make a countess from a peasant; his wife may be called a countess, but she is no more recognized as such by her social superiors by birthright than a beggar is hailed as sovereign. When the heiress wife is seduced by love of title from her own country and introduced to the circle of the semi-royal she is regarded not so much with suspicion as with hauteur; not so much with doubtfulness as with mockery and contempt. The titled husband believes that true greatness is a matter of blood and not of brains; that his wife is his inferior and should not presume to hold herself upon terms of equality with him. How can he regard her otherwise, for his ideas of social caste are created and fixed by birth, more than by environment; by instilment, more than by association. It is not straining the truth to say that it is a



ILLUMINATION ON JULY 14—CHAMPS ELYSEES, TROCADERO AND LOUVRE.

sociologic impossibility for an American girl to live happily as the wife of a titled husband; as unnatural as for a person raised in luxury to be content in a raiment of rags, or to live on a diet of stale bread and foul water.



CHALET DU CYCLE, BOIS DE BOULOGNE.

The social differences may be illustrated by the worshipful feelings which Americans have for foreigners of rank, and the contemptuous disregard which the latter have for everything American except our money. Does it not seem remarkable to you that our shores have been visited by only two offsprings of royalty in a century? In 1861 the Prince of Wales condescended to accept our adulation and effusive hospitality, and in 1870 the Grand Duke Alexis came over to hunt with Buffalo Bill and see our Indians. Do you remember of any other scions of the blood royal of Europe ever having put foot upon the soil of our great country? Yes, I do now call to mind one other, the Princess Eulalie, representative at the World's Fair of a country in which performances are given every Sabbath of spring, summer and autumn, in every city and town of Spain, before applauding royalty and populace, of the ripping up of horses by the sabre-pointed horns of tormented bulls. Representative of the most cruel and infamous nation of Christendom, that stoops to slaughter innocence and rises with dripping swords to declare that Americans are barbarians. But even our World's Fair, the most stupendous as it was the most intellectual exposition of any age, failed to attract a single other royal visitor. And what a commentary! The United States is the greatest nation of the earth; her jeweled fingers clutch at the commerce of the world; her institutions are the wonder of all peoples; her wealth is incomputable; her government is the most magnificent of experiments. And yet, kings, princes, potentates, chancellors of the old world, whose concerns should be the amelioration of evil, the advancement of learning, the betterment of government, do not consider it advantageous to their people to personally study the conditions and laws which have made us so great as a nation, and to incorporate whatever is of such benefit to us into their own statutes. This neglect is a shame upon all Europe. And why do the men of distinction in foreign lands so stupidly ignore us? The answer is plain. It is because they hold us as a people in the same esteem they do the Hottentots.

THE ONION MERCHANT.

Perfunctory Honors.

When General Grant made his tour of the world he was everywhere received with a cordiality that was generous to a degree. Kings vied in doing him honor, and municipalities were in rivalry in bestowing upon him every possible mark of distinguished consideration. But it was diplomacy, not genuine esteem. When Cetewayo, the swart king of Matabelaland, visited England, the Queen received him with equally marked favor, and the Shah of Persia created a greater sensation in London than did General Grant. If the monarch of Timbuctoo should leave his ivory throne to spend a season among the imperial jades of Europe, thousands of supporters of the crown would rush forward to become bearers of his robes of goat skin. It is diplomacy. But let us not smear ourselves with the rank unction of flattery, and hide our heads in the delusion that processions and official receptions, and gifts of snuff boxes, bestowed upon General Grant were manifestations of genuine appreciation for America. As long as we have no wide-branching genealogical trees and no distinguished lineage reckoned from Guelph, Hapsburg, Orleans, Romanoff, Schleswig, Hohenzollern, we must be content to occupy a place in the world's great social parade to which our presumptuous betters assign us. I believe myself that America is the grandest, the best, the most enlightened country of the globe, and that our people are pre-eminent in every quality save alone that of self-respect. As we cannot afford to be blind to our own faults, let us frankly confess and earnestly seek to reform the weaknesses, the drawbacks, of which we are guilty. Let us admit the fact, however humiliating, odious, and disgraceful, that among Americans there are more lick-spittles than may be found among any other people of the world. Let us lampoon ourselves as we richly deserve, and not blame foreigners for holding us in such contempt as our conduct invites.

Patriotic Fuss and Feathers.

During campaigns and on the Fourth of July our patriotism is exceedingly noisy, but it begins in vanity and ends in wind. Our rich make their money in America and spend it in Europe; our heiresses get their manners, their virtues, their bloom from this land of independence and glorious opportunity, and barter their graces for the miserable bauble of title; our men of talent neglect the inviting fields which lie all around them to shed their sweat on the fallow lands of monarchy. Our people cry hard times and carry their surplus over the sea. They alienate themselves from the blessings and the comforts of home to listen to the sneers of foreigners; they leave the country to which they owe everything, to *enjoy* the inconveniences, the wretched eating, the beggarly conditions, the high prices, the miserable disappointments, and the ill manners of people who despise them. Is this language an injustice? If it is, it is because the whole truth is really too shocking to be told. Whenever you see in a paper, or a letter, accounts of Americans—painters, singers, actors, merchants, legislators, authors—being féted and honored in Europe, don't hesitate in forming an opinion that it is nothing but advertising. Americans are the most skillful advertisers in the world, and going to Europe very often gives them opportunity for using this talent to effective purpose. It is sham, and this parading of attentions which they failed to receive, furnishes another reason for the scorn of foreigners. Subserviency rarely wins respect; inanity and deceit cannot grace the brow of honor.

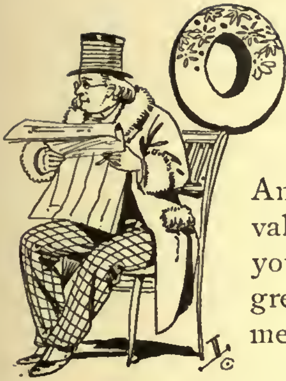
In one of Thackeray's very excellent and short stories, "Catherine," describing the aspirations and the villainies of a worthless count, the following occurs:

"It must now be stated that Monsieur de Galgenstein had, during Cat's seclusion, cast his eyes upon a young lady of good fortune, who frequented the assembly at Birmingham and who was not a little smitten by his title and person. The four new coats, 'laced and paid for,' as Cat said, had been purchased, most probably, by His Excellency for the purpose of dazzling the heiress; and he and the coats had succeeded so far as to win from the young woman an actual profession of love, and a promise of marriage provided Pa would consent. This was obtained,—for Pa was a tradesman; and I suppose every one of my readers has remarked how great an effect a title has on the lower classes. Yes, thank Heaven! there is about a free-born Briton a cringing baseness, and lick-spittle awe of rank, which does not exist under any tyranny of Europe, and is only to be found here and in America."

Since Thackeray's day I think this shameful reverence for rank has somewhat subsided in England, while it has manifestly become more rampant in the United States, where it is now nauseating in the extreme.

CHAPTER III.

COST AND TRIALS OF LIVING IN PARIS.



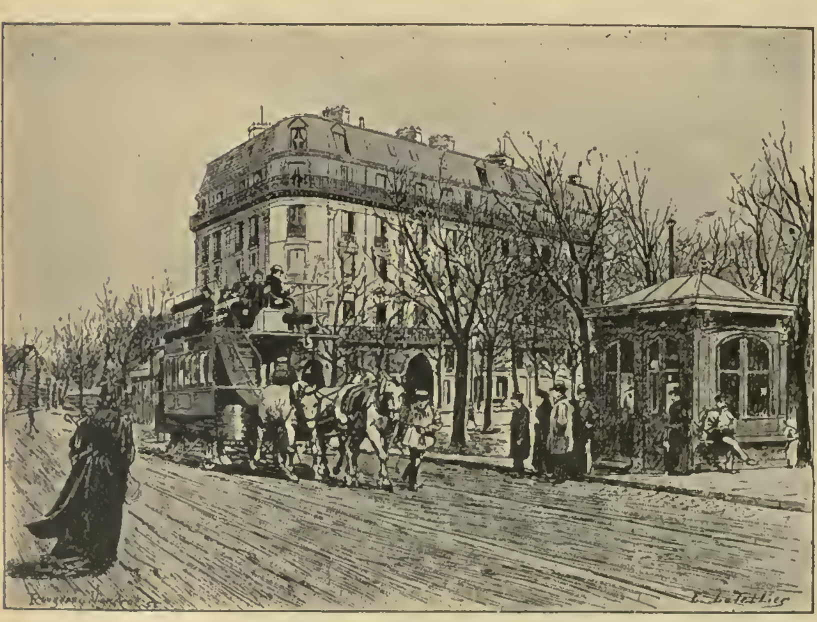
OF the many questions in which persons contemplating a trip to Europe are interested those concerning living and traveling expenses, the price of rooms, of board at pensions and hotels, of meals at restaurants, etc., are most important. Answers to these and information thereon will be especially valuable to you, for the facts when fully known may cause you to change a thoughtless expectation and in saving you great expense will at the same time save you much disappointment and immense discomfort.

It is a common assertion, made for political reasons and by persons who do not know, that the cost of living abroad is very much less than it is in the United States. So far from this being true the expense is greater in every city of Europe, and in Paris it is fully double what it is, for equal accommodations, in America. In France the railroad fare is about six cents per mile, and sleeping car berths—all most wretchedly uncomfortable—are nearly one-half the cost of the railroad transportation. For example, the fare from Paris to Nice, 500 miles, is $24.80, and for a sleeping berth it is $10.85. From Paris to Vienna, 700 miles, the fare is $30.00 and sleeper $15.00. From Paris to Basel, the German frontier, seven hours ride, a railroad ticket costs $10.00, sleeper $5.05. In Germany the fares are somewhat less. Second class traveling is recommended by many, because the cost is one-third less; but I have tried it more than once, and except for short distances found walking more comfortable.

In Paris particularly the cost of living is very much greater than it is in any other city of the world; nor can it be said in extenuation that it is any better, or even half so good, as in America. Persons who want to stay for several weeks in the gay capital and to economize expenses, usually engage accommodations at a pension—boarding house. I never tried it, but have traded experience with many who have, and besides often visited friends at these semi domestic hasheries. I do not hesitate to say it is a mistake. My advice is, don't go to Paris, or abroad, unless you can afford to pay for all the luxuries that are to be had, for Heaven bears me witness you will find them disappointingly few, and none to be had without liberal payment. The pensions are institutions for trying one's patience and plucking one's feathers. They, as a rule, have small rooms without fire in cold weather and without ventilation when it is hot. The keepers make terms with you which seem to be very reasonable and settlements that are extortionate; they are run like households and you must therefore conform to the rules of fixed hours for meals and a regular time for going to bed. If the proprietor is not an autocrat it is probably because the *concierge* is a termagant. The table is bad and the service is execrable; besides, the place is so like a prison that you will certainly never see a pleasant person, or an acquaintance, unless you obtain a leave of absence to go out and search for them.

Inconveniences of Hotel Living.

The hotels are better, decidedly, than the pensions, but they lack very much of being comfortable places like American hotels. First, if you arrive early in the season, or remain until fall, you will mark and suffer the absence of any heating arrangement, except a bird's-nest grate for faggots, in your room. The halls, the dining-rooms, the reading-rooms, are as cold as the shady side of an iceberg. But while the table d'hote is bad it is much better than you can obtain at pensions; besides, you will be certain to find Americans coming in and going out who are fully as miserable as yourself, and this is company. If you expect such conveniences as a bath-room it is because you are unsophisticated or untraveled. They have things of this kind in Europe, but they are so rare as to be curiosities. Persons who bathe there must do so in portable tin tubs made broad enough at the bottom to allow a not too fleshy person to sit in them and hang the legs over with the feet on the floor, or in a wash basin.



AN OMNIBUS STATION.

Elevators (called *lifts*) in Europe are another rarity and when found they are small, snail-moving affairs, and have a carrying capacity of from two to five persons. Nearly all of them are run without conductors and operated by a porter from the ground-floor, who fixes the machinery so as to stop the lift at the floor desired, springs a lever, and you are then able to take a vacation before it stops. You must also find a way to open the doors and let yourself out before signaling to the porter your arrival. There is a porter and several room attendants on each floor of every hotel, whose principal duties seem to be the receiving of fees. They are paid no wages from the proprietor, as a rule, for their pay comes from the guests in liberal allowance. Indeed, the head porter, or concierge, who speaks many languages and is the smartest person about a hotel, generally pays the proprietor a large sum for his position, in some instances as much as $2500 per year. The system of tipping is such an abuse in Europe that visitors must make large allowance for this arbitrary expense. At every meal you must fee the *garçon* (waiter), and when you settle your bill to leave the hotel there are many hungry-looking attaches waiting your contribution. You must pay the elevator man, the boots, the hall porter, the messenger, the chief porter, the luggage man, and probably others; and if you seem to forget, they will not be too modest to remind you.

THE POSTMAN.

Europeans Have no Idea of Personal Comforts.

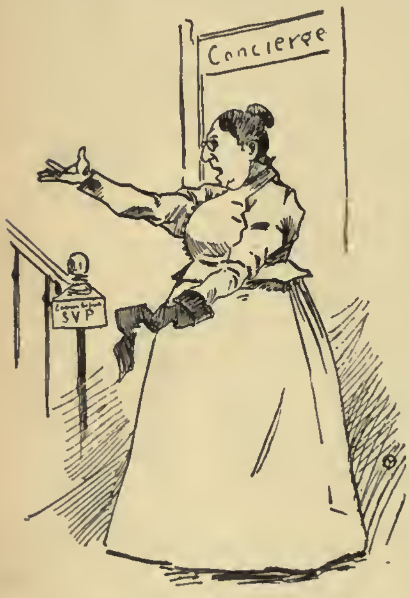
It is an undeniable fact that Europeans do not know how to live; they have no idea of luxuries, and very little of comforts. They breakfast off a piece of hard bread and a cup of coffee, a feast which the French call *café a lait* (coffee and milk). Butter is used very sparingly, and is therefore furnished to you in discs the size of a silver dollar. For such a breakfast you are charged one franc fifty centimes—thirty cents. If you have two eggs, or a chop in addition to bread and coffee, it will cost you three francs fifty—seventy cents. *Dejeuner* (lunch) consists of soup, meat, two vegetables, and a pudding, for which you will pay five francs—one dollar. Dinner, which is eaten about 7 p. m., is an elaborate meal, and as it is served only in courses, one dish at a time, the time occupied at table is usually from one to two hours, and the expense is about eight francs. Such a thing as hot bread of any kind is almost unknown in Europe, and the French are partial to bakers' yardsticks, which is a hard crust, quite as long and almost as thick as a walking cane. How persons having poor teeth are able to eat it I have never been able to discover. Small wonder that dyspepsia is an ailment so common among Europeans. If you want an American dish of any kind you must hunt among the alley restaurants for it, and, when found, you will be staggered by the price. With two friends who live in Paris, I had the good fortune to enter a little eating house on the Rue Blondel, where we ordered a dish of sour kraut, six small pieces of Frankfort sausage, and three beers. The cost of this cheap lunch was $1.60. In America the charge would not have exceeded forty cents. Cab hire is cheap in Paris, thirty cents for the course, and forty cents by the hour, to which modest charges you

THE FRESH BREAD MAID.

must add a *pourboire* (drink money) for the cab man. But though cheap, street car and omnibus accommodations are so poor that strangers, not knowing what cars to take, or what changes to make to reach places they wish to visit, rely wholly on cabs and the almost constant use of these vehicles increases expenses rapidly.

The Observations of a Bright Woman Who Knows.

Fannie Edgar Thomas, one of the very brightest, most observing, thoroughly sensible and accomplished women that adorns journalism, who has been decorated as *officer d'Academie*, after a long residence in Paris and association with the most distinguished persons in the metropolis, publishes in *The Musical Courier* the following excellent advice and information to aspiring Americans who think of going to Paris to study art, voice-culture or music:



THE PENSION CONCIERGE.

"In making your plans don't count on a $40—200 francs—a month basis in a pension. That price is to Paris as a $5 or a $6 a week boarding house is in New York. You know what that means. Musty chances of all kinds you know—physical, mental, moral, hygienic. And yet there is more comfort for nothing in New York, than here for money.

"There may be such a thing in New York as a stranger student's getting into a home worth $5 a day and paying $2. You can imagine a combination of circumstances—taking place about once in a lifetime—where such a thing might be possible, but you know how safe it would be for a stranger to plan her expenses on such a probability.

"In Paris the chances of such a miracle are still less, and except with full knowledge and recommendation the risk should not be run by any stranger. I sought it with prayer and fasting, first for myself, afterward for friends. When I gave it up it was for good. Figure on 300 francs, $60 a month, as bottom price. There seems to be no stepping stone between.

"This leaves you, then, with but one element of comfort to which you are accustomed—cleanliness. You cannot rent comfort in Paris, you must buy it and take it in. By cleanliness I mean only of the room. Bathing is an extra, with heat and light; and not only the materials for these things but the people occupied about them are all supplemental. So if you pay 300 francs, better think it 400 francs per month, to save yourself getting caught and surprised.

"Don't neglect your '*pourboires*.' That's the oil of the whole machine. Neglect a cog and you may find the whole machine fast. You cannot establish one person in the house to wait on you so that you can concentrate your attentions. If there are ten servants in the house they will every one manage to occupy themselves about you in a manner that compels division. If you do not become irritated there is nothing in life more amusing than to watch the infantile way in which these big, grown up, sometimes old, people, men and women, slice up the most useless and feeble efforts to insure their 'share.'

"If it happens to be a badly-managed house, where domestics are changed frequently, all the worse. I know a girl here in a *pension de famille* who in five months fed regularly and incessantly sixty-nine different persons, in addition to her pension and extras.

"If your mail is important all the worse, as it summons in five or six post-office employes and two or three concierges.

"Count on all this. Don't grumble or fret or stint, get cross, or try to slip. Pay up and look pleasant. You 'have got to.' It is as inevitable as death.

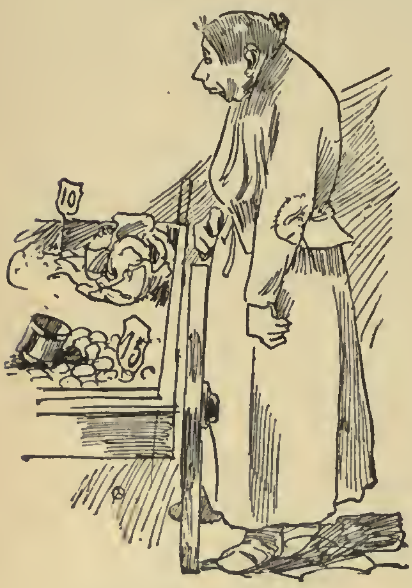
"Don't imagine that all you have to do is to walk up to any French door, knock and enter to board, so as to save the expense of French lessons.

"Proof. With a two years' acquaintance with foreign students of all schools in Paris I know to-day just one girl—*just one*—who is living alone in a French family, no other English speaking person in the house. Just one! And it is in her contract that she must take two or three lessons a week from the daughter of the house in order to square the expense of being exclusive. Besides fasting and praying I wept to find such a place for myself when I first came to Paris, and had to give it up. And I had exceptional opportunities of finding such a thing if it existed.

"OLD CLOTHES TO BUY."

"Don't run over here and get all settled in a pension before you know who your teacher is to be, or in what quarter of the city you must seek him every day. It is not like New York—or any American city—where you can step on things any time and go; and after a trial trip you can plan your goings and comings to a minute. These trundle carts that have been rolling around here since Pascal started them and the wheelbarrow together, are not the means on which to depend for meeting twenty-five francs ($5.00) half hour-lessons. To-day it takes you four hours to go where yesterday it required but two; to-morrow, by reason of a *fête* or a funeral you cannot go at all; next day it rains and you cannot even try to go. Paying for your lessons whether you take them or not makes this a hideous waste. If you miss your lesson hour you miss your lunch; making lunch you miss dinner. Sooner than lose the time, sometimes you go on the roof of the omnibus for a vacant place, where you get drenched with rain and your death of cold or rheumatism. And you can only go half way half the time on one coach, when you must get down in the mud to stand in the rain for a half hour or three hours till another one comes trundling by that by accident happens to have a vacant place for you!

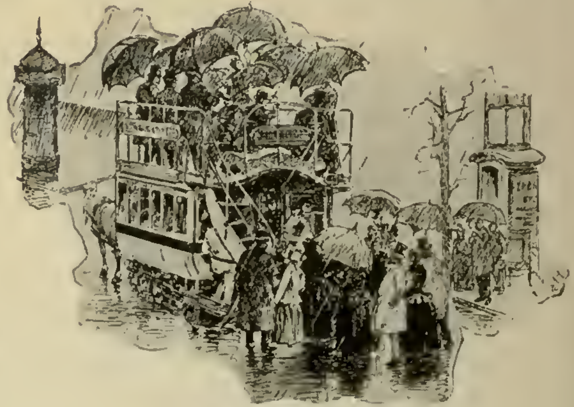
"Oh, shades of Sainte Cecile! what have I not prayed, and fasted, and wept, and suffered, on account of the Paris omnibus!"



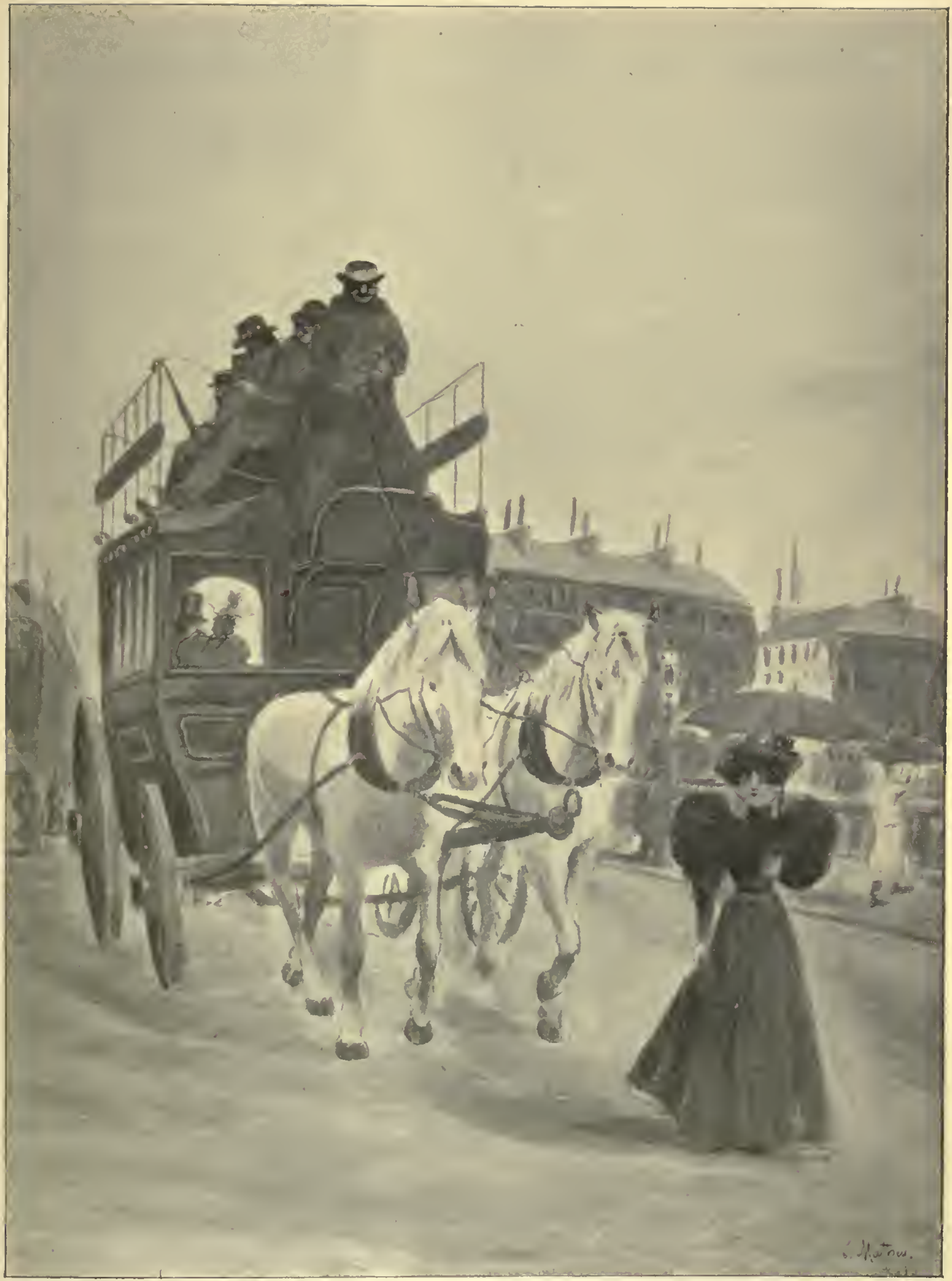
VEGETABLE WOMAN.

How Persons Get About in Paris.

What Miss Thomas writes of the inconveniences and disappointments which students must encounter, is applicable in a general sense to all visitors, for no amount of money can buy comforts in Paris which may be had at small cost in American cities. It must be understood that Paris has not been made the most beautiful city in the world without much sacrifice of conveniences. In American cities street cars reach nearly all sections and are accessible at almost every point, but while they provide great comfort at a minimum of cost, no one can deny that the rails, poles, and trolley-wires are not only unsightly but obstructive and dangerous. For this reason there are few street cars in Paris—considering the population—while the few that are operated have for their motive power steam, storage battery, compressed air, and horses. There is not a wire of any kind, telegraph, telephone, electric light, or trolley, to be seen above ground anywhere in Paris, and no street cars whatever are run on the boulevards. In consequence of this, transportation is confined on the great thoroughfares to *fiacres* (victorias) and omnibuses. The latter are very large, and usually double-decked vehicles, drawn by two or three horses abreast. A seat on the top is very delightful in pleasant weather but during rain or cold it is most uncomfortable. When every seat inside and out are occupied, the conductor hangs up a sign upon which appears the word "*complet*," and no more passengers are taken until a seat is vacated. These vehicles run over their respective routes and at the *termini* transfer tickets are given to those who desire them to complete their journey on another line. Not all of these *termini* are provided with shelter stations, and it therefore frequently happens that transfer passengers have to wait in the rain for a long while before their omnibus appears, and when it finally comes up there is such a rush for seats that many persons cannot obtain them, and must continue their



A TRAMWAY WAITING STATION.



A DOUBLE-DECK PARIS COACH.

exposure to the elements. This inconvenience is especially hard on the poor classes, who cannot afford to hire a cab; but the traffic is so great that this objection cannot be obviated by any means now known. During the past year (1897) the horseless carriage has appeared in the streets of Paris, and the number is being as rapidly increased as manufacturers can make them, and in a short while they will no doubt be built large enough to take the place of omnibuses. It is not improbable, too, that in a little while they will completely replace street cars. The fare for riding in an omnibus is from three to five cents, according to distance and transfers, seats on top being a little more than half what is charged for seats inside. There is an enormous amount of travel also on the river Seine, though it is principally for pleasure. The boats are swift and comfortable, with seats on the upper deck, and carry passengers from the east to the west limits of the city, a distance of eight miles, for three cents.

The street cars are also double-decked, especially those run in the summer, and carry passengers for the same fares as charged by the omnibuses; in fact they both belong to the same company. The cars that are run during winter are divided in the centre so as to form two compartments, one of which is for first, and the other for second-class passengers.

CHAPTER IV.

RESTAURANTS AND CAFES OF PARIS.

ANY one visiting Paris for the first time will conclude that the restaurant is one of the chief institutions of the city, nor is it likely that this conclusion will be modified by subsequent trips abroad. About nine-tenths of the Parisians live in flats, and of these perhaps a major portion go out to restaurants for their meals. I refer, of course, to the classes who are able to do so, for the poor must practice the economy of soup and sop in their own very small quarters. As I have already remarked, in no other city of the world are there so many restaurants as in Paris, and where the number is so large a variety of kind must be expected; ergo, there are the finest and the poorest eating houses in Paris that may be found in any metropolis, though the paradox still remains, there are none in which the character of food supplied is really cheap. In America a substantial and good dinner may be had for twenty-five cents, and even less, but I have sought in vain for such a dinner in Paris at less than fifty cents.

How the Poor Live in the Latin Quarter.

Anxious to ascertain how the very poor manage to live in the French metropolis, and the cost of food furnished by the cheapest restaurants, in the company of a gentleman who has spent the forty years of his life in Paris—not a guide—I visited the poverty section of the Latin Quarter to dine with the poor people who live there. The most squalid street I have been able to find in all Paris is the Rue Maitre-Albert, a narrow, dingy, filthy thoroughfare which extends in a quarter circle from the Place Maubert to the Quay Montebello, a distance of less than two hundred yards. Repulsive as it is during the day, at night the street is both bedlam and Augean. I cannot indicate by words the intensity of the smells that emanate from it, and if I were to make the attempt I should fail utterly to describe the character of the occupants.

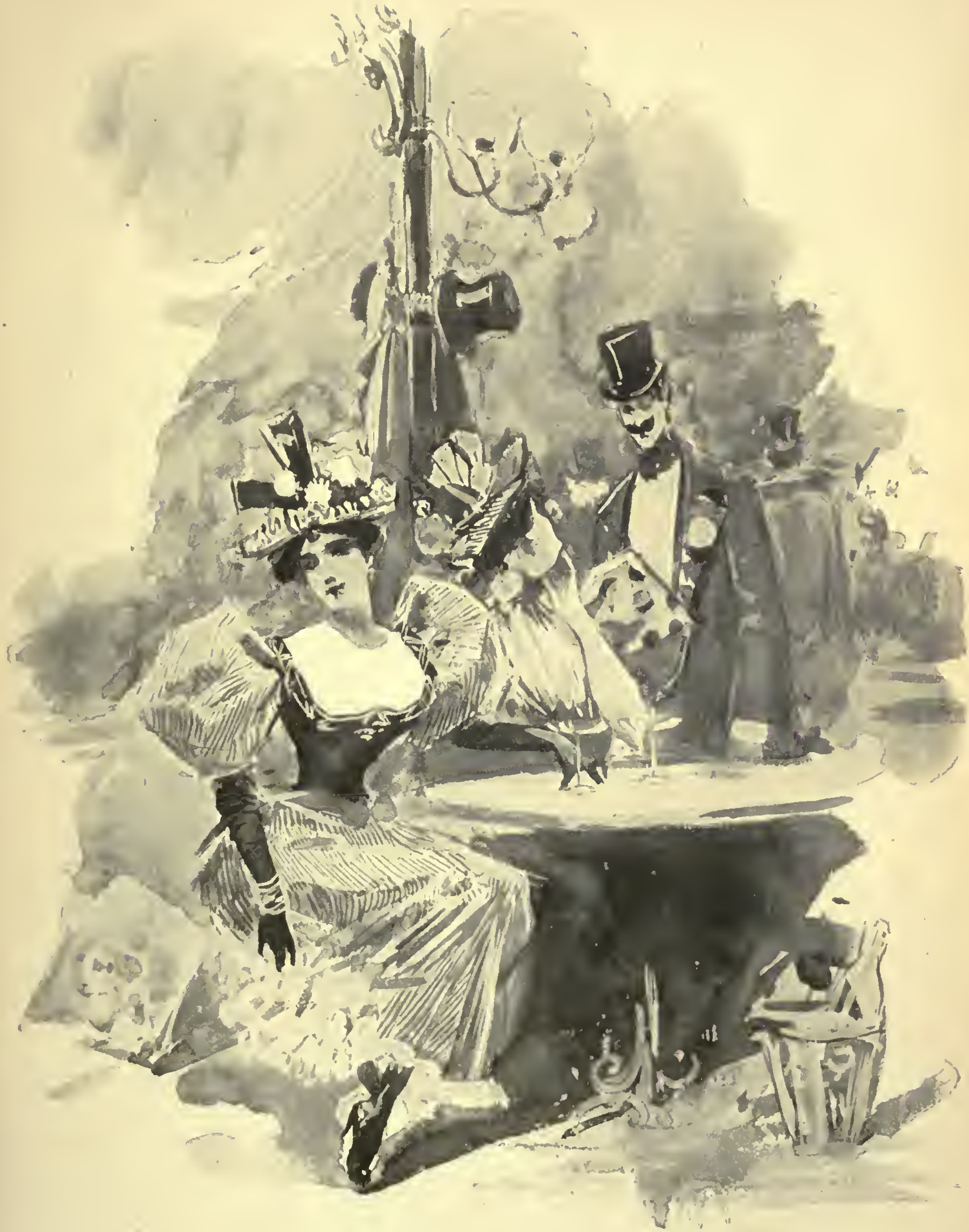
But extreme poverty of district does not shut out the restaurateur, who tries to conduct his business in keeping with his surroundings. Surely, I thought, in such a place one may obtain a meal at a trifling cost. I tried to enter two eating houses where the odors were so thick and noisome that a diver's suit appeared to be necessary to prevent suffocation, so we passed on a little further to a restaurant somewhat better ventilated, located on the corner of the dingy rue and the quay. We found it nearly full of coatless men and bedraggled women eating soup and drinking *vin ordinaire* (poor wine). Amid such associations our appetites were not stronger than a sick man's, and we made our orders accordingly, as follows: one small dish of mutton stew, a small piece of horseflesh, a plate of beans and a bottle of the cheapest red wine, sold throughout Paris at cheap houses for ten cents. I imagined that the charge for such a meal, really not enough for one person, would be about one franc—twenty cents—but when we called for our bill it was *fifty-one cents*. My surprise was great, because the price left me in a greater perplexity than before, as to how the very poor of Paris manage to live, particularly at the restaurants.

RESTAURANT ON THE QUAY AND RUE ALBERT.

A Peep at the Fine Restaurants.

Turning abruptly from a repulsive phase of Paris life to a pleasant one, I will remark that the fashionable restaurants of the metropolis are often palaces of magnificence, and that at certain hours the dining-rooms present most gorgeous spectacles of sumptuously robed women and stylishly dressed men.

The prices charged at such places make them exclusive for the rich, and the fools who seek to make an impression. There are no fixed charges on the menus, so patrons can have no idea of the cost of dishes they order, and thus price is purely arbitrary, dependent, it would seem, upon the apparent ability of the person to pay. One of the most popular of these excessively expensive restaurants in Paris is the Cubat, on the Champs Elysées. The building was erected by Count Henkel von Donnersmark, at a cost of $2,200,000, for his mistress, the Duchess of Paiva, and by them occupied as a residence until her death, some years after, when the splendid structure was remodeled to serve the purpose for which it is now used. I am not covertly advertising the place when I say that the Cubat is so beautiful as to merit a visit, even though it may cost you a good sum to sit at one of the tables. But poor people have no welcome, nor is patronage desired of those who are not well able to pay for the service, as exclusiveness is the attraction which it offers. Its location being upon the greatest driveway of the world, and its furnishings of a most splendid character, the Cubat is frequented by



COCOTTES AT PAILLARD'S.

swell people who appear in fine turnouts on the Elysées and Bois to startle with show of wealth the less fortunate paraders.

At night, for Paris is most active when the sunlight cannot glaringly expose misbehaviors, the Cubat affords a sight that is entertaining, even if it is not always praiseworthy. The tables are a glitter of cut glass set on snowy linen; graceful palms and beautiful flowers adorn the alcoves and bays; a myriad of electric lights in charming chandeliers flood the rooms, and the picture of magnificence is completed by scores of exquisitely dressed women so decollete that large necklaces of jewels emphasize the absence of dress waists. It is a great sight, because so distinctively Parisian.

THE GARCON.

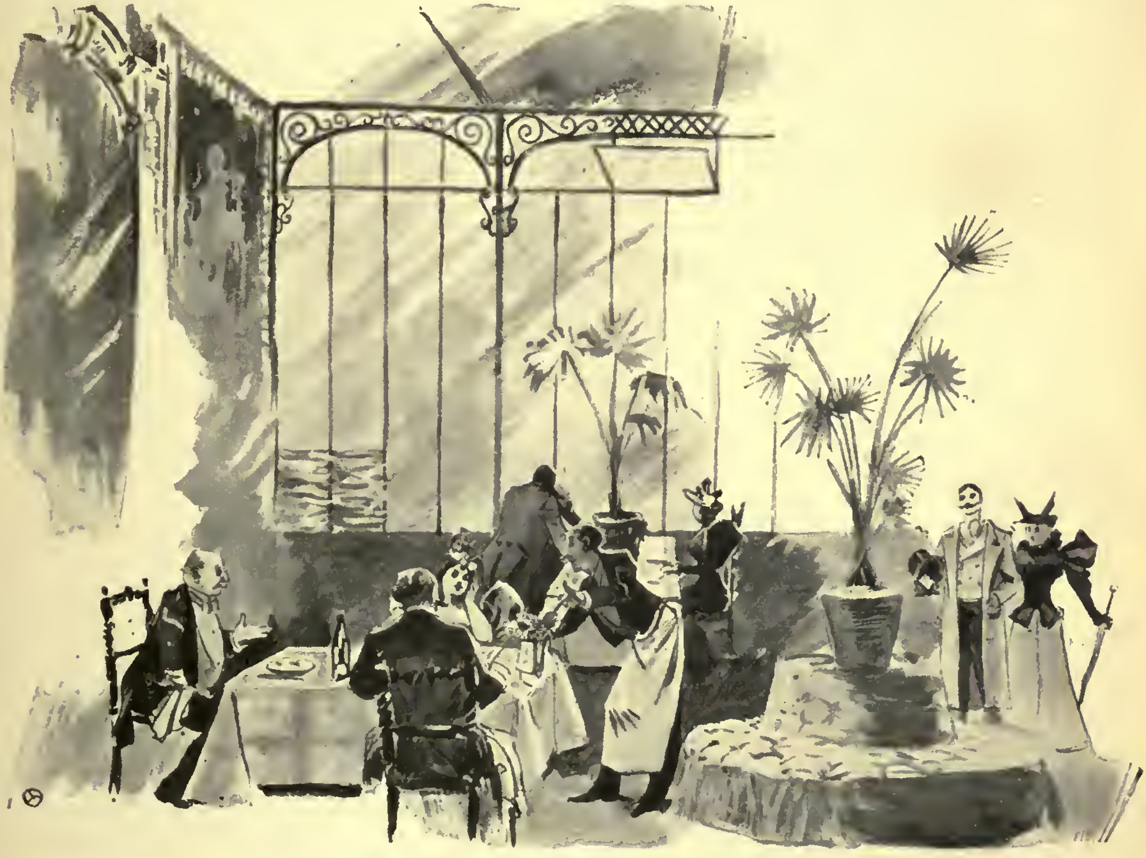
Oh, My! A Midnight Scene at Paillard's.

Another famous restaurant, second only to the Cubat, is Paillard's, on the Boulevard des Italiens; distinguished not for its size and splendid furnishings, but because it is the resort of a class that has no proper appreciation of money and very little of propriety. I do not mean by this that all of Paillard's patrons are improper persons, for I know that many eminently respectable men and women dine there, because it is one of the best restaurants in Paris. But the place has a reputation for being a before and after theatre resort of cocottes, the dashing mistresses of rich men who spend fortunes buying them jewels, and in supporting them in a luxury that may be called royal. If you enter this restaurant about midnight your eyes will be dazzled by a wonderful display of diamonds and exposed necks. Indeed, many of the women look as though they had tried to jump through their dresses which had caught about the hips and they had been unable to find the waist. If I should try to tell you what a low-neck dress really is in Paris, I would begin by saying, the skirt is allowed to drop to a train and the top—well, there is no top, it's all out of doors, with a necklace around it.

Like the Cubat, there is no fixed tariff at Paillard's, and if you go there don't make useless inquiries about prices; to do so would be annoying, and at the same time subject you to a suspicion that you had made an awkward mistake. I once took dinner at Paillard's with a friend who having lived a great many years in Paris recommended it as the most expensive restaurant in the city, and I am sure now that he was not exaggerating. We dined in a modest way for fear of testing the charging capacity of the place, and our orders were therefore as follows: First course, soup; second, *hors d'œuvres*, sliced tomatoes and cucumbers; third, fish; fourth, small steak, with side dishes of asparagus and potatoes; fifth, lettuce-salad; sixth, pudding. In addition, we had a quart bottle of white wine, because everybody drinks wine at dinner in Paris. The cost of this moderate meal was $19.20, besides the *garçon's* tip of two francs—forty cents. But no charge was made for the hour's sight we had of some of the most magnificently demi-dressed women that rich fools and purblind spendthrifts support so lavishly in Paris.

An Incident at the Voisin.

Another splendid restaurant patronized by the smart class is the Voisin, on the Rue St. Honore, which is specially famous for its immense wine cellars, said to be the largest, connected with any restaurant, in the world. The location is good, but not so fashionable as that occupied by Paillard's or the Cubat, nor are the patrons quite so loud of dress and character. But prices rule very high, and none but the rich dare sit at the tables. An amusing story was told me by an American gentleman who had the temerity to visit the Voisin in company with an American lady acquaintance whom he met in Paris and desired to show some attention. The visit was made during the dinner hour, and he accordingly ordered soups, meats, vegetables, but in addition to these, and without order, the waiter brought them a handsome little basket lined with cotton in which reposed six small but temptingly colored peaches. They



RESTAURANT CUBAT, ON THE CHAMPS ELYSÉES.

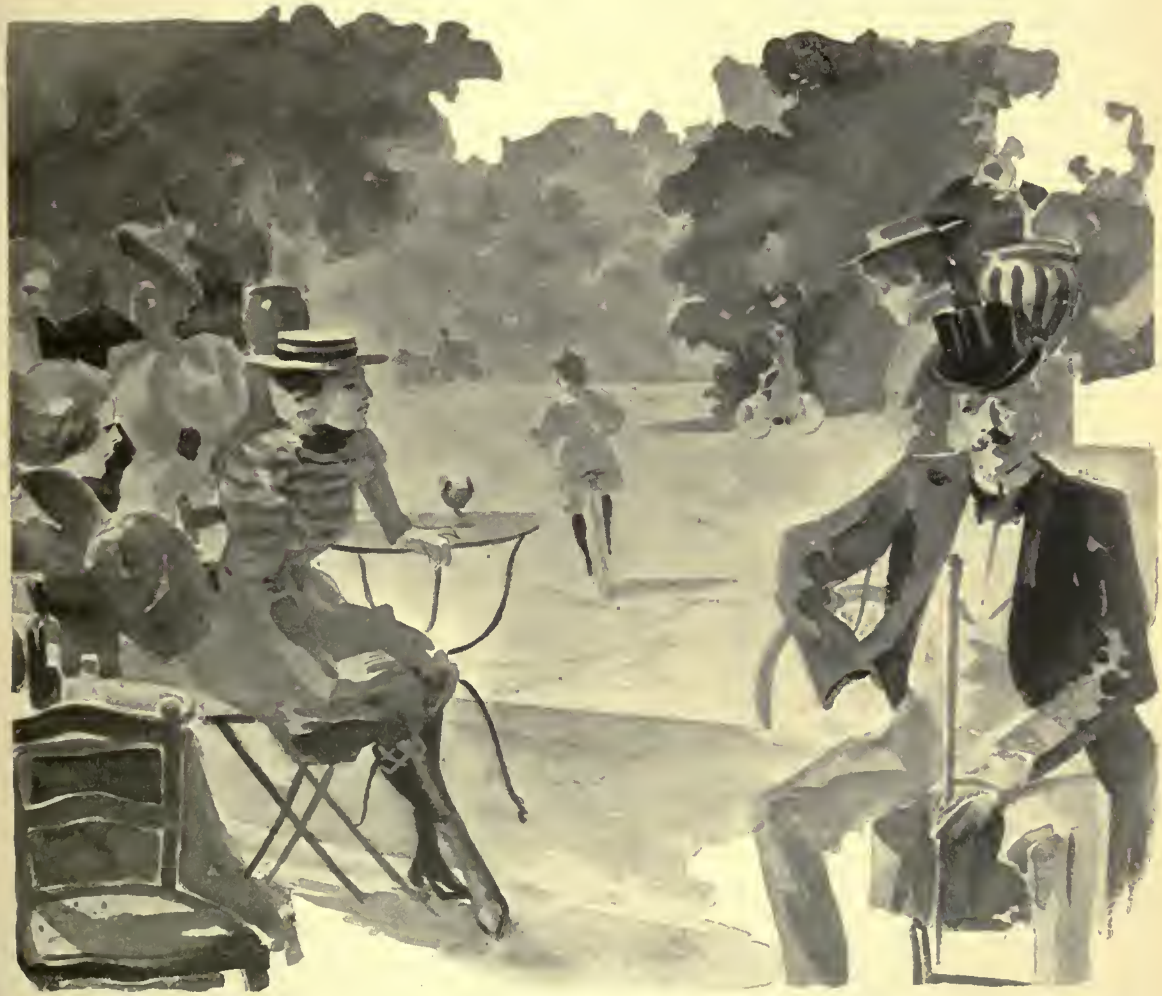
looked so nice that the gentleman handed one of the peaches to the lady and took another himself, which upon cutting he found to be less than half ripe, and that it had been artificially colored. He replaced the two green peaches in the basket with no thought that any pay would be demanded for fruit unfit for food, but upon calling for the *billet* (bill) he was astounded to see that there was a charge of twenty-five francs ($5.00) for the basket of peaches. He expostulated against the swindle, but finding the proprietor as unreasonable as the *garçon*, tendered the amount of the bill, less $5.00, and started out of the restaurant. But he was not to dismiss the matter so easily, for a policeman was quickly called, who in no uncertain or mistakable manner gave the gentleman the alternative of paying for the broken basket of green peaches or taking a free ride to a station that furnishes board and lodging without price to inmates.

When you dine in Paris, observe that the waiter always sets before you several things—generally *hors d'œuvres*—which you have not ordered. The stranger often suspects that no charge is made for relishes which are supposed to whet the appetite and thus serve to enlarge the orders, but he pays dearly for his false suspicions. Unless you expect them to be charged, and at no reasonable price either, be careful not to touch them, for taking the smallest part lays you liable for the whole.

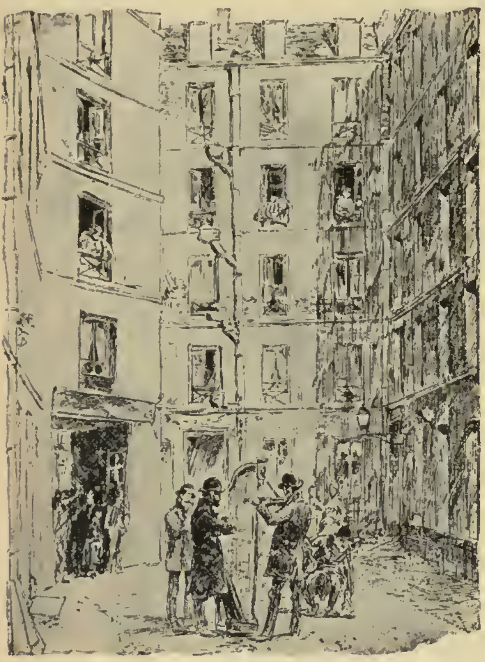
Special Dishes at Paris Restaurants.

The cheapest respectable eating places in Paris are probably the chain of Duval restaurants, two score in number, located in various districts, and patronized by persons who are compelled to keep their expenses within a small income. A dinner of soup, meat, vegetables, and light wine may be had at these places at a cost of fifty to seventy-five cents, but outside of wine the charge for all dishes is greater than in similar restaurants of America. Indeed, every food article is much dearer in Paris than in America, wines alone of all things used at table being cheaper in the French capital. And, it may be added, the food served in Paris is without seasoning, is not so well cooked, as a rule, and in no respect is so good as is to be had in America, for the Europeans know as little about table luxuries as they do of house conveniences. An exception to this general statement may be found, however, in special dishes which certain restaurants serve, and upon which they have gained a wide reputation. For example, at the Rouge Mont such delicious sweetbreads may be had as are not obtainable in any other restaurant of the world. The restaurant Marguery is also famous for its *filet de sole aux chevrettes et moules* (filet of sole with shrimps and mussels) which is esteemed by epicures as the most delightful entrée ever prepared. It is said that a fortune has been offered for the récipé of preparing this great dish, the secret of which is so well guarded by the proprietor of the Marguery that he has never trusted it to one of his cooks, but retires every evening within a close room where he prepares it himself for his guests. I do not know if this statement be true, but it is a fact that many imitations of this famous dish are served in Paris restaurants, not one of which has any of the merits possessed by that furnished at the Marguery.

France and Germany are also celebrated for the superior asparagus which is raised in those countries, and this choice vegetable can be had at the Voisin in the perfection of cooking, and is served with a rich white sauce which is made, I believe, of whipped butter. The Marguery, however, furnishes asparagus almost equal to that of the Voisin, and the sauce is quite as good, while the charge is about one-fourth as great. At Paillard's I once paid $2.50 for a dish of asparagus sufficient for two, and this, too, during the season, while the same dish could be had at the Marguery for sixty cents, and in America for twenty-five cents.


CAFE CASCADE, BOIS DE BOULOGNE.

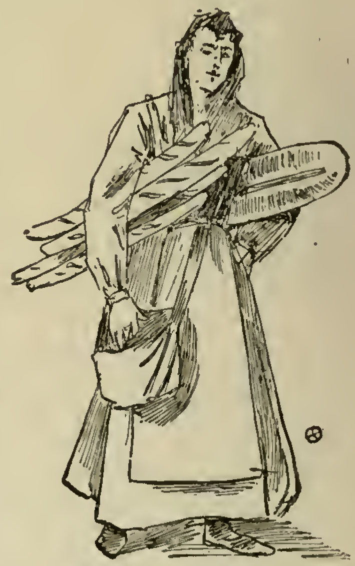
Fairly good mutton chops are furnished at the best French restaurants, but if you order steaks, or veal, be prepared for disappointments; for these are table luxuries that are good only in America. Hot cakes, muffins, cornbread, biscuits, hot rolls, syrups, oat meal, and other substantials that make breakfast a delightful repast in the United States, are unknown in Paris, for which reason the French break their fast with bad coffee and a piece of crusty bread in the interest of dentists rather than a benefit to themselves.



PARIS FLATS.

Cafes of Paris.

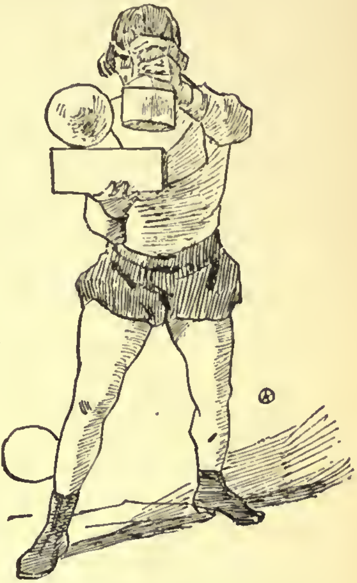
Café life is a part of the outdoor life of Paris, and to a large portion of the population it is almost the sole existence. The poorer families live in flats, some of which are eight and nine stories in height; in buildings that border the common streets, for the boulevards are rarely disfigured by structures rising above five stories. There are no elevators in these lofty houses, the floors of which are reached by circling stairways that make one both faint and giddy. Every morning girls carrying long rolls of bread mount these leg-wearying flights and leave with their customers on each floor a supply for the day, which is sufficient for the meagre morning meal and the economic mid-day lunch, taken always in the room. But the evening dinner is a public one, almost invariably eaten at a neighboring café, for when dispensed at home the tenants make it a perfunctory affair, to be hastily dispatched so as to hasten to a café, where the evening is spent in lunching and drinking. There is accordingly so many cafés in Paris that, from appearance, house-room is insufficient to accommodate them, so they occupy and overflow the sidewalks. It is a curious sight, when night has dropped her sable curtains, to walk along the boulevards, and the by-streets as well, and survey the out-of-door life that gathers at these sidewalk cafés. In American cities there is a law, well enforced, prohibiting the obstructing of pavements; but in Paris pedestrians are encouraged to share the streets with carriages. Along the boulevards des Italiens and Montmartre it is a common thing to see as many as fifty round tables and one hundred chairs on the sidewalk in front of a café, and every one occupied by men and women eating and drinking. During the forenoon a few people may be seen drinking absinthe at the tables, but there is little animation



THE BREAD CARRIER.

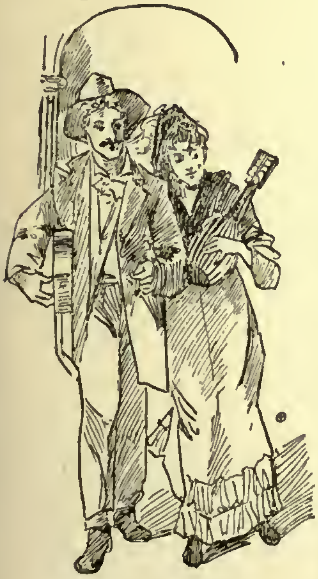
about these places until after the evening lights bring out the moths of a variegated society, for cafés are common meeting grounds for all classes.

A Stroll Among the Sidewalk Cafes.

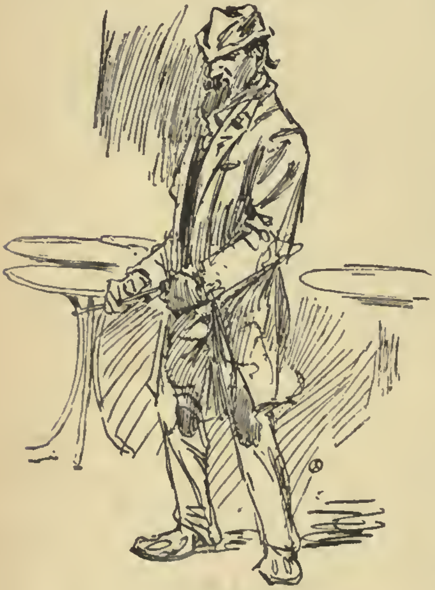

BOULEVARD JUGGLER.

I have never seen more interesting sights in all my travels than may be witnessed every night by visiting the popular cafés which almost line the great boulevards of Paris, for they furnish what may be called wonderful human exhibitions where every phase of life may be instructively studied. The table-covered sidewalk is a very hodge-podge of curious animation, along the outer edge of which is a moving train of pedestrians, while the boulevard itself is a kaleidoscope of swiftly moving vehicles full laden with men and women, rich and poor, grave and gay. It is not an uncommon thing to see a hundred persons sitting around the small tables that occupy the sidewalk in front of a single café, every one sipping coffee, tasting wine, or drinking beer. Young men who have little to spend, bring their girls to these places and sit for hours, joking, jollying, and otherwise entertaining them, at an expense of one or two francs, and watch the processions go by.

Amusing Characters on View.

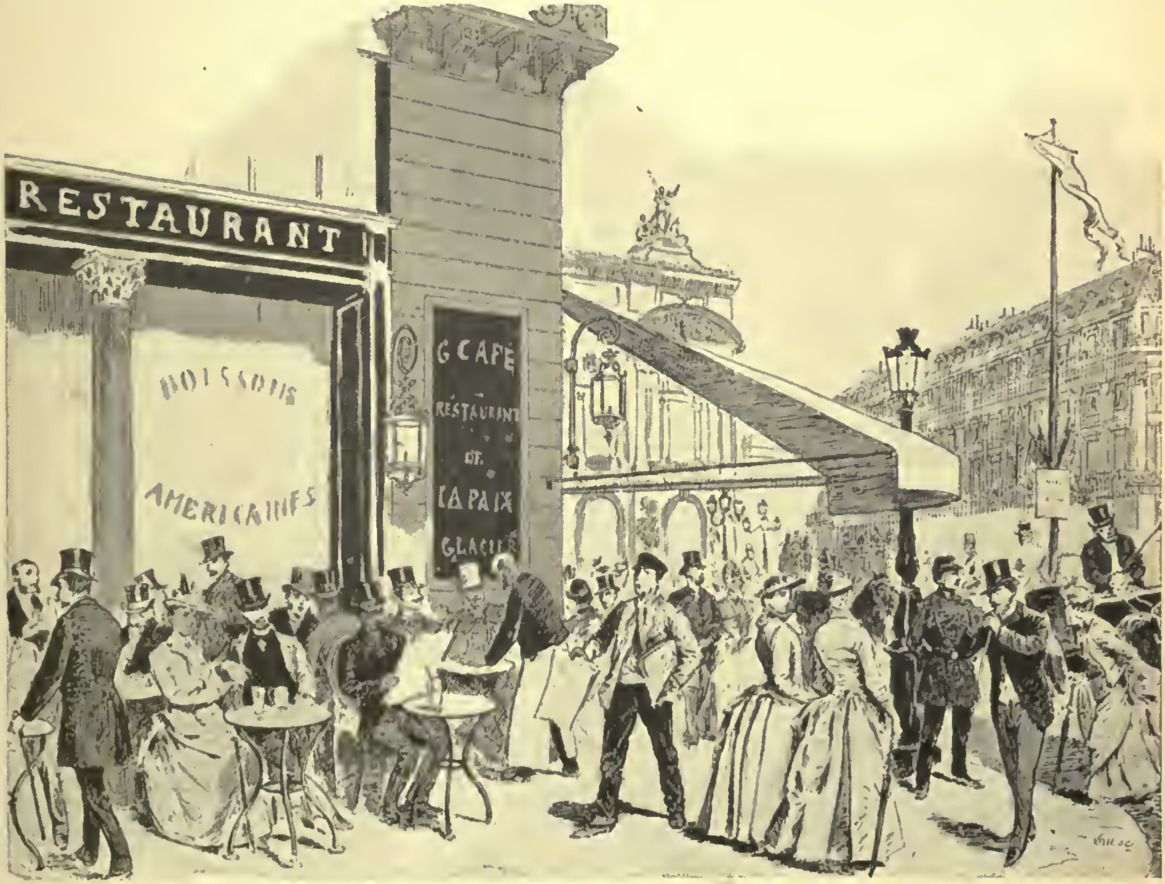

BOULEVARD MUSICIANS.

As all Paris appears to seek the cafés, the rich as well as the poor, in the throngs will be found many amusing characters who ply their arts to the delight of the crowds and with no small profit to themselves. The scenes are not wholly dissimilar in some respects to a fair, for there are jugglers, singers, hawkers, and mountebanks of many kinds going from one café to another giving their exhibitions of posing, balancing, feats of strength, etc. Some there are who sing risque songs, play ou different instruments, expose for sale surprising novelties, and books of questionable value, crying their wares with voluble tongues and forcing attention by their persistence. In the midst of this human panorama may be seen tattered figures of grimy men; unkempt, foul of face, who, like a weather-cock, appear to have always faced the driving storms of adversity, slinking, creeping, and making their way through the crowds like a hungry dog in a strange city. If you will watch these poor miserable pariahs you will soon discover why they hang about the tables, for it is pursuit of their calling that takes them there, and a strange occupation it is. They live—partly at least—by picking up cast-away stubs of cigars and cigarettes, and selling them to dealers who in turn dispose of the tobacco thus recovered to snuff makers, to farmers, and to manufacturers of cigarettes. The habit of cigarette smoking is practiced to a remarkable extent throughout Europe, women as well as men being addicted to it, probably because the cigars sold there are of a poor quality, though very high in price. At the cafés nearly every person smokes, and the butts cast away are therefore so great in number that they would become a source of annoyance were it not for the scavengers who pick them up as rapidly as they are thrown down. These miserable men carry a large bag, and a long stick having a bent pin in the end. They peer sharply among the tables, and discovering a cigarette butt they expertly transfix it with their pin-pointed stick and then transfer the relic to the sack, which is usually well filled before midnight. Not a few of these butt-pickers, however, have large pockets made in their coats which are used in place of sacks, and thus avoid an incumbrance as well as a most unsightly thing. They are as much a class to themselves as are the rag-pickers, living in communities of their own and enjoying the privileges which poverty confers, since they are unhampered by social restrictions.


THE BUTT-PICKER.

Some Cafes that are Features of Paris.

The most popular sidewalk resort in Paris is the Café de la Paix, on the Boulevard Capucines, opposite the Grand Opera House. The prices are dear, nor is the service, drinks, or food better than at many cheaper places, but the location is the most central, being as it is in the very heart of Paris, and hence so prominent as to force its popularity. Above the de la Paix is a very swell restaurant and café called the Maison Dorée, which is so very aristocratic that it has no sidewalk extension, its patrons being of a kind who insist on exclusiveness and in being veiled from the vulgar public eye. Similarly conducted is the Café Riche and the Café Anglais, on the same boulevard—des Italiens. The former is famous for its elegant furnishings, and for the smart class of people who dine there, not a few of whom are women whose favors bring them a luxurious return, and men who know better how to waste money than to apply it to wise and beneficent purposes. The Café Anglais has for a long while been a popular resort for semi-fashionable people, but its fame has immeasurably increased within the last few years by reason of the prominence given it in Du Maurier's "Trilby." Nearly every one who passes the place, who has been in Paris a week and is impatient to tell what he has learned to more recent arrivals, will pause, and looking toward the corner of the second story, wisely if not dramatically exclaim: "In that room lived Taffy, the Laird, and little Billie, and it was there that Trilby often visited them, at which time the quartette always took dinner at the Café Anglais." Well, like many other idle reports, it has proved a good one commercially, and in order to enlarge the benefits therefrom the proprietor now sets tables in the second story corner room, where a great many dine through Trilby curiosity. It will probably not stay the tide of folly to say that not only is the story, so often repeated, about Trilby and the Café Anglais the purest nonsense, but the character is as impossible and absurd as that of a centaur or a satyr. And, I may add, that of all cities in the world Paris is pre-eminently the most improper one for a girl of Trilby's way of life; it is a more unreal character in Paris than that of Svengali; more untrue to nature than that of Stevenson's "Mr. Hyde," or Haggard's "She." For this reason the book could never be made to sell in Paris, even by the most skillful advertising.



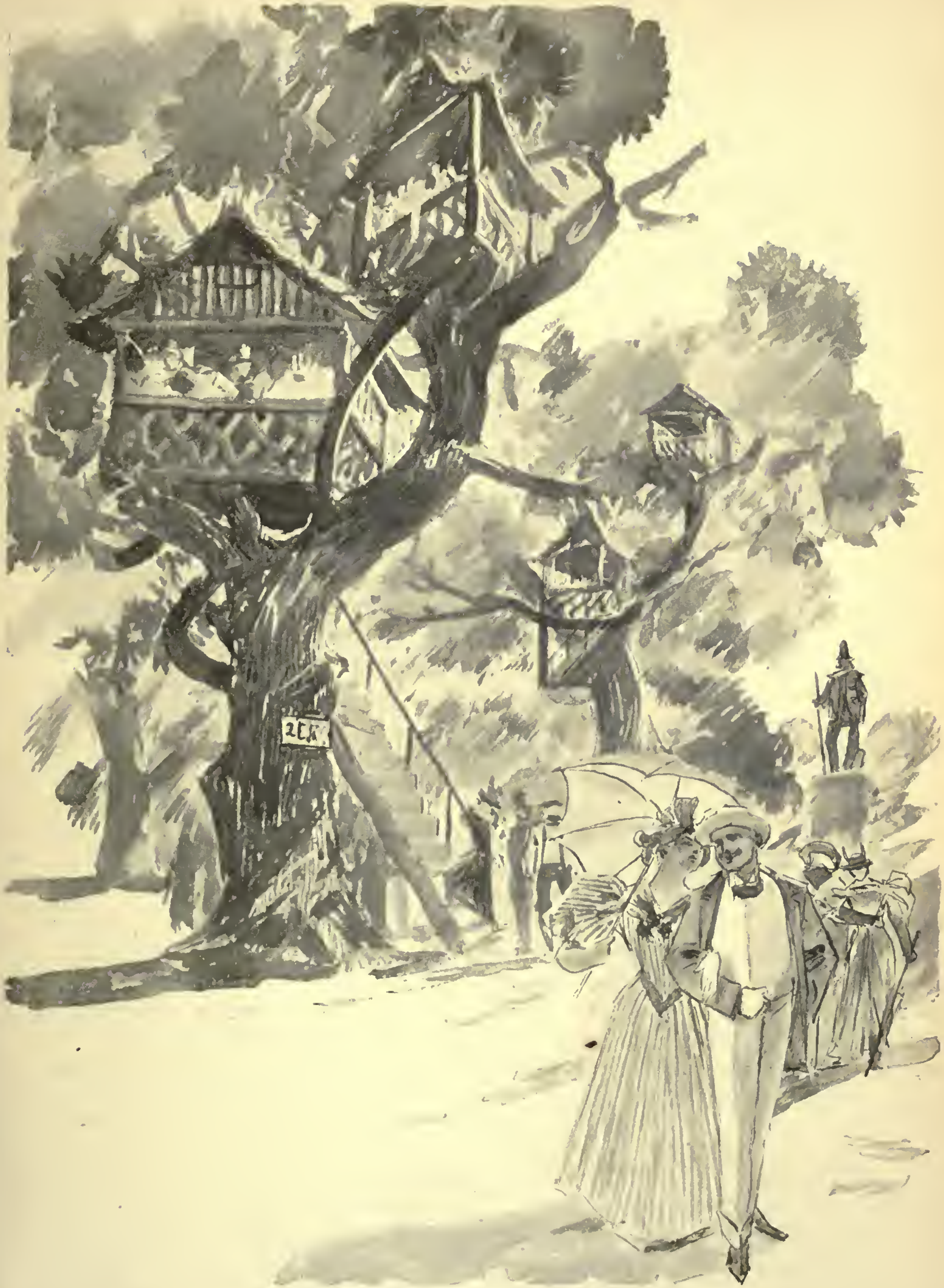
CAFE DE LA PAIX, PLACE DE L'OPERA.

In the Latin Quarter, restaurants and cafés especially abound, a few of which, like the Foyot, Mignon, the Soufflet, and the Tour d'Argent, are semi-fashionable and high priced, but the great majority are what Parisians call cheap, and their patrons are largely students and models. They are interesting places to visit, because they afford sights which are peculiar to one of the most famous sections in the world. Paris being a great art centre, it is, by reason of this fact, the objective point of artists, rich, poor, good, and bad, from all civilized parts of the globe, and models naturally follow and settle about the painters who give them employment. There is an artist's quarter on Montmartre, but the greater number live within or near the Latin Quarter, where they are a community to themselves. The largest schools of Paris,—colleges of medicine, surgery, the classics, technology, the sciences, languages, letters, etc., are located in the Latin Quarter, and thousands of students accordingly live within the district, so that the section has long been known as the "Students' Quarter,"—that it is a lively one, particularly after nightfall, it is needless to say. The sights, however, will be described in the following chapter, devoted to the subject of students, artists, and models.

Cafe Robinson, or Cafe of the Trees.

The strange conceits, the passion for grotesqueness, the unnatural, freakish conceptions and restless pursuits of the French people are illustrated in a thousand ways and in every vocation. The lawyer is eruptive of sensations; the doctor is as full of surprises as his boxes are of pills; the artisan is a creator of odd things; the women are all Pandoras, in the sense that they are ever releasing new emotions; and the craze for startling impressions is beyond all power to explain or direct. This spirit is not without profit to them and benefit to the world, for France is noted for the novelties she manufactures; in the way of instruments, surgical, mechanical, optical, and of toys, jewelry, and machinery, and for the beneficent discoveries which her people make.

The café life of Paris is especially remarkable, sometimes pleasant, often ludicrous, always interesting, and rivalry among proprietors for fresh attractions has therefore been constant. One of the queerest places in or about Paris is a resort some twelve miles from the city known as the *Cafe Robinson Crusoe*, though the latter part of the name is rarely used. In 1848 an old Frenchman named Guesquin had a piece of finely wooded property northwest of the city which, after trying for some time to dispose of, he hit upon the idea of converting it into a resort. Some of the property was under cultivation, but a part was covered with a grove of magnificent horse-chestnut trees standing so large and numerous that they made a shade as dense as a covert. Guesquin being French knew the character of his people and established his café on the line of a surprise. He cut roadways through the grove, trimmed the trees without destroying the shade, and built pavilions with thatched roofs high up among the branches. It was a unique idea and so popular that others became ambitious to imitate him, but there being no other groves in the vicinity of Paris so imposing and picturesque as that of Guesquin's, he divided his property and sold small lots at his own prices, which were promptly improved until for



ROBINSON CAFE IN THE TREES, SVEAUX R. R.

several years past the grove is a novelty indeed, for nearly every tree of great size supports a pavilion, in some of which I have counted as many as five, occasionally one above the other until the top-most one, built around the body of the tree, appears at a dizzy height and rocks in a seemingly dangerous way during heavy winds.

All the pavilions are reached by rustic stairways, and are comfortably arranged to accommodate from six to a score of persons at a time, who sit in them as upon a veranda, having an excellent view of the whole surroundings, while partaking of refreshments served to order. At the main roadway entrance to the tree cafés is a wooden image representing Robinson Crusoe and his parrot, but it is sadly weather beaten, for his hat is a base relic now and his umbrella long since disappeared, leaving him to the mercy of falling weather. A little village has been built near the trees, whose inhabitants make a living raising garden truck in season and selling gimcracks to visitors, some of which latter products show much ingenuity, such as gourd musical instruments, crowing roosters made of chicken feathers, and new things that appear from year to year.

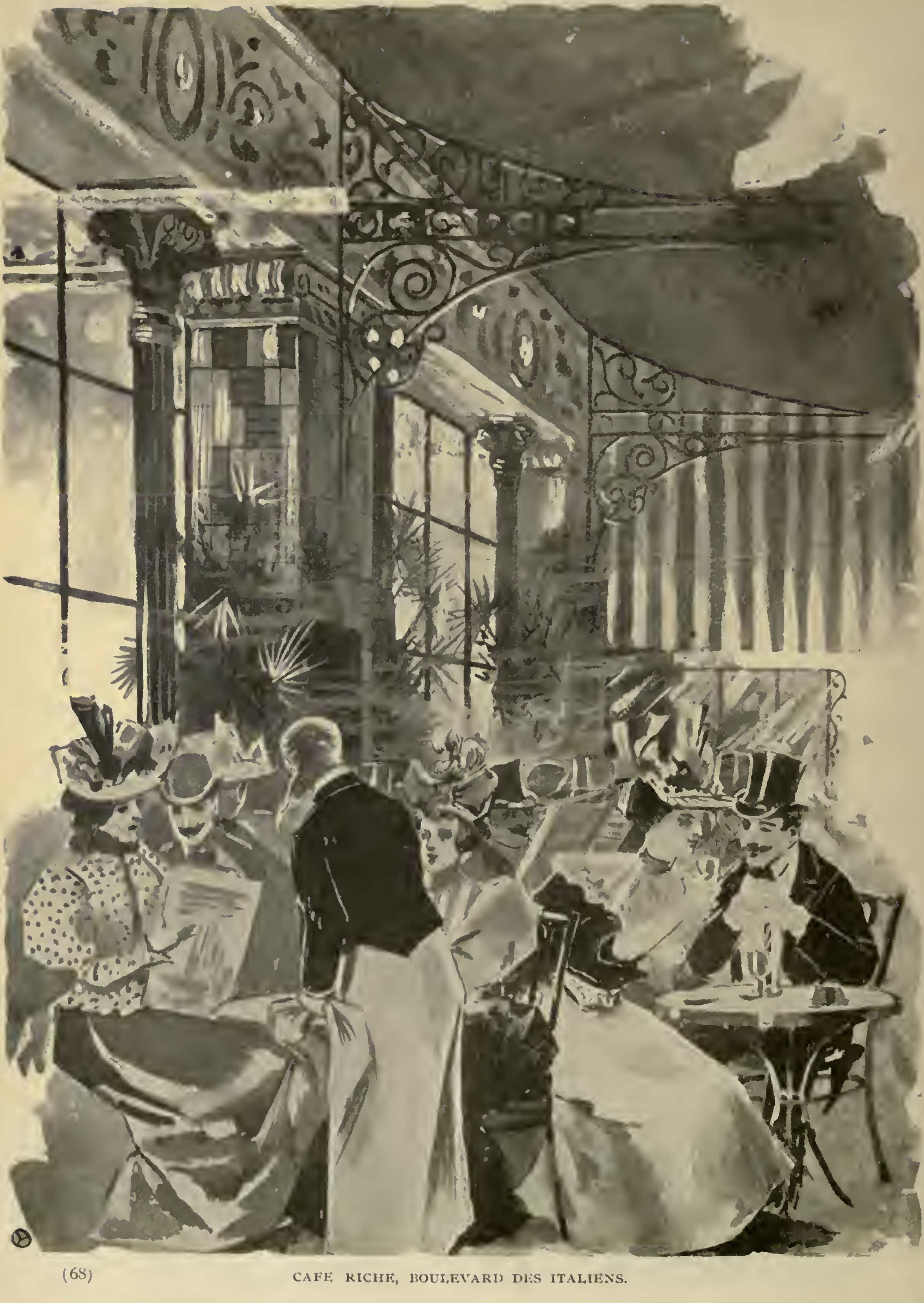
The tree cafés soon became a popular road resort, for the highways of France are always the best that can be constructed, and the one leading to Robinson's was particularly fine, so that it is nearly always full of vehicles of every kind during all seasons. It is still a delightful drive, but much of its original beauty and charm has been destroyed by the building of a railroad to the place, which generally follows the highway. But it is a splendid road, and has served to largely increase the number of visitors, which not infrequently are as many as ten thousand in a single day. The place presents the appearance of permanent picnic grounds, with its swings, carrousels, quoit pitching, shooting gallery, fakirs, horse-back and donkey riding, coaching parties, foot races, bicycle matches, and, in short, all manner of open air amusements.

There are now so many cafés, some of which are on the ground supplementing those in the trees, and the competition is accordingly so great, that drinks, sandwiches, coffee, light lunches of cakes, berries in season, milk, etc., are served at prices probably less, certainly not more, than is charged at similar places in the city, and the management enforces such excellent propriety of conduct that it has become a favorite resort for families of the best class, omitting, of course, members of the aristocracy, who are seldom seen in public places.

CHAPTER V.

STUDENTS, ARTISTS, AND PROFESSIONAL MODELS.

THE best-dressed women in the world are to be seen in Paris; and while I hesitate to pronounce judgment respecting their beauty, my opinion is well determined, after many months of observation, that women of Paris are distinguished above their sex of other cities by greater charms of person and more graceful, well-rounded figures. But this superiority is not due to climate, nor to social conditions, nor to inheritance. The French woman is heavy, broad of face, and almost as squat as her Holland neighbor, while the lines of beauty, both in her face and form, are so divergent that a really handsome one is not often seen. This applies to the characteristically French woman only, for there are notable exceptions, and these exceptions seem to be peculiar to Paris. It is not hard to guess the reason, for it must be surmised, if not known, that it is every pretty woman's ambition to visit if not to live in Paris, and this desire to shine in the giddy and gilded city of fashion possesses French women as inordinately as does a yearning to visit New York City linger in the dreams and aspirations of American girls. And when an American girl once finds an opportunity to travel, she immediately becomes infected with the passion that influences so many women, to see Paris. The Paris woman, therefore, is the one with whom we are concerned, for it is the rather dainty, and the always dashing creature, a smart, free, willful, inviting, garish bit of femininity, that lends seductiveness to the life of the French metropolis. Like a flawed diamond, she is dazzling to the sight, until close inspection discovers her imperfections, and she is as cosmopolitan as a pirate. The Parisienne is not necessarily a French woman, by any means, for every country contributes many beautiful, accomplished, adventurous girls to the population of Paris, so that the city is a composite of all nationalities. An ugly or a graceless woman is as much out of place in Paris as a celestial would be in hades; I use this rather coarse comparison in an illustrative sense, because it serves to express the sorry condition in which a homely, ill-figured girl would find herself upon attempting to breast the social current that lashes through the halls, parks, and boulevards of Paris. The French, as I have said, have an eye for the beautiful and the witty. They despise the plain and the stupid. And this peculiarity of the people, as much as the seductions that are so widely advertised, serves as an allurement to beautiful and voluptuous women in all parts of the world, who fly to Paris to seek opportunity as the Argonauts did the Golden Fleece, and the quest is, as a rule, as disappointing. The result is, the

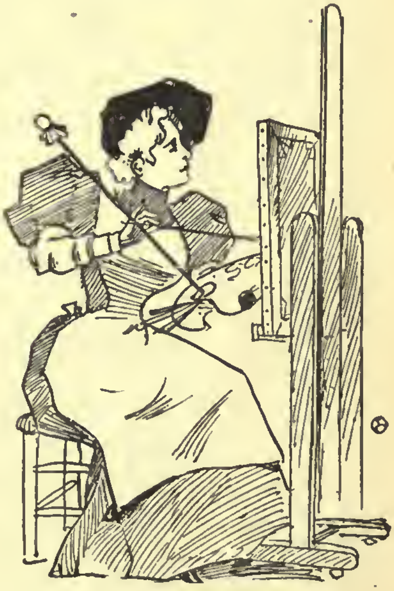


CAFE RICHE, BOULEVARD DES ITALIENS.

city is overrun, so to speak, with splendid-looking women, not all of whom find the fortune they set out from home so confidently to obtain. Thousands drift about in the surge of the great city until their means are exhausted and then as a *dernier* resort they go into the Latin Quarter and offer themselves as models to aspiring artists. Not a few become mistresses of men who are able and willing to support them, and a large number find engagement as mistresses and models of the artists who employ them. It is a hard as well as a debased life, yet many appear to enjoy it.

A Students' Demonstration.

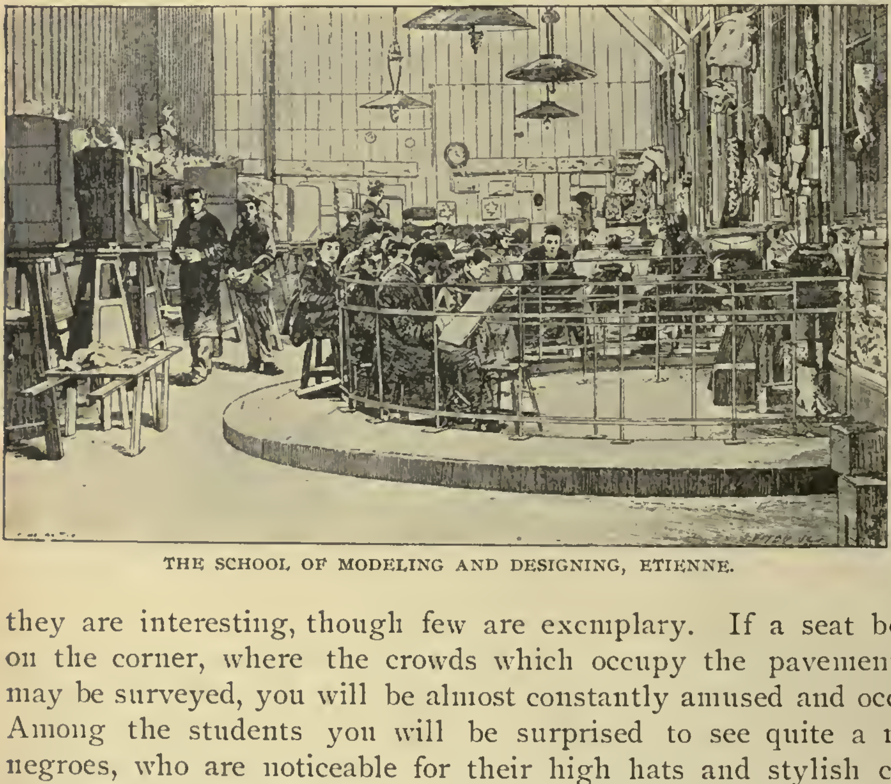
The students of Paris come from nearly every part of the world, though the great majority are natives of Europe. Americans seem to prefer the colleges of Germany and England, so that comparatively few American students are seen in Paris,—except those who go there to study art. All young men have a nature in common; that is, they are filled with the spirit of mischief, and very often to the exclusion of the higher ambitions; therefore where so many thousands are brought together in a city whose very atmosphere is saturated with sensations and revelry, it is not surprising that the Paris student indulges his freedom from home restraints in ways of his own. He is so thoroughly conscious of the strength and influence that come from union, from a consolidation of forces, from confraternity of interests, that he joins some organization almost immediately after matriculating, and is thenceforth bound by inviolable obligation to conserve the ends and aims of the social or political body of which he has voluntarily become a part. There is nothing the Paris police fear so much as a students' demonstration, when it is made as a manifestation of ill-will toward some municipal law or revolt over the arrest of a member of the organization. On such occasions the students assemble at some appointed place of rendezvous and, lining up, each one places his hands firmly upon the shoulders of the student in front of him, and the phalanx being thus established, at a given signal the body, often twenty-five hundred strong, march through the principal streets or boulevards shouting defiance or singing songs that describe their grievances. They take to the middle of the thoroughfares and force their way through any jam of vehicles that may occur, upsetting or tossing aside everything that opposes their progress, and daring to commit any act in the very face of the police. An attempt to place so large a body of men under arrest would surely lead to a riot, so of two evils the authorities prefer to look on without interfering until the demonstration


THE ARTIST COPYIST.

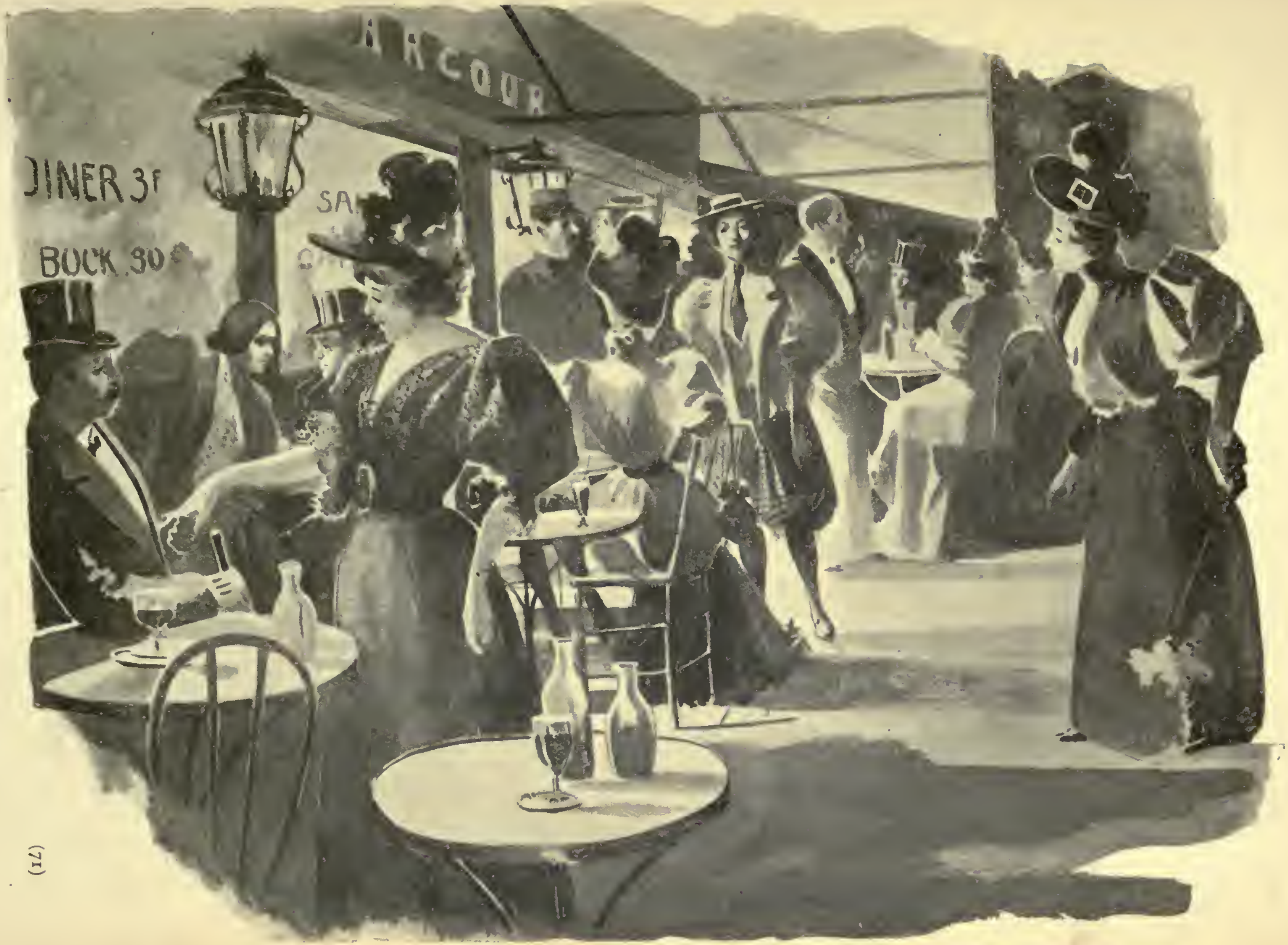
expends itself, rather than commit the dangerous blunder of trying to guard the public peace at the risk of rousing mob violence. Such demonstrations are not frequent, however, and as the authorities have learned how to deal with them, serious trouble seldom occurs. On such holidays as Christmas, Fourteenth of July, Washerwoman's day, and the day when the statue of Joan of Arc is decorated, it is customary for the students to assemble for a march through the boulevards, but it is generally a march of orderly observance, and no disturbance takes place unless some interference is offered by some hot-headed cabman, or an indiscreet minion of the law, whereupon there follows a row and a sudden mixing that mean serious trouble for some one or for several.

A Night at the Students' Cafe.

One of the most popular rendezvous in Paris for students, artists, and models, is the Café Harcourt, on the Boulevard St. Michel, near the Cluny Museum. It is a drinking place of no great size, but in summer time the sidewalks are appropriated to the use of patrons, hundreds of whom, of both sexes, may be seen there from eight o'clock in the evening until the place closes, two hours after midnight. And the sights which may be witnessed there are as novel as they are interesting, though few are exemplary. If a seat be taken at a table on the corner, where the crowds which occupy the pavements of both streets may be surveyed, you will be almost constantly amused and occasionally shocked. Among the students you will be surprised to see quite a number of starchy negroes, who are noticeable for their high hats and stylish clothes, as much as for the ebony of their skins. It is strange that of all the negro students I have seen in Paris not one showed a trace of white blood, every one of them being a pure African. In no city of Europe, or of England, is the negro regarded with disrespect, no social distinction being made between the white and any other race, and therefore it excites no more comment to see a black man paying attention to a white girl than to see a white girl entertained by one of her own race. Negro women, however, are seldom met with in Europe, though why they



THE SCHOOL OF MODELING AND DESIGNING, ETIENNE.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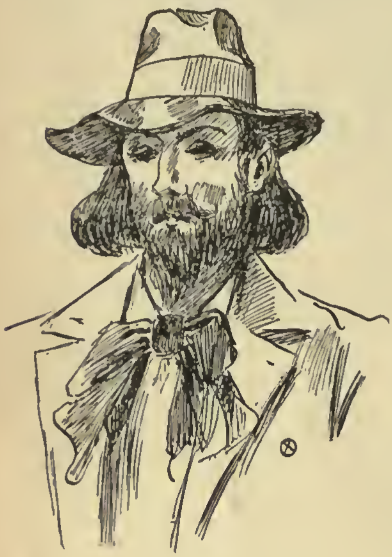
SCENE IN THE CAFE D'HARCOURT, BOULEVARD ST. MICHEL AND PLACE DE LA SARBONNE.

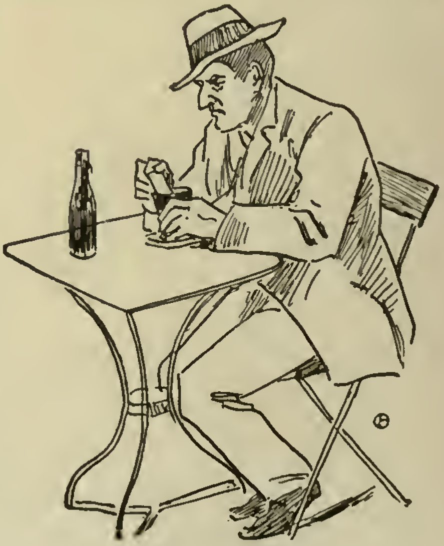
are not more numerous I have never been able to find a satisfactory reason; but certain it is there are fewer negro women in Europe than there are Chinese women in America.



THE POET.

Another curious sight at the Harcourt is afforded by the poet-student, who is distinguished by his long hair, high, flat-brimmed hat, and often large spectacles. He is unmistakable, because he means to array himself in a style of dress which being characteristic will advertise his pursuit of the rhythmic muse. Being thus billed by his garments, he makes a profit thereby, for persons desiring sonnets written apply to him, as they would seek the sign of a news-stall for a copy of the *Figaro*. The socialist student is also a constant frequenter of the Harcourt, a man who sits alone, as a rule, and sops his wine with a bit of hard bread, watching the crowds with furtive glance and appearing like one who is in a state of expectation. He wears a slouch hat which sits high on a head of hair heavy enough to fill a mattress, and as tangled as a brush-heap. I have seen some of them talk, but not often, as they affect an austerity of manner and a desire to avoid company, yet I am told they are jolly fellows in the presence of friends, though they make few.

Wheeling is a rage in Paris, confined to no single class, for high and low alike are to be seen at certain hours spinning along the streets and racing on the boulevards leading to the parks. The bicycle costume is an extreme in Paris, which if you wish to study may be best seen at the Harcourt. Of the scores of women who haunt the place after nightfall, fully two-thirds wear bloomers, and such bloomers, too, as would make a horse shy. These women are nearly all models, who having become indecorous through the employment of posing without drapery before schools of art students, appear to feel uncomfortable in clothes, and therefore wear as few as the law will allow—and in Paris the law is very liberal. Some come to the café on bicycles and hitch them outside, but a greater number of these women cannot afford a machine and content themselves with a costume, manifestly to show admiring crowds how well they would look trundling a wheel with such massive limbs and well-rounded figures. Many of them, too, are as handsome as they are graceful, to



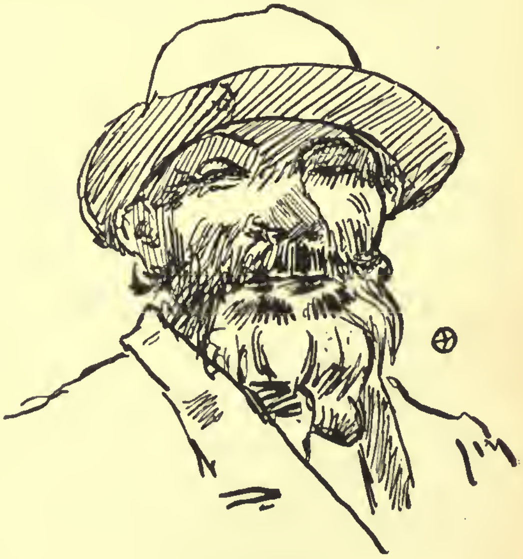
THE SOCIALIST.

which charms that of cunning winsomeness is added and their popularity with the boys is accordingly great.

A Rage for the Nude.

The art student may generally be told by his quiet and dignified demeanor, which is not incompatible with cordiality and frankness when he is approached, but he is never obtrusive, nor does he usually keep late hours unless occupied with a fresh model whose favors he is anxious to secure. Everything in Paris seems to run to or border on the nude, hence artists who compete from year to year for medals and honors at the Exhibition of Fine Arts, are always on the watch for beautiful female figures, and their eyes are quick to discover a fresh arrival at the Harcourt.

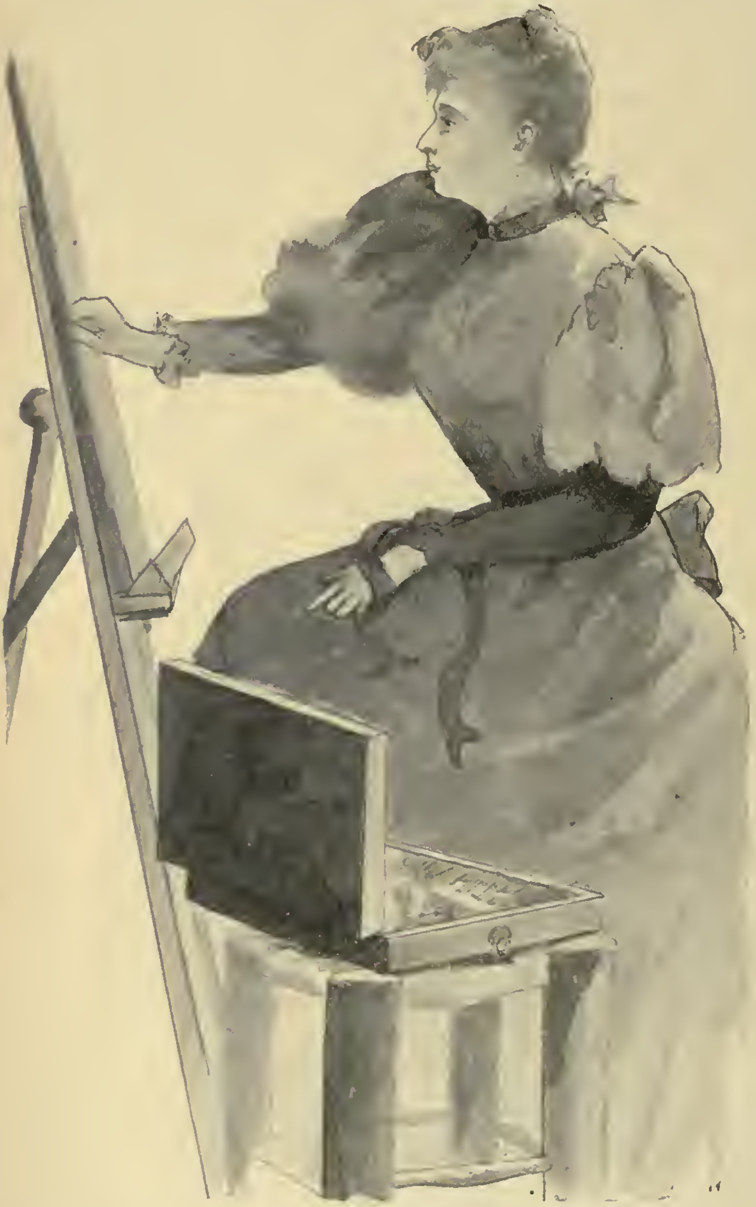
Students of music are a class to themselves, with nothing specially characteristic about them unless it be that all have heavy heads of hair and nearly all wear glasses. Students in the other branches are as variable in their appearance and ways as the city's population, but they are rarely dignified and nearly always boisterous. As a rule they drink Munich beer, called "bock," and are as liberal as their means will allow in treating the models who beset them. When beer is brought it is in a glass which sets in a saucer, and on the rim of the saucer is stamped the cost of the drink. When the amount is paid the waiter turns the saucer down, otherwise each successive drink is indicated by putting the saucers one upon another until the bill is discharged. I have seen students drinking with girls, one glass of beer after another, until there was a pile of saucers before the debtor almost as high as his head as he sat at table. About two years ago a dispute arose in the Harcourt about the settlement of a bill for drinks that had been tallied in this manner, in which a student was badly injured and a policeman who was brought in to arrest the combatants was killed. Since that time the place has been under close surveillance and there have been no further disturbances.



THE ANARCHIST.

Scenes at the Brasseries.

There is a great deal of drinking done in all the cafés of Paris, but it is an extremely rare thing to see an intoxicated person. I have seen Americans drunk in Paris, but I never saw an European under the influence in that great city. They use very little beer, and confine their drinking largely to light wines, liquors, and coffee. Students have a great liking for coffee, if we may judge by the quantity they consume, but it is probable that its cheapness induces its use, for students, as a rule, have little to spend, and as they delight in sitting in the cafés, they can give their patronage at small expense to themselves by taking the cheapest drink.



A PASTELLISTE.

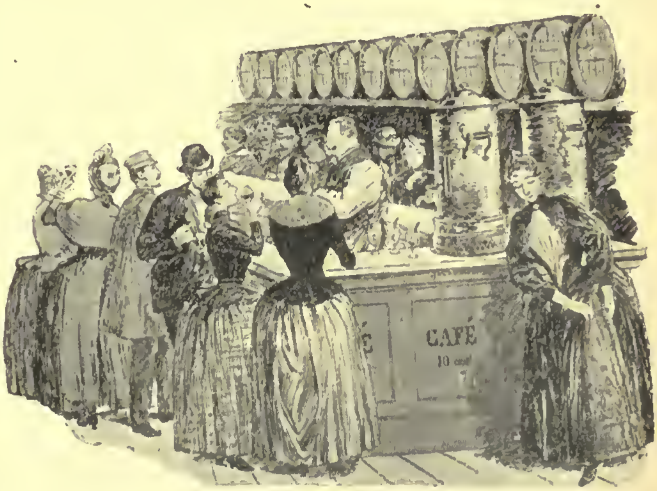
The *brasserie* is an institution in Paris which resembles our beer saloon. The word means *brewery*, but in France it is used also to designate a place where beer is sold on draught. On the Rue Sonfflot, and Boulevard St. Germain, are several places of this kind, fitted up in Flemish style, and having the attractions of music, dancing, and singing. Girls are frequently waiters, and there is rarely any disorderly conduct to be seen. The price of a glass of beer ranges from six cents for the cheapest to ten cents for the dearest, but the glasses hold little more than half a pint. For the large glasses, holding a pint, the charge is fifteen cents. These places are well patronized by students who have money to spend, and who like the sensation of slight intoxication, but I never saw them indulge to the point of inebriation.

Some of the worst places in the Latin Quarter are low groggeries, either up a flight of stairs or in the basement of some dingy building, where, besides drinking and revelry, lewd songs are sung and boys and girls disport in shocking abandon. These places, too, are supported chiefly by students, who, while not frequenting them as favorite resorts, take visiting friends there to show them some of the licenses of Paris drinking houses.

This patronage, while not large, is enough to keep them in existence and to pollute the atmosphere of the locality with the malodors of bestiality. The girls seen there are bleary-eyed and repulsive, and the young men employed to sing and entertain patrons have faces deeply stamped with dissipation, and are as reckless in their conduct as the inmates of bedlam.

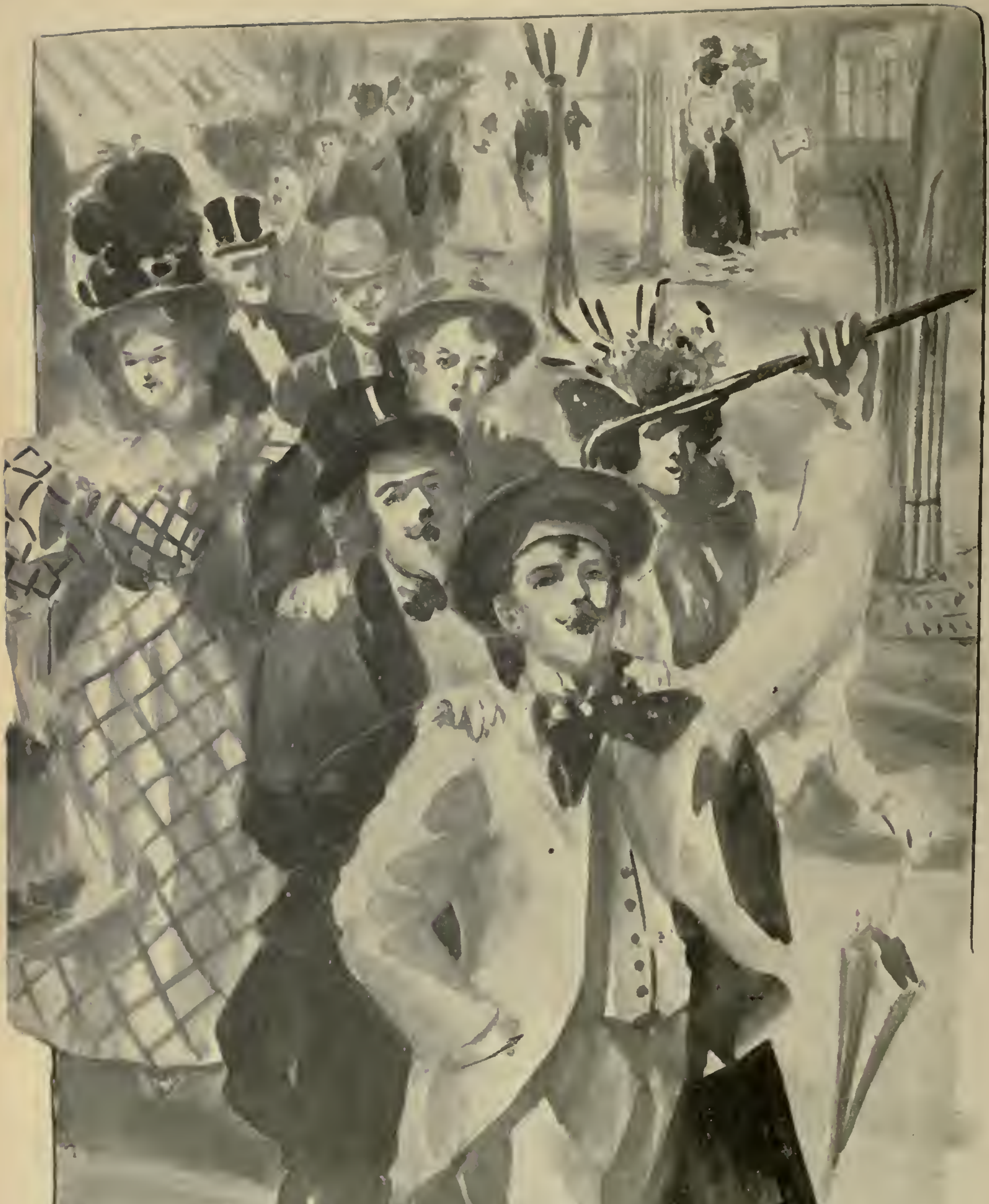
But oh, the Students' Ball!

But if you would see student life in its most enthusiastic, amusing, and picturesque phase, and the temptations which beset it as well, you must attend a students' ball at the Bal Bullier, are sort that came into popularity under the empire, in the halcyon days of the Jardin Mabille, and has kept its fame unimpaired through vicissitudes that have wrecked many nobler institutions since. The Bal Bullier occupies a site on the Rue Denfert, opposite the Observatory, and the place where Marshal Ney was shot December 7, 1815, not far from the Luxembourg gardens. Less than one hundred years ago a large convent, known as the Grande Chartreuse (Carthusian), occupied the spot where the Bullier now stands, in which some of the richest and most fashionable ladies of Paris received their education. It was then in the suburbs, and afforded a quiet retreat for girls who sought of their own volition, or were compelled by the will of others, to escape the seductions and influences of the metropolis, which during the first empire were even more immoral than they are to-day. The city expanded rapidly toward the south, and the value of property advanced until a removal of the convent became advisable, which was positively determined upon when a large price was offered, by a man named Bullier, for the ground. After its purchase, however, the old convent stood deserted for a number of years, a sad relic of better days and a blot upon the beauty of the boulevard. Finally, in 1830, following the July revolution of that year, the owner hit upon a plan for converting the place into a pleasure resort for students, the large number attending school and living in the vicinity giving promise of great profit to the enterprise, nor has this expectation been disappointed.



A MIXING AT THE BAR.

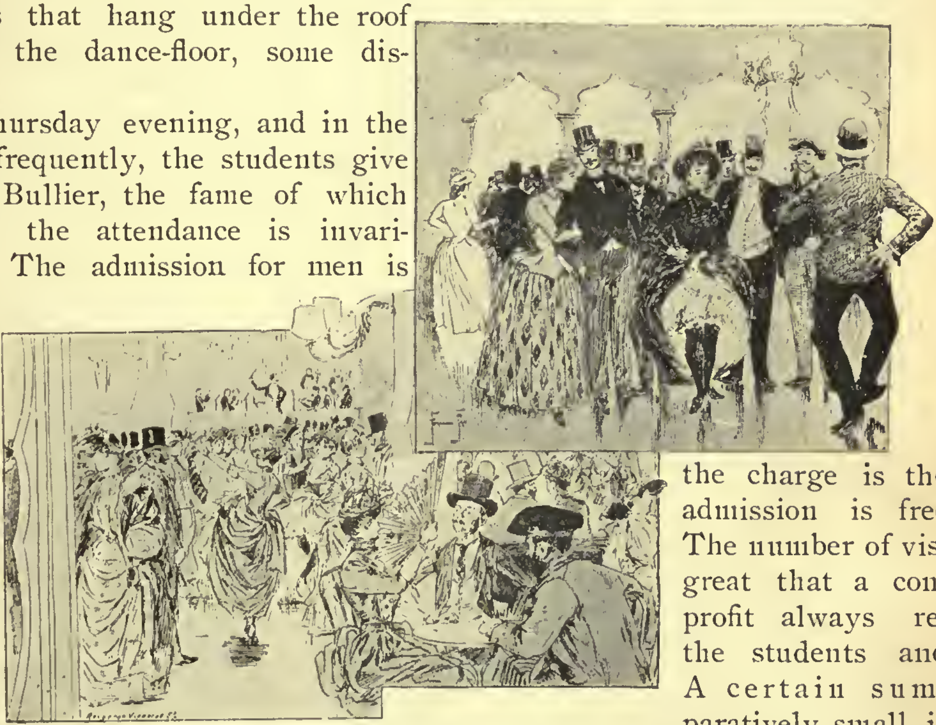
Entrance to the Bal Bullier is from the Boulevard Mont Parnasse, through a door that opens upon a landing before the ticket office, and thence conducts down a flight of a dozen steps to a large and smooth floor, probably one hundred and fifty feet square, on two sides of which extends a low gallery



STUDENTS RUSHING THE STREETS.

some ten feet wide, supplied with tables and chairs for visitors. The grounds are divided almost equally by the large dancing pavilion and a garden, the latter being tastefully arranged with many cosy alcoves cut into the embankment that extends in a horseshoe curve around a clump of trees that affords a splendid shade in the centre. These alcoves are intended as retreats for couples who, when tired of dancing, may repair to such seclusion to talk and drink, for each one is furnished with seats and a table. Although the alcoves are open toward the graveled walk, this fact hardly renders them less private, because the growth of trees and shrubbery is very thick, and the garden is not lighted save by electric lamps that hang under the roof that shelters the dance-floor, some distance away.

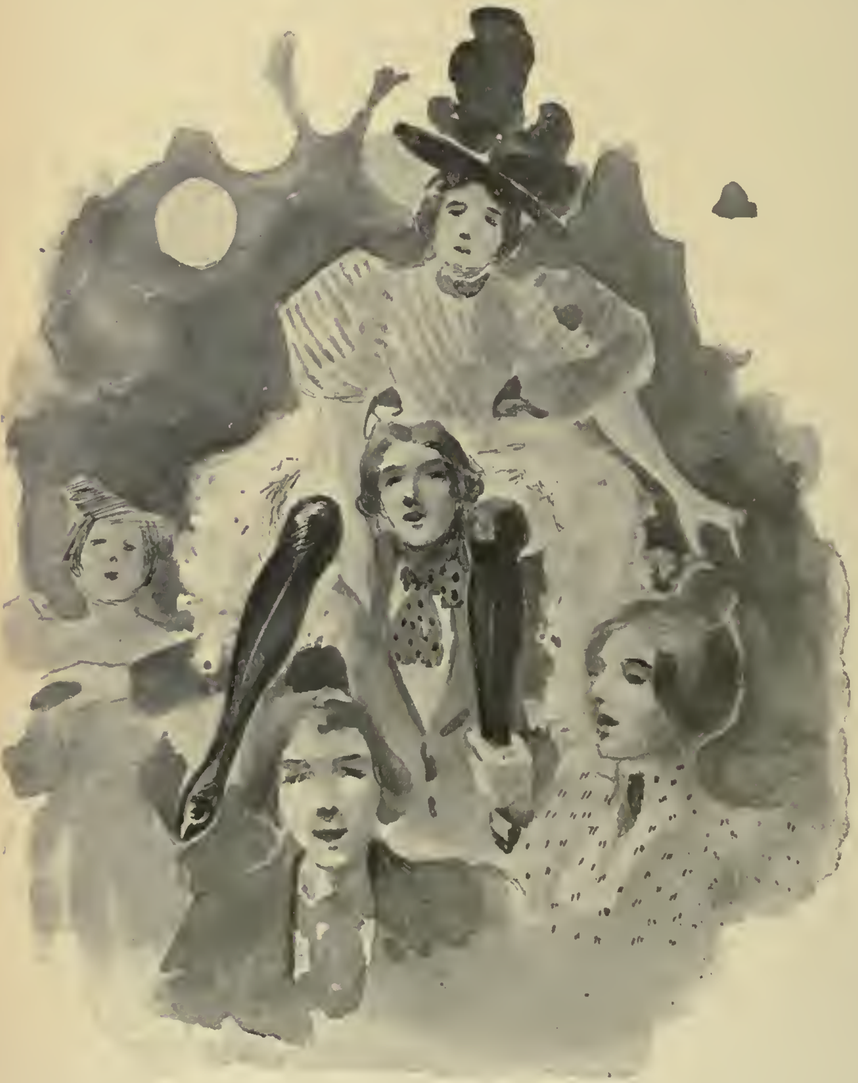
Every Thursday evening, and in the winter more frequently, the students give a ball at the Bullier, the fame of which is such that the attendance is invariably large. The admission for men is usually five francs ($1), and for women who do not desire to participate, the charge is the same, but the admission is free to others. The number of visitors is so great that a considerable profit always results to both the students and proprietor. A certain sum, which is comparatively small, is charged the students for the use of the ballroom, but they receive all the gate receipts, while the proprietor has all the profits from drinks, cigars, and the light luncheons that are served.



SCENES AT THE BAL BULLIER.

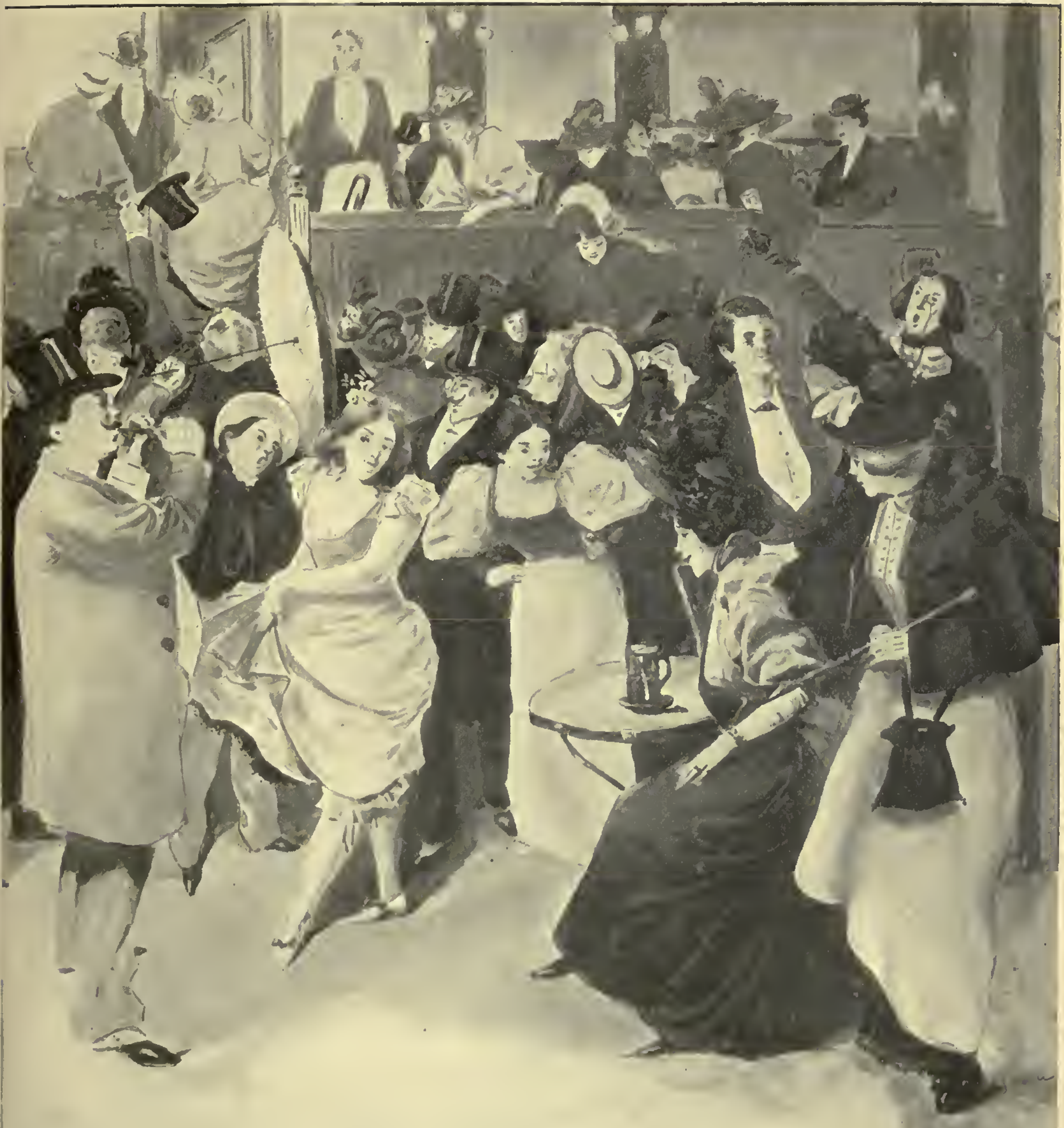
Some Shocking Scenes.

The crowds who attend the ball do not begin to arrive until near the hour of eleven o'clock, and it is not until midnight that the largest number are present, at which hour, however, the revelry is at its height. No canes are allowed inside, an order I well understood in a short while after taking a seat on the gallery from which a splendid view of the whirling throngs may be had. The attendance is rarely less than one thousand persons, of whom one-half are women, and all of these, aside from non-participating visitors, are artists' models. But everybody dresses severely plain; there are few low-necked waists, fine hats, fluffy dresses, or expensive hats to be seen, for they would be much out of place—very much out of place, probably under foot—in the first ten minutes after the dance began.



A COMMON INCIDENT AT THE BAL BULLIER.

The jostle is tremendous about midnight, and such that dancing is impossible, but the effort to do so goes on and as a result some one, man or woman, is sprawling all the time, and fighting is a recreation. On an occasion of one of my visits to the Bal Bullier, I saw three fights in as many minutes, and in every case it was between a student and a model, for the students rarely fight among themselves. A Frenchman, or a student imbued with French instincts, has just enough respect for a woman to pick her up when he has knocked her down, and they are nearly always the aggressors, too. I saw very soon after entering, if all canes were not checked at the door they would render matters as interesting as shillalahs at Donnybrook; and if men could be made to leave their hands out doors it would be conducive to the peace of the place. So many persons trying to dance causes much pushing, and many collisions, which often result in an offended man striking a woman in the face, and then a mixing up. The injured woman never screams, but with clenched fist and vituperative tongue she leaps upon her assailant and vigorously plies the weapons which nature gave her for other



AN INTERESTING CORNER OF THE BALL ROOM, BAL BULLIER purposes. The escort generally makes a sham show of lending her assistance, but he contrives to place himself at a disadvantage as an ally, until the combatants are separated. Frenchmen, however, rarely fight, except by word of mouth, or on the field. When an engagement is forced, they strike at each other with the tenderest possible regard, as though dreadfully alarmed lest some injury be inflicted, and this solicitude saves them from hurt or even damaged clothes. But when French women engage in a rencontre it is with a savagery that mars countenances, disfigures hair, and rends costumes; and such assaults are common sights at the Bal Bullier.

Exciting Scenes After Midnight.

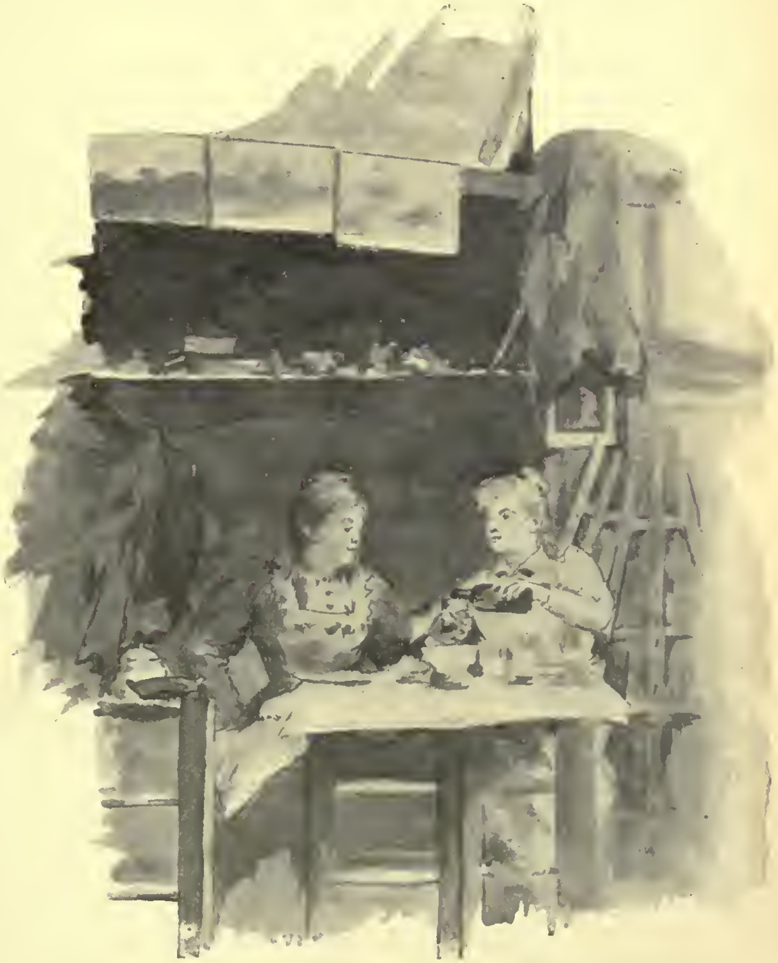
After midnight pandemonium prevails, for then the participants have wrought themselves to a pitch of wild intensity of spirit by drink and exertion, and scenes of the most astonishing abandon occur. Girls with flushed faces enter into a rivalry of shocking immodesty, in which clothes are tossed high that spectators may plainly observe the movement of limbs; hats are kicked off, and the most furious and indelicate acts are performed in order to win applause. These displays soon infect the crowds on the floor, and in a little while men and women are vying with each other in the performance of reckless acts. Women will be seen mounted astride of men's shoulders, others held aloft by brawny arms, while many are on the floor in exciting contortions of limbs, too sensual to describe. There is singing, too, of songs such as only the French tolerate, and language is used that would disgrace a saloon in America, and call out the patrol—or fire department. But the participants enjoy it, evidently esteeming the opportunity as a great one for having fun, for the balls always attract enormous crowds, among whom a large representation of American men and women is invariably to be seen, who laugh as loud and applaud as immoderately as do the students themselves—and they generally remain as long.

How the Artists Enjoy Themselves.

A large number of artists may be seen at every entertainment at the Bal Ballier, and not a few indulge the opportunities thus given them to disport with girls in the abandonment described, but they have amusements which are distinctively their own, and on certain occasions they exceed in surprising displays the most immodest things that take place at the students' ball.

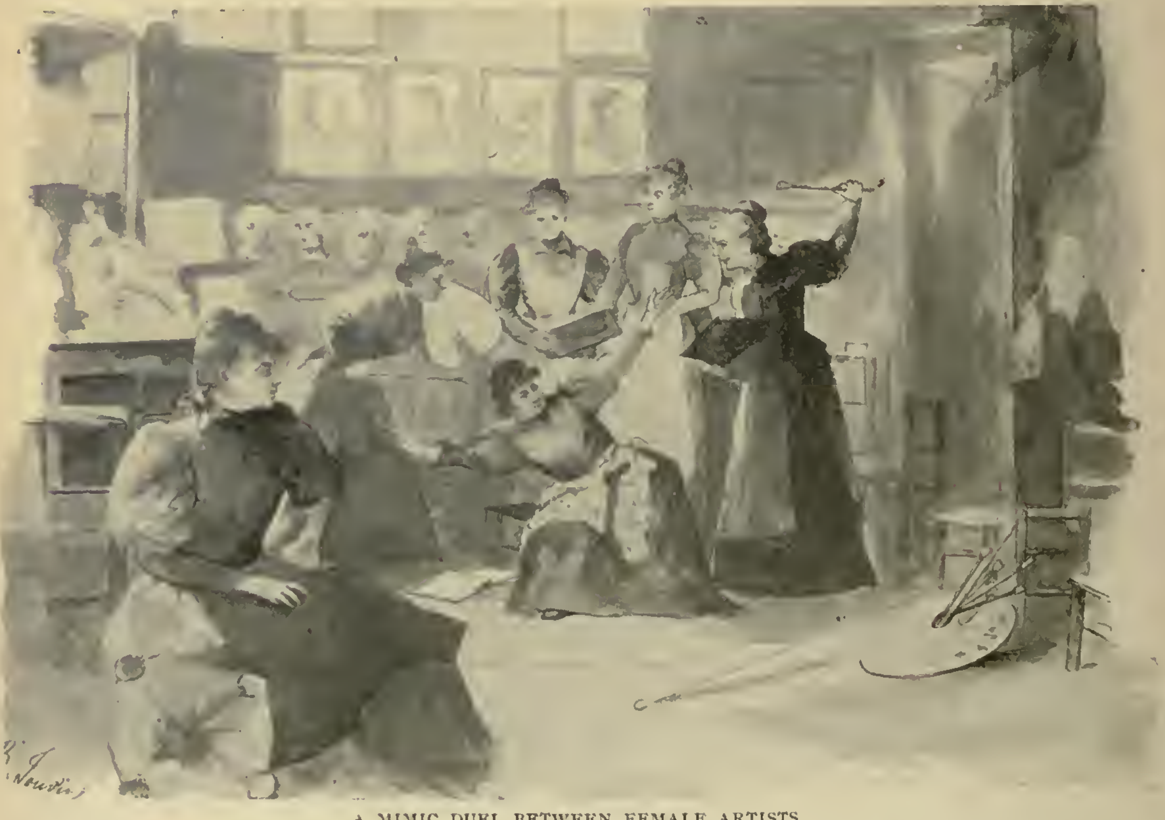
Nearly all the artists of Paris, and particularly those who go there to study art, live on the south side of the Seine, within convenient distance of the Latin Quarter. Those who reside in the Montmartre section are looked upon as an inferior class, and between the two there is no affiliation, so what they do—which is little—rarely concerns visitors to Paris.

Artist students have their guilds and close organizations, understanding as well as students of the sciences the advantages, social, political, and protective, which fraternity affords. If you have the fortune to be the friend of a Paris artist you may, through his introductions, or guardianship, see everything that is worth viewing in the artist life of the metropolis, and they have much to show. As a visitor you will certainly be interested in the ateliers of some of the great painters, where many beautiful pictures are being executed, and scarcely less will you be entertained by a view of many unpretentious studios where genius is making a struggle for recognition, where privation has set its seal on plain tables ornamented with a crust of bread. Pride is the mother of excuses, and young artists, to disguise their necessities, will explain that dry bread is an excellent thing with which to clean canvases, while their stomachs are begging for something to stay the gnawing pangs of hunger. And every artist has a story of a personal nature to tell you, which is interesting because pathetic in the hopefulness that lures the disappointed on to further effort. Many, very many, of these are Americans, who as ambitious boys having heard of the opportunities in Paris, and believing that a course of study there would give them reputation at home, have made many sacrifices and finally become a martyr to their ill-advised ambitions. Every one is painting a picture for the next annual exhibition in the Salon of the Champs Elysées, where medals are awarded every spring, and though he may have been offering his productions for a dozen years without obtaining any recognition, he never leaves off trying, encouraged always by the hope, if not the belief, that he has greatly improved in his work, and the next time he will certainly be successful. And so, the unsuccessful artist tries to be happy in the misery of his disappointments, existing as much on dreams of gold medals and the world's applause as on the piece of bread which the poor neighbor next door has in charity



A CORNER OF THE ATALIER AT LUNCH TIME.

given him. It must in justice be told, however, that some artists in Paris, and Americans too, are in much better financial condition than the rather exceptional cases just mentioned. Quite a number of Americans have not only received their art education in Paris, but have succeeded so well as to win the highest honors and the first prizes awarded at the Champs Elysées Salon. They have had commissions to decorate some of the finest buildings erected within the century, and their paintings have brought enormous sums at great art sales, and hang in the halls of rich connoisseurs of all countries. In all professions it is the majority that fails, and it is no credit to our civilization that the proportion of failures among artists and writers is greater than may be found in other professions or vocations.



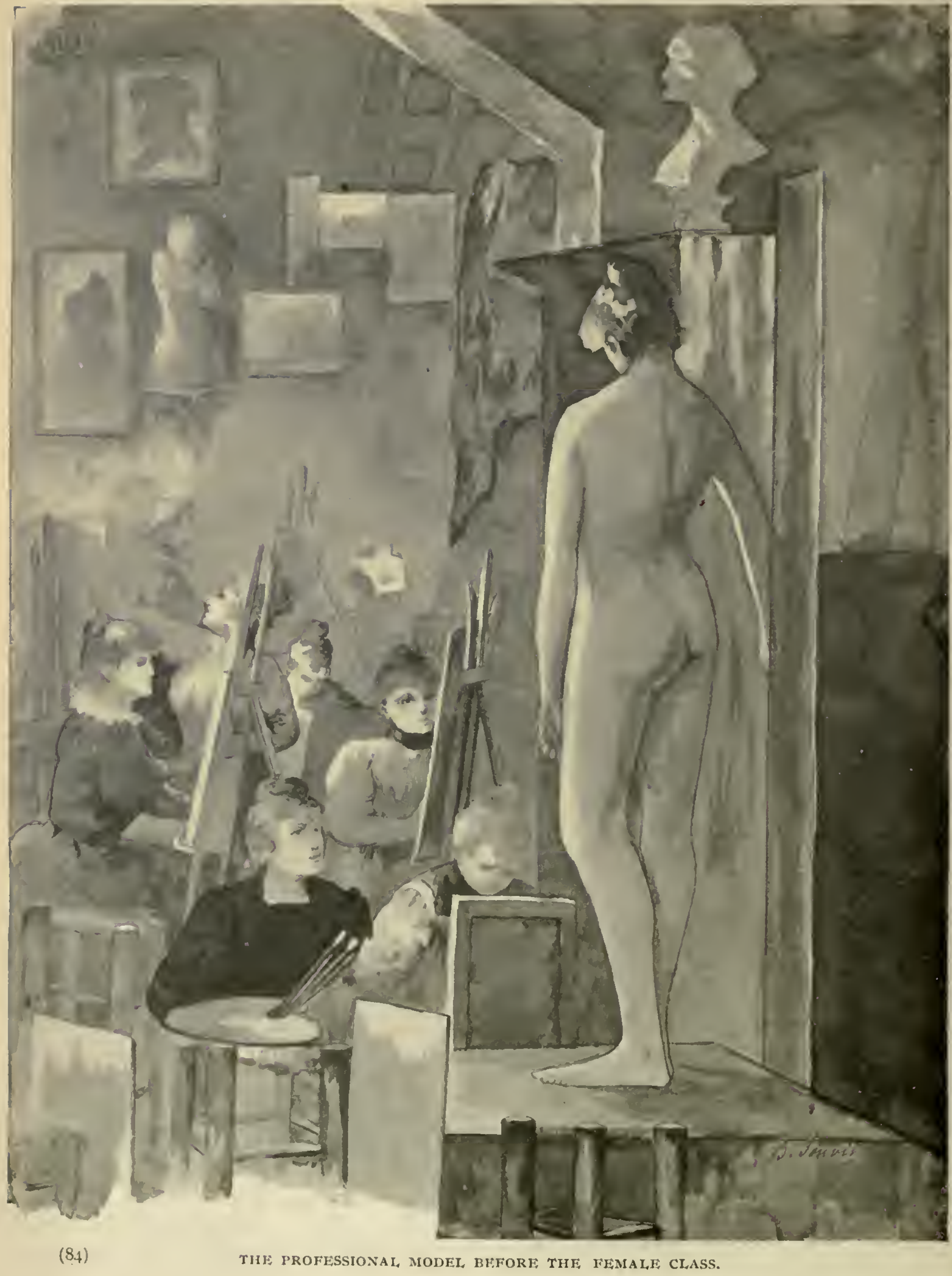
A MIMIC DUEL BETWEEN FEMALE ARTISTS.

The studios of nearly all artists in Paris are on the top floor of some very tall house, not infrequently nine stories in height, and they are reached by a sharp winding stairway that renders the visitor dizzy as well as exhausted. They tell you that the light is better on the top floor, and so it is; but these rooms have the further recommendation of being cheaper. There is the disadvantage, however, of being too high for the convenience of customers, for which reason they are not often visited by persons wealthy enough to pay a round price for a painting.

Life of Professional Models.

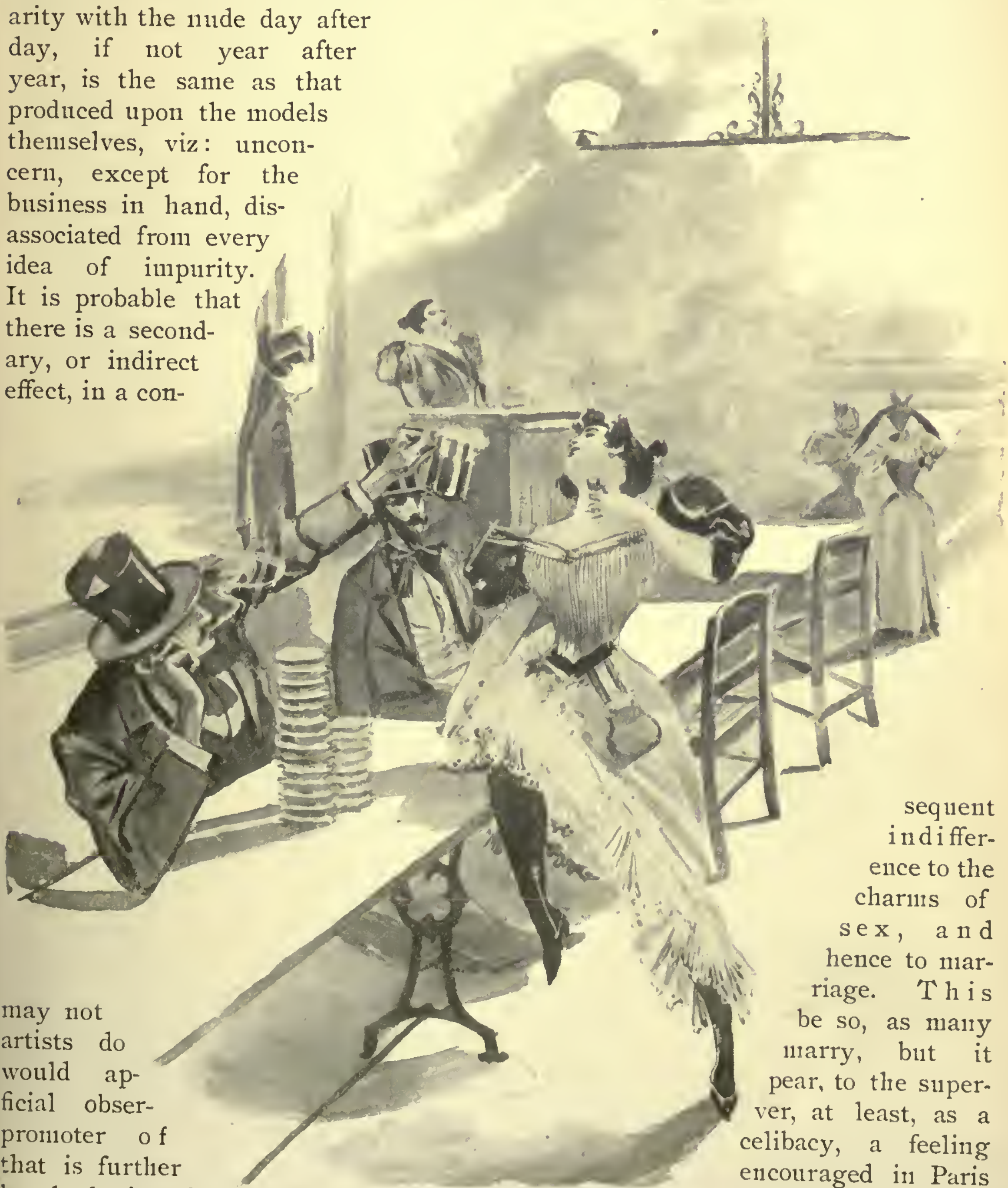
Artists, like other folks, need companionship, and being high above the world, so to speak, and often too poor to marry, they woo the models whom they try to immortalize as sirens, nymphs, naiads and goddesses, and the two lonely creatures near the roof, thus finding much in common between them, take to housekeeping and sometimes to raising a family without the formality of a license or the expense of a ceremony. Du Maurier pictured truly the life of a model when he represented Trilby as posing in complete dishabille before any artist that chose to engage her, but he violated nature in an attempt to make her appear as innocent, and as ignorant, as a convent maiden. Nothing of that nature is to be found in Paris. When a girl disrobes before a school of artists, or even before one, she exposes her modesty and wears it ever afterward as she does her face, uncovered. The too modest girl, however perfect her form, cannot pose with satisfaction to the artist, because she is required to assume certain graceful positions and to hold them without change for a time, a thing impossible to do by one who is thinking of her nakedness. But it must not be believed that coy maidens offer themselves promiscuously as models, for it is not so; they are usually women who have seen enough of life to make them more or less indifferent to the gaze of anybody; though not infrequently an honest girl, driven to the profession by necessity, will consent to pose as a semi-nude before an artist whom she knows, or for one with whom she is infatuated. The great majority, however, are married women, or widows, who still retain their youthful charms and have a pride in seeing themselves fully pictured and hung upon public walls to be admired. This vanity of the sex is sometimes carried to such extremes that women of wealth and refinement, but madly in love with their own figures, seek out and proffer their services as models to artists and even to photographers, hiding only a portion of the face to prevent identification. Actresses, of good form, very often pose as nude models, and find a glory in seeing their counterparts on canvas, which, though discreditable to their morals, is beneficial to their purses, for it is an excellent way to advertise.

The schools where art is studied are interesting places to visit, though, as might be expected, the public are not indiscriminately admitted. I have seen several, but always gained access through the courtesy of a member of the class. The arrangement inside, which is usually a large room, includes a dais upon which the models stand, around which, in a semi-circle, are chairs and easels, and the walls are hung with plaster limbs and charcoal sketches. The schools are graded, so that the different classes have appointed hours and work upon subjects which are appropriate for their respective merits, from beginners to the graduation class. It is the latter that draw from nature, and men and women models are the subjects of their efforts. It appears odd to the visitor, and is calculated to startle him with a surprise which quickly gives place to pleased curiosity, to see an entirely nude Apollo or Venus standing in graceful pose



THE PROFESSIONAL MODEL BEFORE THE FEMALE CLASS.

before a large class of men and women, exhibiting as much indifference as they would in a bathtub at home. And the position must be retained for a half an hour, or a full hour at a time, according to the attitude assumed. The effect upon the class of this familiarity with the nude day after day, if not year after year, is the same as that produced upon the models themselves, viz: unconcern, except for the business in hand, disassociated from every idea of impurity. It is probable that there is a secondary, or indirect effect, in a consequent indifference to the charms of sex, and hence to marriage. This may not be so, as many artists do marry, but it would appear, to the superficial observer, at least, as a promoter of celibacy, a feeling that is further encouraged in Paris by the laxity of morals which is



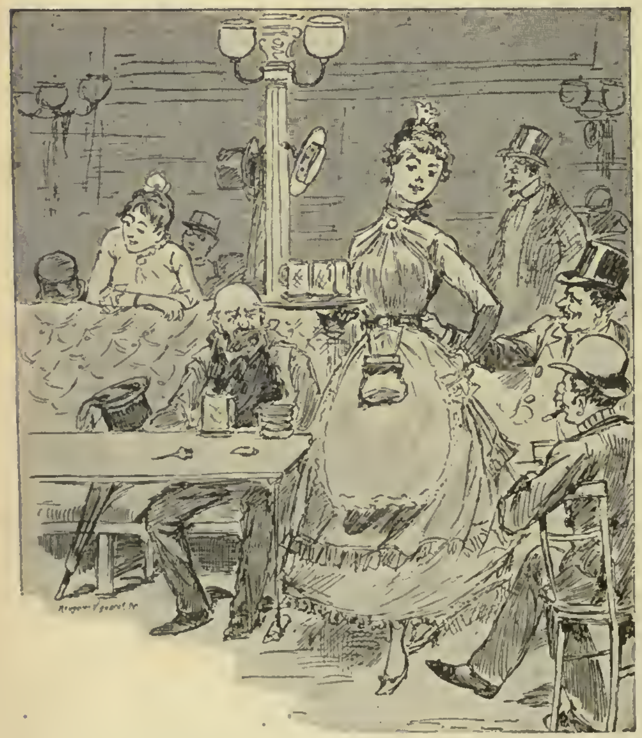
A VERY LATE HOUR AT A BRASSERIE.

everywhere noticeable and which is especially observable in the Latin Quarter. Men and women are alike powerfully affected by their surroundings, and the influence of association is exceeding great; the natural fruits of living in a tainted atmosphere are apples of a golden exterior, that turn to ashes with the eating.

The Artists' Ball.

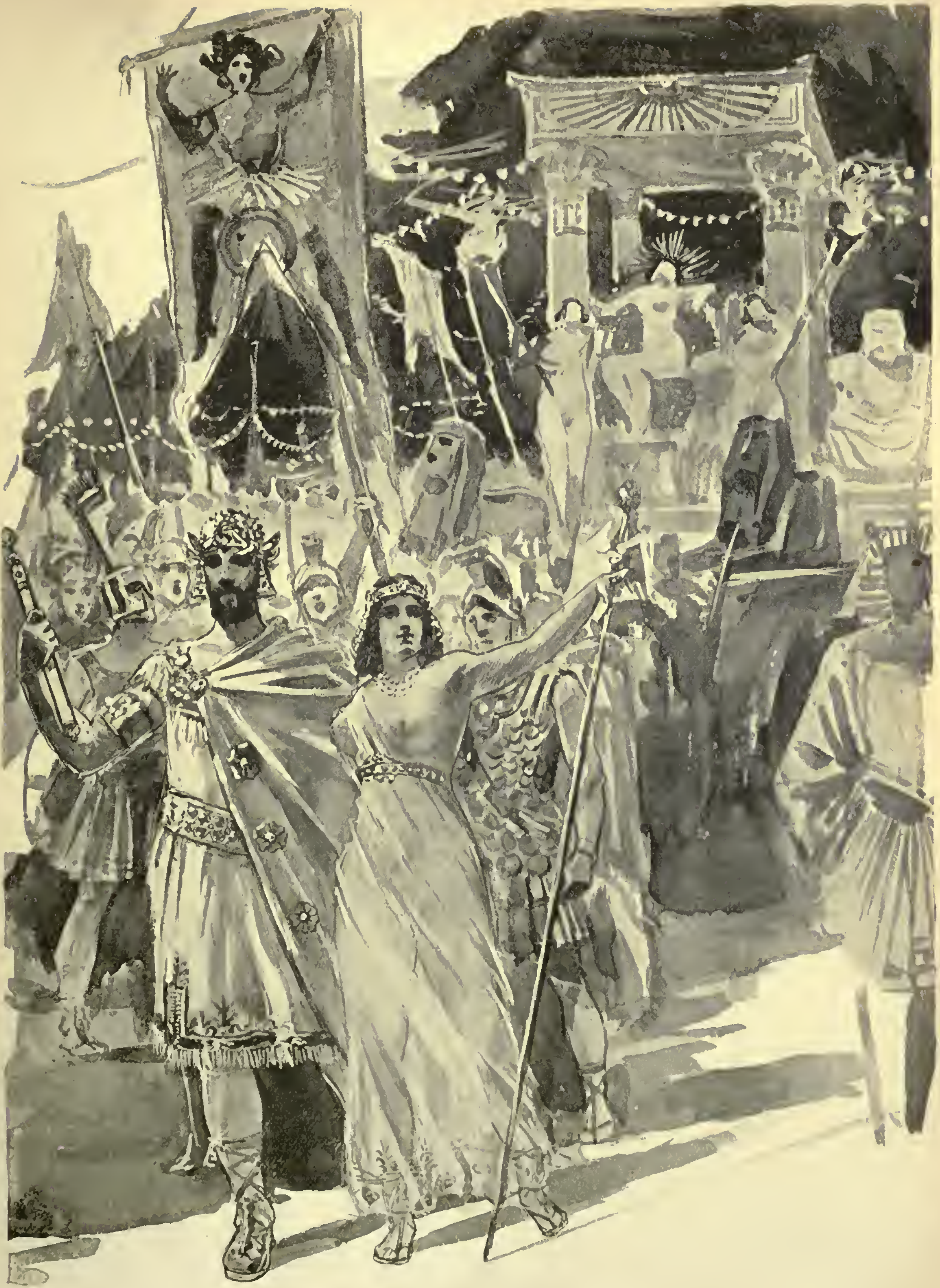
The Bal Bullier is the amusement climax of student life in Paris, a wild, bacchanalian revelry and riot that pure-minded women cannot witness with complacency, to say the least, though many attend who would resent, with expressions of outrage, such a charge. The artists of Paris, being influenced by identical surroundings, fall into excesses quite as great, if not indeed greater, than their classical confreres, differing though in taste, and confine their entertainments to the privacy of a strictly exclusive ball at the Moulin Rouge. Instead of giving their dances every week, as do the students, the artists make theirs an annual affair, and it is correspondingly greater, more outre, and decidedly more risque. Every artist of the guild is a contributor and a participator and each one exerts himself to make the ball not only a success, for that is certain, but more novel and astounding than the one preceding.

The students' ball, called in French the *Quatre-Arts* (four arts), is nearly always given in the Moulin Rouge, for more than one reason. First, it is probably better adapted to the purpose, being large, well lighted, convenient, and provided with a splendid dance hall, on two sides of which are low galleries furnished with small round tables and chairs for spectators who drink while looking on. Second, the place has a reputation, that is almost world-wide, for indecent exhibitions of can-can dancers, and the artists would have it understood that their ball is an affair and a spectacle as well, where participants are required to make a show of themselves.



A FAVORITE AT THE BRASSERIE.

The ball is a Mardi Gras celebration in a way, and those in attendance must be in costume though not in mask. The men array themselves in fantastic raiment, usually adopting courtly dress, and present a very brilliant



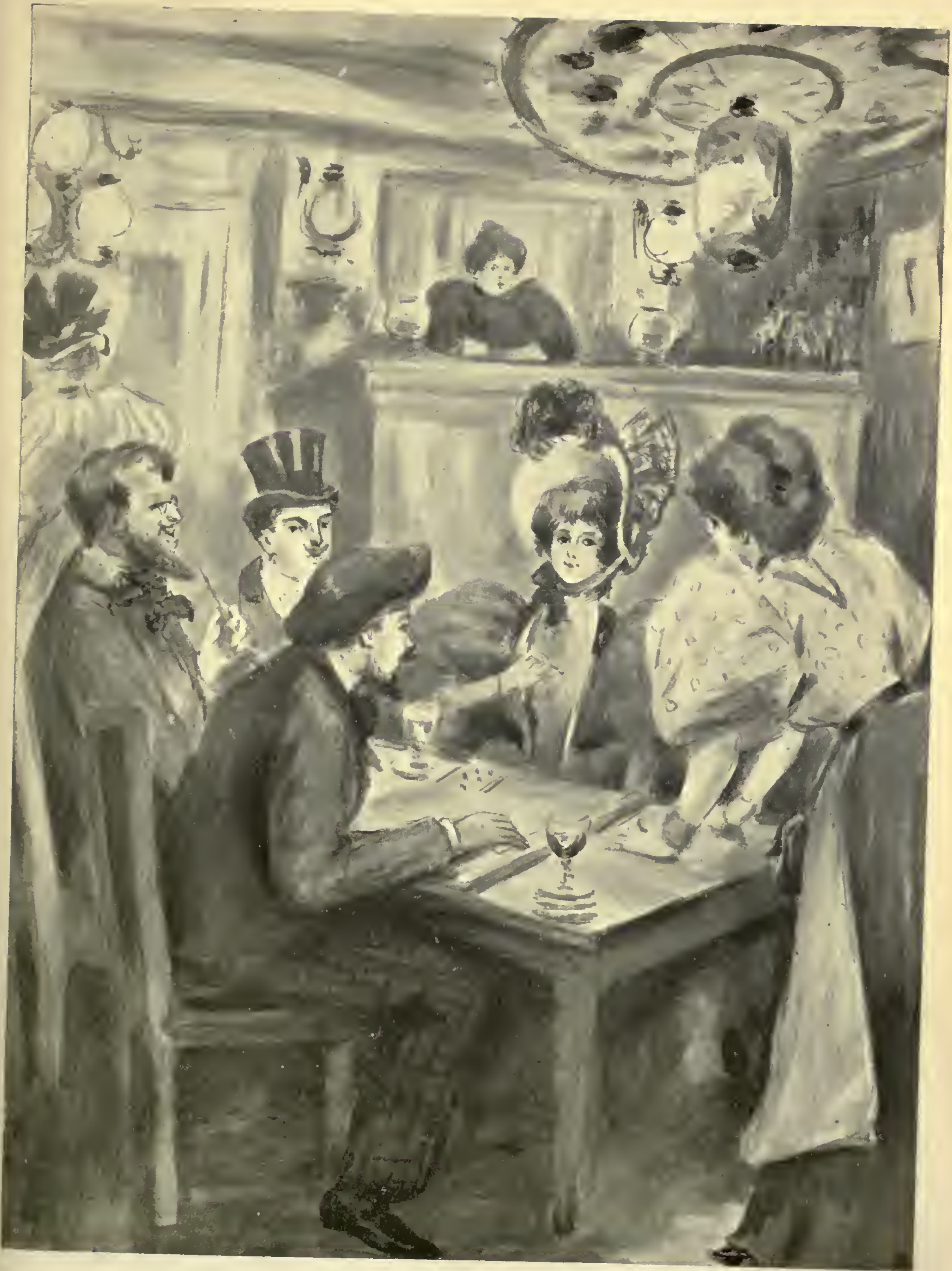
THE ARTISTS' BALL.

appearance of knights, pages, kings, courtiers, judges, senators, and other dignitaries, and march about the hall with a royal dignity of demeanor that is very impressive. But the women! A description of these is hard to undertake, and the subject must give me pause, for it suggests the poverty of language, as it does the amazing indelicacy which women may display and have a pride in. The hall, which is rather a pavilion, is a very large one, and the floor space for dancing is hardly less than one hundred feet square, thus giving accommodation for one hundred couples, a number that is to be seen on the floor from the opening until the close of the ball, while more than twice that number of spectators find standing and sitting room in the galleries and on the outskirts of the dancers.

What a Sight! What a Show!

You will be surprised to learn that all the women of that vast assemblage, four or five hundred in number, are the most beautiful figures in Paris, and the most graceful as well; women who are able to market the charms which nature has given them, and whose undraped forms are made the subject of the greatest efforts of famous painters, all enter the Moulin Rouge upon this annual festival of Venus and Bacchus as nude as when they appear to pose before the artists who employ them. They are allowed to dress nothing save their hair and their feet, and I can have no doubt that they esteem it as a proud privilege to so appear. It is hardly necessary to say that all these women are professional models, who are well accustomed to exposing their persons, and who enjoy the flattering words and eager admiration so unstintedly bestowed upon them. They dress the hair in a great variety of styles, some appearing with immense coiffures, others with Psyche knots, some in braids, and many leave their long, heavy tresses streaming over their fair shoulders and down their beautifully furrowed backs. The lower limbs are not less carefully adorned with stockings of the most brilliant and richest hues, kept in place by garters splendidly bejeweled, and their small feet are encased in the handsomest slippers that the cobbler's art can produce. In this extremely charming disapparel the women do appear like the apocryphal creatures they take such pains to simulate, viz.: nereids, nymphs, goddesses, and the illusion is increased by the appearance of their companions disguised as Satyrs, Pans, Orpheus, and Adonises.

At the ball given in March (1896) all the participants formed a procession and marched several times throughout the rooms and garden of the Moulin Rouge, headed by one of the most distinguished artists of Paris, by whose side walked a woman whose figure is the envy of every one of her sex in the great metropolis. On this occasion she personated Diana, the maiden goddess of chastity and hunting, and if the mythological huntress ever looked more fascinating than this mortal prototype I do not wonder that Acteone braved her anger to obtain a glimpse of her. On her forehead she wore a diamond crescent, and her raven hair flowed down in wondrous profusion to diamond buckle garters,



A POPULAR RESORT IN THE LATIN QUARTER.

which supported her flesh-colored silk stockings. Her skin was the purest ivory white, which was made to appear more delicate by contrast with her hair, and her graceful carriage emphasized the sublime charms of her person, which seemed to stamp her as a creature more perfect than the Greeks ever conceived. She was a divinity in appearance even as she led a procession of remarkably, yes, famously beautiful women, and the admiration she excited was a tribute that almost any person would forfeit modesty in their pride to receive.

Dancing at the artists' ball is dignified during the early hours, but the excitement is progressive as the night advances until it becomes a Dionysian festival, very suggestive of indecorum, if not sensualism, in which respect the scenes there enacted are very similar to those that distinguish the students' ball. The entertainment has accordingly attained such fame that the demand for admissions, even months before the ball takes place, are so great that I have known of instances where as much as one hundred dollars was offered for a single ticket. But while so large a sum is a great temptation, especially to many artists who are very poor, it rarely avails to secure access to the well-guarded enclosure, because every person in attendance must bear with him vouchers of his or her connection with the profession. It is a strictly exclusive spectacle, and this fact is made the basis of excuse for the exhibitions which take place. To those who neglect to consider the conditions that make such entertainments common, or even possible, the idea is shocking, almost revolting. While not wishing to defend the participants, or to encourage entertainments of such a character, I must ask the reader to regard the surroundings and influences that inevitably lead to displays of this kind. As I have already shown, Paris is a city of sensations, of immodesties, of amazing licenses. The very atmosphere is impregnated with immorality, the current is so strong that scarcely any one can stem it, and a very great majority do not try, but rather set their sails that they may go the faster. What in America would be considered shameful is in Paris applauded, and persons approving adages which justify their real desires, say "When in Paris act like the Parisians." If you should visit Dahomy you would certainly be shocked by barbecues of human flesh there to be seen, but if you remained there for a score of years and saw everybody, even your own countrymen, partaking of the feast, you would grow to be indifferent, to say the least. The same may be said about bull-fighting in Spain, the indiscriminate bathing of the sexes in Japan, the polygamy of the Turks, the polyandry of Thibet, and of other customs which contravene our ideas of morals and civilization. Let us therefore lay a hand of interdiction upon the importation of such entertainments into our own country, but in charity may we render our judgments upon the abuses which others practice. Their faults are their own, and many beams obstruct our own mental vision as well.

CHAPTER VI.

HARDSHIPS OF GIRLS IN PARIS.

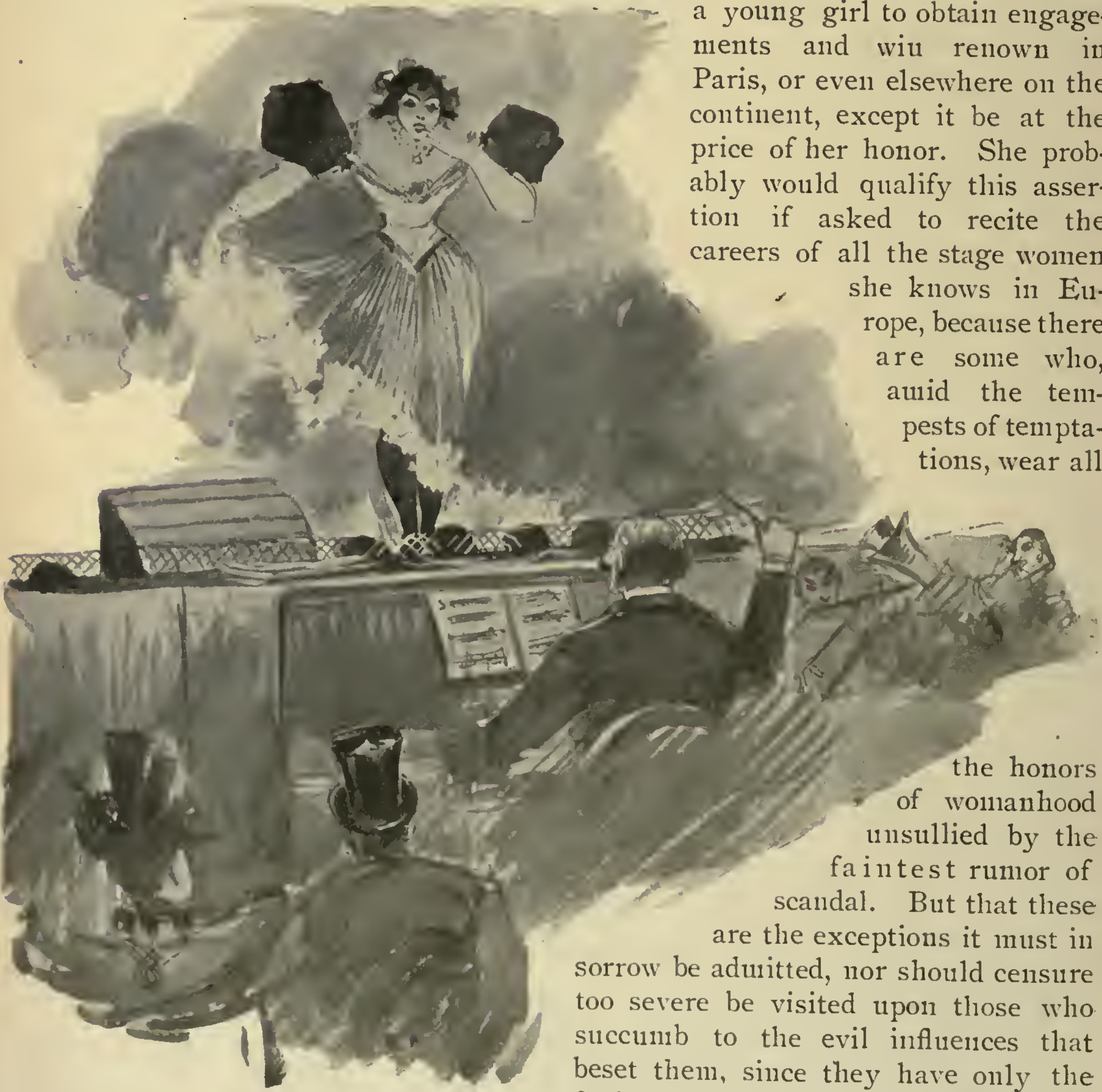
CROSSING the ocean to have the voice trained is a popular fad, quite as popular in fact as the rage of young artists for tutorship under French masters. On this side the water the opportunities appear most inviting, because the little we have heard about Paris furnishes an allurement that is as strong as the siren's voice. There are many truly great singers who have graduated from Paris conservatories, but so have equally famous contraltos and sopranos been given to the world by teachers in other cities. Vienna, Rome, Berlin, all have splendid schools, probably better than Paris but the objection to them all is that they are not in Paris, and so our American girls must receive their training as much from the city life as from their instructors.

During my last several months' visit in Paris (1897), I associated considerably with students, artists, and singers, in order that I might qualify myself to write about them. Among the large number of the latter that I became acquainted with was a very wealthy lady and her daughter from the West, who had been in Paris for more than five years, which time had been devoted by the daughter to training her voice under the best instructors of the city. The mother is an elegant lady, splendid in appearance, and the daughter is a woman of striking presence, lovely figure, and a beautiful, animated face. The two really have everything to recommend them, for their wealth is estimated by millions, and their richly furnished and stately mansion, in a most fashionable quarter of Paris, is the resort of persons of culture and distinction. Surely, this favored daughter ought to succeed through the extraordinary aids which fortune has furnished, but while she has sung a few times in concert at Rome, Milan, Berlin, and Paris, and her voice has been much praised each time, yet she is still sitting at the very foot of the ladder of fame. Why? Ah, yes, there is a reason; not, indeed, a good one, but yet sufficient to explain the failure which attends the efforts of many girls who would have succeeded had they remained in America.

The mother of this lovely young girl gave me a great deal of valuable information, which she illustrated with many examples that came within her own observation and knowledge, concerning the fame of certain singers and actresses, and the obscurity of others who deserve to occupy an exalted place.

Powerful Temptations That Encompass Girls in Paris.

It is a great temptation to repeat the stories thus told me, especially as I had opportunity to verify some of them, but the desire must be restrained in the interest of public morals, which would be offended by the telling. This cultured and wealthy mother, however, assured me that it is hardly possible for a young girl to obtain engagements and win renown in Paris, or even elsewhere on the continent, except it be at the price of her honor. She probably would qualify this assertion if asked to recite the careers of all the stage women she knows in Europe, because there are some who, amid the tempests of temptations, wear all the honors of womanhood unsullied by the faintest rumor of scandal. But that these are the exceptions it must in sorrow be admitted, nor should censure too severe be visited upon those who succumb to the evil influences that beset them, since they have only the faults of the fly that is lured into the spider's web. I have profound sympathy for professional women. The world needs amusement as much as it needs spinners, and weavers, and tailors, for play is as essential as work. The stage would be a Sahara without women, for men require the aid of that gentler sex who are the link that binds them to the nobler walks, the higher



A DEBUTANTE.

spheres. But oh, the temptations, the intoxicating influences, the jeweled cup, the allective snares, that obstruct, that bind, that force women from paths they long to follow! Only those who have seen much of professional life can understand them, and these have the broadest charity for the fallen ones, and plead for them a mercy which they rarely receive.

I was introduced to several American girls in Paris who were there training their voices and hoping for a career of fame and fortune, and nearly all of them sang for me to prove the benefits which they had gained by adopting the French system of instruction. I visited the rooms of not a few, upon their invitations, and was thus permitted to see the manner, more frequently the privations, in which they struggled. A lady well known in Paris, the bright correspondent of one of the greatest journals in the United States, told me that of probably five hundred American girls whom she had met in Paris, she only knew one who had sufficient means to enable her to live properly, or as well as she had been accustomed to in her American home. And I will add to this my own observation, viz.: that every one I had the honor to meet in Paris was living in a little room on the topmost floor of a high building located in a cheap quarter of the city. These rooms were uniformly scantily furnished, and there was an unmistakable evidence of much poverty and self-denial. Yet the girls appeared to be happy, though it may have been assumed, and with what they had they were extremely hospitable, and their entertainment was most kindly; but the contrast between their privations here, and what I knew must have been their comforts, if not luxuries, at home, was a constant intruder upon my thoughts, and almost stifled the congratulations which I perfunctorily extended and the earnest hopes which I expressed.

TOURING PARIS.

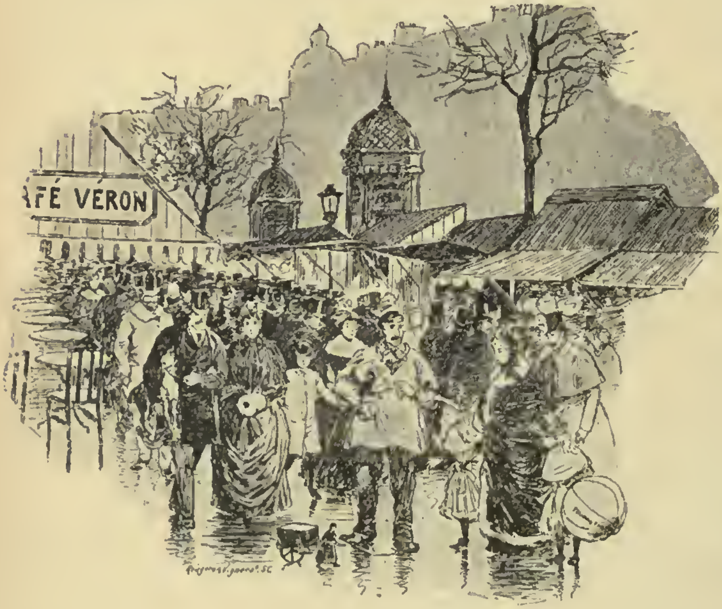
I must quote from some letters written by Fannie Edgar Thomas, the distinguished correspondent of the *Musical Courier*, because she has had a long residence in the French metropolis, understands the language, is a close observer, a woman of remarkable ability, and has an extensive acquaintance among professional people, by whom she is very greatly esteemed. She writes:

Words of Wisdom From a Lady Well Informed.

"Don't come over here to Paris to study, as you say, 'on the jump;' that is, without knowing anything of where you are coming, or how, or what it will cost, or who is to pay, where or how you are to stay in the city, or how long the period of study is supposed to last. So many of you boast of this as a great achievement when you first come. The vaunt changes to wailing, as one by one the absurdities of the performance dawn upon you, and you find effort nullified at every corner by undreamed of obstacles. How many have come to me in sad plights as the result of this plunge in the dark! My heart aches when I think of how many are too proud even to come. They would not have it known even by their relatives how things are with them.

“‘If I only knew,’ you say, ‘before I came, but this thing has been so beautifully painted, you see; and now I have put so much money in I can't draw out.’ But you never made the slightest effort to know, to find out, to trace the way. You did not give the subject the anticipative attention of a peddler when shouldering his pack for a week's trade. You just jumped 'cause you wanted to.

“There is a class of woman mind which if it has to put lace on a skirt, and fears that there is not enough, cannot bear to measure for fear of the prevention, but begins and lets it go ‘as far as it will,’ hoping that ‘somehow’ it will reach. Ripping back all the work done, or crying over the inevitable space, is preferred to facing the music beforehand and preventing it. It seems as if seven-tenths of the student mind that landed here was of this class. And just see where they land! I know of a girl who was found this week by some kind woman by accident. Ill, had not sung for weeks, no chance of singing or studying for weeks to come. The doctor called in told the woman that the girl was entering the first stages of starvation, that two days more would have been too late! She just ‘jumped over’ here a year ago because she wanted to, and has been ever since clutching at the mirage, dropping her money as she ran. If she had the wealth of the Indies she would not have caught it. She has neither mind nor voice, talent, physique, charm, power—not even hips and chest. What is the use fighting a losing game like that? What can the people at home be thinking about to encourage or allow some—I will say most—of these women who come over here intending—no, not intending—hoping, imagining, that they are to arrive at thrones and wear crowns without the first claims of birthright. ‘Mamma must have been crazy to let me come over here this way!’ said a young girl who had caught lung trouble in the comfortless homing here, which I fear she will have much trouble ridding herself of. She is a rich girl, too. But when you jump in the dark, no matter how well dressed you are, you are liable to break a nose or an arm.



A CROWDED THOROUGHFARE.

Some Terrible Mistakes Made by Girls.

"This getting of money for nothing augments the evil, nourishes the crooked imagination, cultivates the parasite instinct, inherent in many useless people besides tramps, and with your very best intentions it is scarcely ever one-third enough to be of any real use. You pay enough to just tow the vessel down the bay, and then let the poor boat drift across the whole width of stormy ocean. You mean all right and do the best you can, no doubt. But intention does not make up to the pupil for the immense disaster of stopped support. If capable it is bad, if incapable worse. One sees much of it here, perhaps more than there is, for, no doubt, too sanguine pupils take advantage of expressions of kindness and build financial castles which they try to impose upon professors and artists here, the crumbling of which is bad for all parties concerned. If you undertake to pay an artist's way, pay it all or do not begin, because they are in a certain sense worse off when dropped than if they had not been carried so far.

"You who undertake this do not seem to have any realizing sense of the enormity of the task, the long-continued expense, the halts, delays, disappointments, the *extras*—those 'extras' which nobody ever speaks about, and which are more essential than the originals, as will be shown later on. Few people would begin this thing if they knew to what it led legitimately, not to speak of misuse and incapacity. An indirect, harmful result of it is an incessant nudging and worrying of the student, whose mind should be tranquil for study. 'Are you not most through over there in Paris?' 'How much longer are you going to be?' 'Cut off some of that extra stuff you are trying to do and begin to make some money, for heaven's sake!' 'Pa says he can't possibly keep you another year in Paris; he worries all the time about the useless expense.' 'Brother has sold his mill.' 'Uncle has failed, aunt has died,' etc. Why, there must be great holes in American business circles to correspond with the financial difficulties in Paris studenthood that reach even one pair of ears. This disturbing undertow undermines the weak art shoots that are vainly attempting to get hold in this artificial nursery.

THE LETTER POST.

The pupil becomes nervous, hurried, impatient, unsteady; goes to the poor teacher already bewildered by haste and hurry and nervousness. Scenes take place and '*chassé* all hands to the left.' Everything upset. It is like pricking bicycle tires in the race. Then, too, it is an exceedingly ungrateful task. There may be a few student protégés in Paris who are worth what is being spent upon them, and will repay by money or talent; but they are rarer than you have any conception of. Some of them have gratitude and appreciation, that is certain.

I saw a girl speak this morning of her benefactor with tears in her eyes; but I have also heard ingratitude, mockery, and anger against patrons who were in no way bound to provide for students. 'If her nibs would pony up her shekels I would not have such a hard time of it here!' said a sweet-looking girl who could look on occasion as if made of sugar. I saw another hold the kind expressions of an American lady as though she had her in the grip of the law and meant to hold her there till her own success was fully accomplished, and I have seen more than one in absolute rage because rich relatives did not see fit to continue a maintenance that had grown irksome.

"With men the effect is even worse than with women. Humiliation goes harder with them. They have extra demands for expenses, and once a man gives up an inartistic virility of independence for an assumption based on personal vanity the bit of stamina left is not worth talking about. You will not believe that they even drop into extravagance on lent, begged, or given money! It is true, nevertheless, and not only that, but they will cadge around like young heirs, and even mock at the more careful habits of men who have earned what they are spending and know the value of it. It is a pernicious, expensive, empty fad, my dear, rich country people, this manufacturing of artists at hazard. It is a bad habit.

ENTREE TO THE L'AVENUE DES CHAMPS ELYSEES

"France does it differently. She keeps her Conservatoire as a sieve—a fine, fine, crucial sieve—by which worth in all the qualities that go to make an artist is shaken, sifted, tried, and tested down to the very soul of it. Once any one passes through that sieve nothing is too good for him or her; the country is her servant, and individuals know where they are placing their faith and money. With us it is a caprice—a caprice bad for art, for character, and for pocket-book!"

* * * * * * *

How Girls Fall into the Slough of Despair.

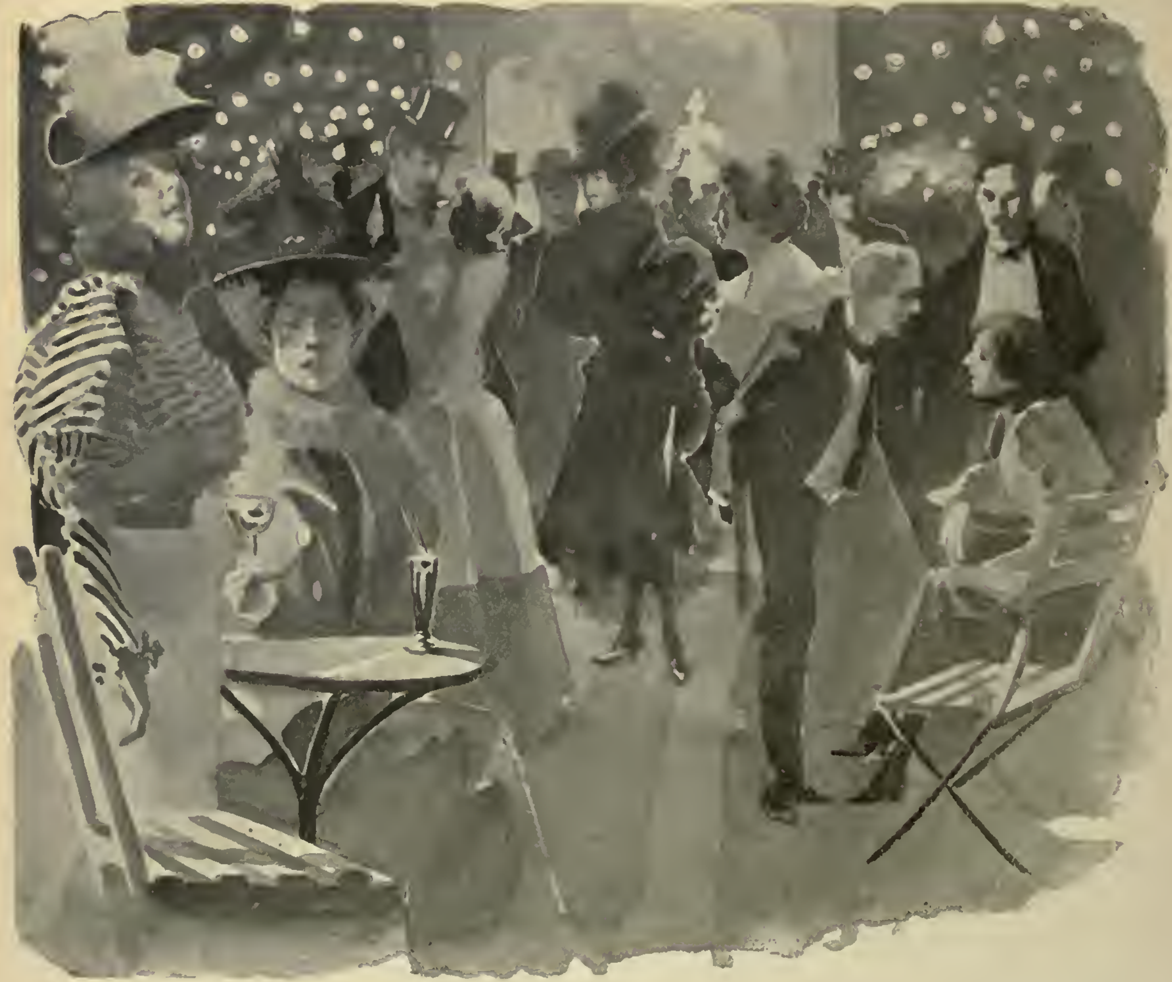
"'How on earth did you come to marry that muff, Chuffic?' 'Oh, well, you see, she had to have money to buy a public career with, and she was not attractive enough to get it illegally.'—*Smoking Room Dialogue.*

"Don't plan expense just by your board and singing-lessons in Paris. You see you have spent twenty-three years of your life, more or less, in just singing, nothing else; and you suddenly assume a position demanding *imperatively* singing, acting, and two or three languages. You cannot get near the stage without buying these things, any more than you could give a big dinner party with the same expense that you dine at home in the ordinary family manner. Moreover, you cannot buy your wines at the butcher's, your cakes at the florist's, nor your vegetables at the baker's, and there is no means on earth of escaping either one—except not to give the party.

"It does not stand to reason that a singing-teacher can in a half-hour lesson limber your stiff body, teach you French sounds, French grammar and conversation, acting and repertory. Besides, you find that you cannot even use the singing that you brought over with you; no teacher here considers it fit for use any more than a *rue de Paix modiste* would accept a 'Bowery bonnet.' You must buy a new voice from the very beginning, in addition to all the rest. The price of *all* French lessons is from ten to twenty-five francs, or $2.00 to $5.00, each. If these are paid by the month you lose again in lost lessons when sick or laid out by the omnibus detention, for which allowance must be made. As they all teach French backward here you will find it necessary to pay for 'sing French' and 'talk French' and 'French French.' You must learn more or less Italian and German, no matter how badly. The form has to be gone through, and you must pay for it.

"You must study acting, and as all American women need to create suppleness first, and as they do not believe it or cannot afford it, they go on with the acting and so never act. Concert women need this suppleness as much as opera people. A wooden *Eve* or *Mary Magdalen* is as bad as a wooden *Marguerite* or *Juliette*. No, I know you don't believe it. Then you must pay an accompanist, not merely to play accompaniments when you sing, but you come to employ him as a sort of coach or under teacher who supplements your many ignorances by a sort of mechanical 'Good morning, pretty Poll,' sort of a thing that you clutch at with the rest. I know girls here taking from four or five teachers at one time—poor girls, too, who have been obliged to take things up one by one, as men support betting on the Bourse. Then there are attendant expenses of concerts and operatic 'show-offs' in which you are to appear and which imply costumes, stage ornaments, extra trips, carriages, people to help you here and there in hurry and excitement, where you have to pay if you ask for a slipper—heaven knows what. If you do not do these things you stay behind, that's all. Every one will let you, and call it 'stupid,' or your own fault. If you do not enter into these things you might better stay at home. You must buy music right along; big, expensive scores to get an aria or two out of; and heavy expenses for exercises from which you take little corners and keep the rest to lug about as dead baggage to pay 'extra' on every time you stir. You imagine you have allowed for ordinary dressing by ordinary expense, but you have not. Studio dressing must invariably be *chic* and fresh. You are surrounded by such and you never know the minute when an impressario or agent drops in upon you, and must see you at your best. You must look nice in Paris, indoors and out and always, no matter how you do it. Gloves and shoes alone consume your 'dressing supply.' You think you can be an exception and slip out of some of these, but you can't.

"Don't imagine that study life is the hard part of this thing. If you could look around and see some of these women over here waiting and watching for an engagement after they are supposed to be ready for it! They never dare let a human being know of this part; it would spoil the report of 'success' which must go out. That is a dark chapter that nobody except perhaps the poor misguided mother ever gets. Revolving on a personal pivot heretofore, and wholly without the assimilative impressionability which sees in the dark, they are—helpless. Agents, common, indifferent, stupid often, when smart bad, and



SCENE IN THE JARDIN DE PARIS.

when good incapable, replace fawning professors, and pretty studio sentiment changes to 'Are you good for a full house?' The balloon of personal vanity called sensitiveness is thus savagely pricked; inefficiency stands out in great bare spots, like sealskin buttonholes; persons at home write asking when that début is going to be, and—expense grows steadily on! Lies, deceptions, excuses of engaging parties have to be supplemented by lies, excuses, and deceptions on the part of parties not engaged, or even engaged, to keep appearances floating. 'Artists' who would throw up hands and eyes in holy horror at thought of a practical, systematic, logical, and above-board introduction to the public, stoop, and crawl, and drag around in all sorts of winding passages to scramble on to the stage or platform without being seen, so as to pretend to have been hauled on there by main force on account of their marvelous talent. Nobody is deceived. It is a regular farce. And there are so many wise, sensible things to be done at this juncture, if they would only think."

* * * * * * *

Horrors of Sickness in Paris.

"Don't get sick! For God's sake don't get sick in Paris. I remember when I first came, an American, dilating on the lacks and discomforts of home life in Paris—indeed a drive to the theatre was made a howling wilderness by the recital. Sara Bernhardt drove it from my mind for a time, but in the *entrêacte* it came back! 'Mr. Z.,' I said, 'what would you do then if you became sick in Paris?' Will I ever forget that look? The man fairly jumped from his seat, his hair went on end, his eyes were terror itself, his cheeks white, and his lips blue. 'Sick!' he cried. 'Sick? Sick in Paris!' The very idea was a horror.

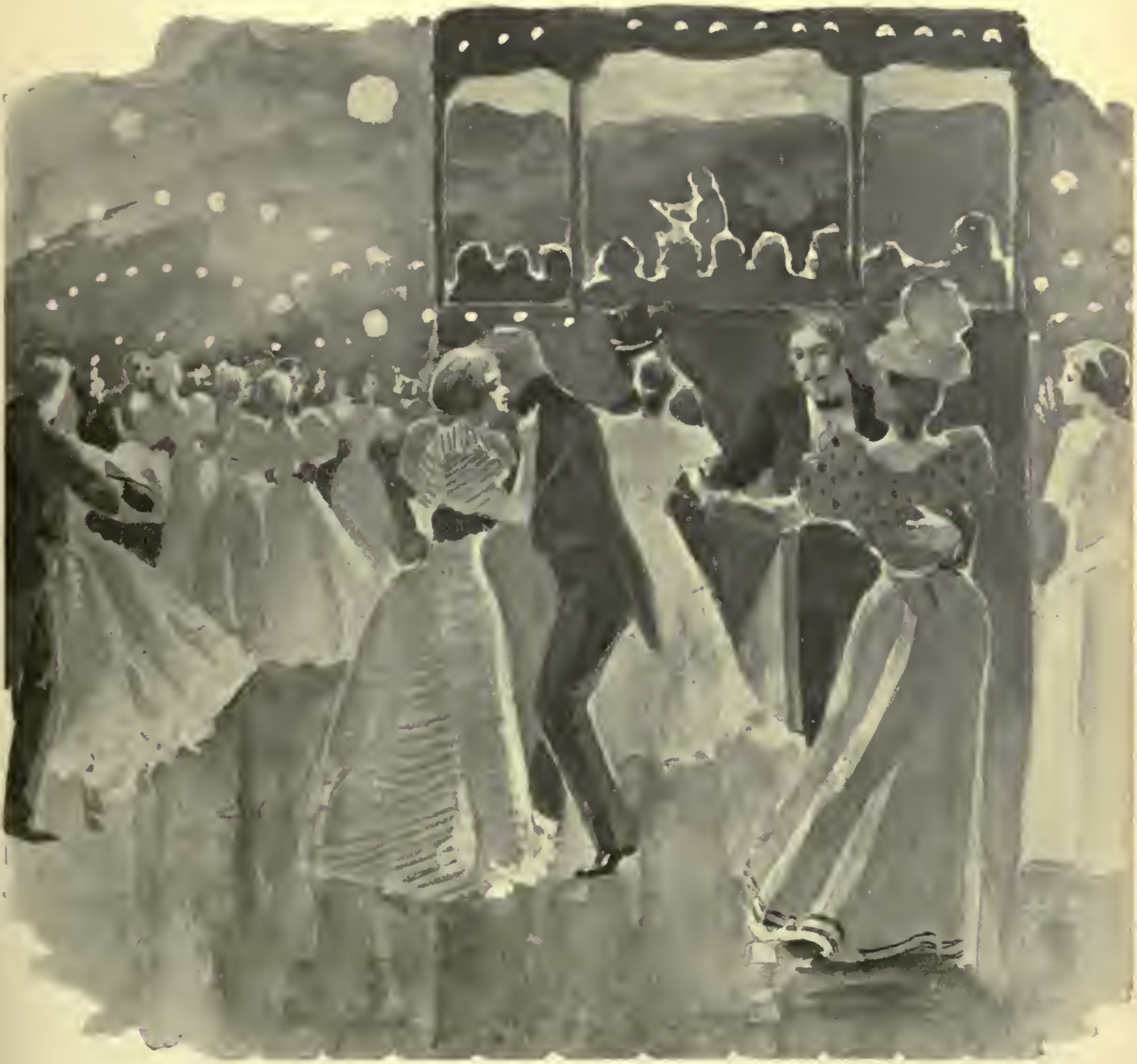
"I only felt misgivings then, but I have since known persons who were sick here. I beg you for your own good not to do it. You may imagine in a place where heat, air, and bathing are considered luxuries that hospital privileges are not many; you cannot expect it. Indeed, with the best intentions in the world on the part of the people, you cannot have the ordinary necessities that are ours in America unconsciously. To begin with, you must depend on grates for heating, no matter what the weather. Some coal does not light up at all, other coal spurts up like pine. In either case it goes out when the servant does, and the endless coming and going, lighting, tending, and 'blower' business, with kindling like pencils and coal in boxes the size of our Huyler candy boxes, is agitating. With that you wake in a chill, are cooked about eleven, chilled again at noon, and so on till the thing stops altogether wearied with its exertions.

"There are no messenger boys in town. So you must depend on your friends to bring you your medicine. But there are people who come to ask after you to whom you cannot send word. 'Mademoiselle is better this morning, but she wishes you would take these prescriptions, go to such a street, have them put up, bring the medicine back as quickly as possible, and here's the money and empty bottles.' Servants of the house, however sweet and obliging with their various occupations, cannot be used as messengers—and there you are. I know a girl who, being treated homœopathically, and the depot at the other end of the city, *went four days without medicine ordered*, simply because she could not get it. I know another who telegraphed for a certain doctor, and lay twenty-four hours expecting him, when she learned by accident that he had left the city! For mailing of letters, stamps, answers to important hurried letters that may be received, there is absolutely no means of communication outside of friends and house servants. One is buried alive sick in Paris, and if that forms a worry one could well die from it. There is no means of ventilating a sick chamber. There is a horror of air here that amounts to a superstition, and houses are built accordingly. There are no transoms, and the windows, running from floor to ceiling, must be opened the entire length to be opened at all.

THESE ARE THE PEOPLE WHO SING AFTER GRADUATION.

"I found a girl who had been ill two weeks in an elegant boarding-house, in a room in which no breath of air had entered during the entire time. The doctor, who was there almost every day, never spoke of it or seemed to think about it. Another, who had been confined to her room for over a month, said that she hid well under the bedcovers once a day and had the window open for five or six minutes, to the consternation of the domestics. It never occurred to anybody, she said, that there was no ventilation. At the same time the very best rooms are full of draughts, which are not only dangerous, but dreadfully uncomfortable. When I think of girls sick in cheap or badly managed pensions here I stop thinking. If you must come over here to study, don't get sick while you stay.

"If you go alone into a French family on purpose to learn French, don't expect to find there the English language, American comfort and a homelike feeling. It is impossible. But don't throw over for an impulse all that you have marked out by reason. You are not here to visit and have a good time. You are here to learn to make a living with a most risky and difficult profession. This is only the beginning of much being alone and lonesome in the way you have chosen to choose. If you insist upon the liberty and freedom of a hotel, don't expect to be nicely thought of. They lock their outside doors, to be sure, at ten, but you see there is nothing to prevent anybody's being locked in or locked out, and everybody knows it. Nice living for a woman means the establishment of a tacit alibi.


DANCE PAVILION OF THE JARDIN DE PARIS, WHERE MANY MODEST AMERICANS MAY BE FOUND.

A Word About Disloyal Wives.

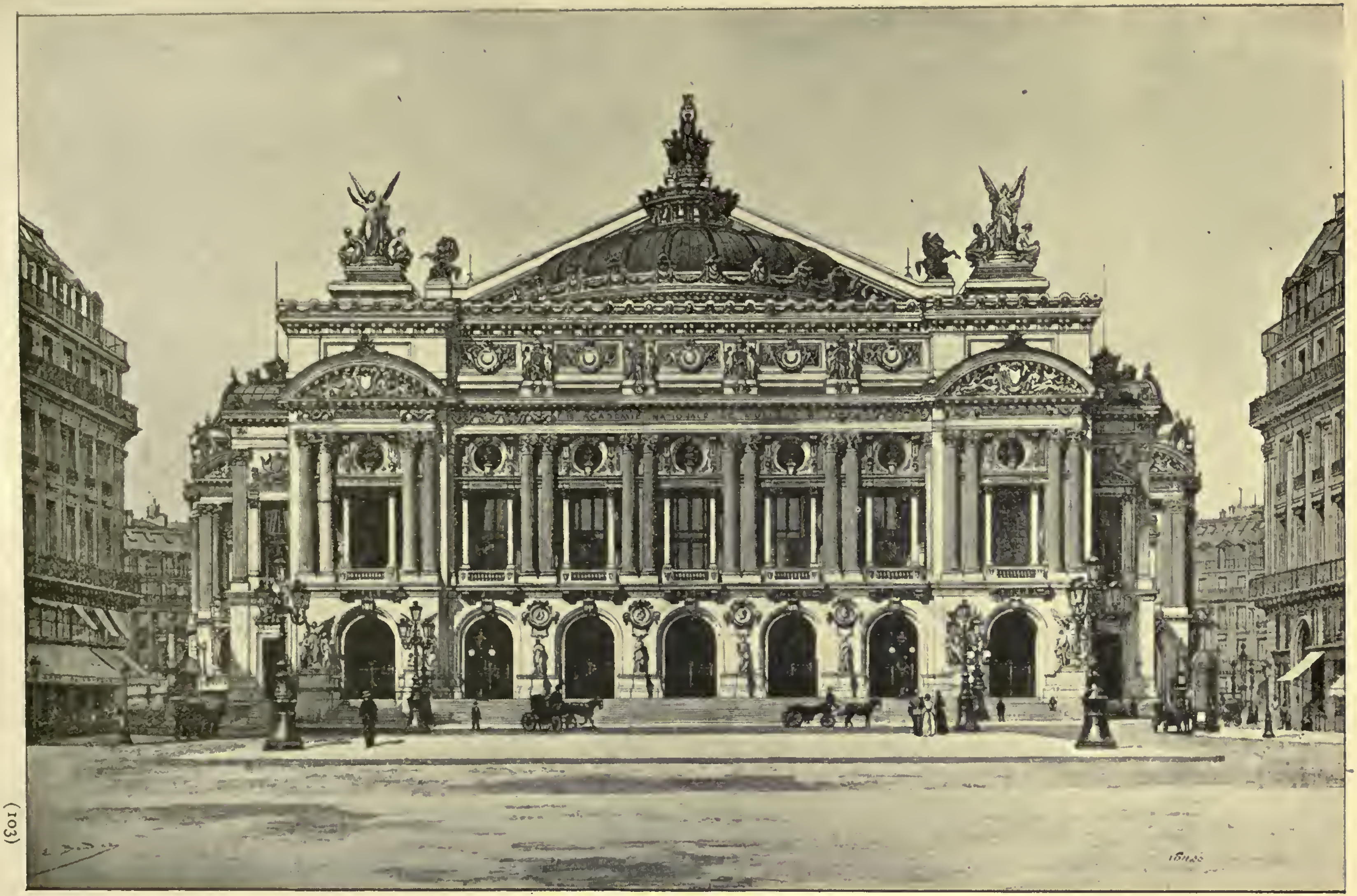
"If your husband is the 'dearest fellow in the world' don't make him cheap by showing that you don't care a cent whether you are with him or not, by coming off here to Paris, for instance, on the excuse of study, but really to have a little change, variety, to get rid of housekeeping, or to have a little taste of what is going on.

"Don't come even if you really mean to study when you come. If he is the cheap fellow you and the people make him out to be, separate from him honestly, go out and make some good, honest money your own self and go where you please, and call it making the best of a bad bargain.

"I met an American wife the other evening trotting along under the eaves with her best diamonds and frizzes and pointed patent leathers on, a card bag hanging on her arm. She said gleefully that she was going around the corner to play cards with some men who lived there, adding jocularly that whist was the word. Not finding the joke fall as funnily as she expected, perhaps, she added apologetically that of course she would not go there if it was a small, little, squeezed up apartment, but that it was a 'great big place with big, high ceilings.' Wholly heedless of the sarcasm in the remark that there was no chaperon equal to big walls, she added hastily that she would not be alone, as Mrs. Other Baggage was to be there too. Which, of course, made matters worse, as it put two bad wives in town in place of one!

"And these were only the little quiet, well behaved brown robin types of wives. What of the big handsome ones, who build on their looks and insist on being admired, who come over here expressly to have a good time! The woods are full of them here and elsewhere. It would require much palaver and excuse to straighten that sort of thing out to anybody who knows what the love life means.

"No woman who loves a man can voluntarily be separated from him for a day, let alone for a season. It is not in nature. It is not possible. No woman loves a man from whom she separates voluntarily except for his great good, or some distinct duty calling for the sacrifice—not for herself. If she does not love him there are many more honorable things to do than to constitute an illegal divorce under the name of art (?), and with the money of the man who receives nothing in return pass the time pleasantly with other men in a foreign city."



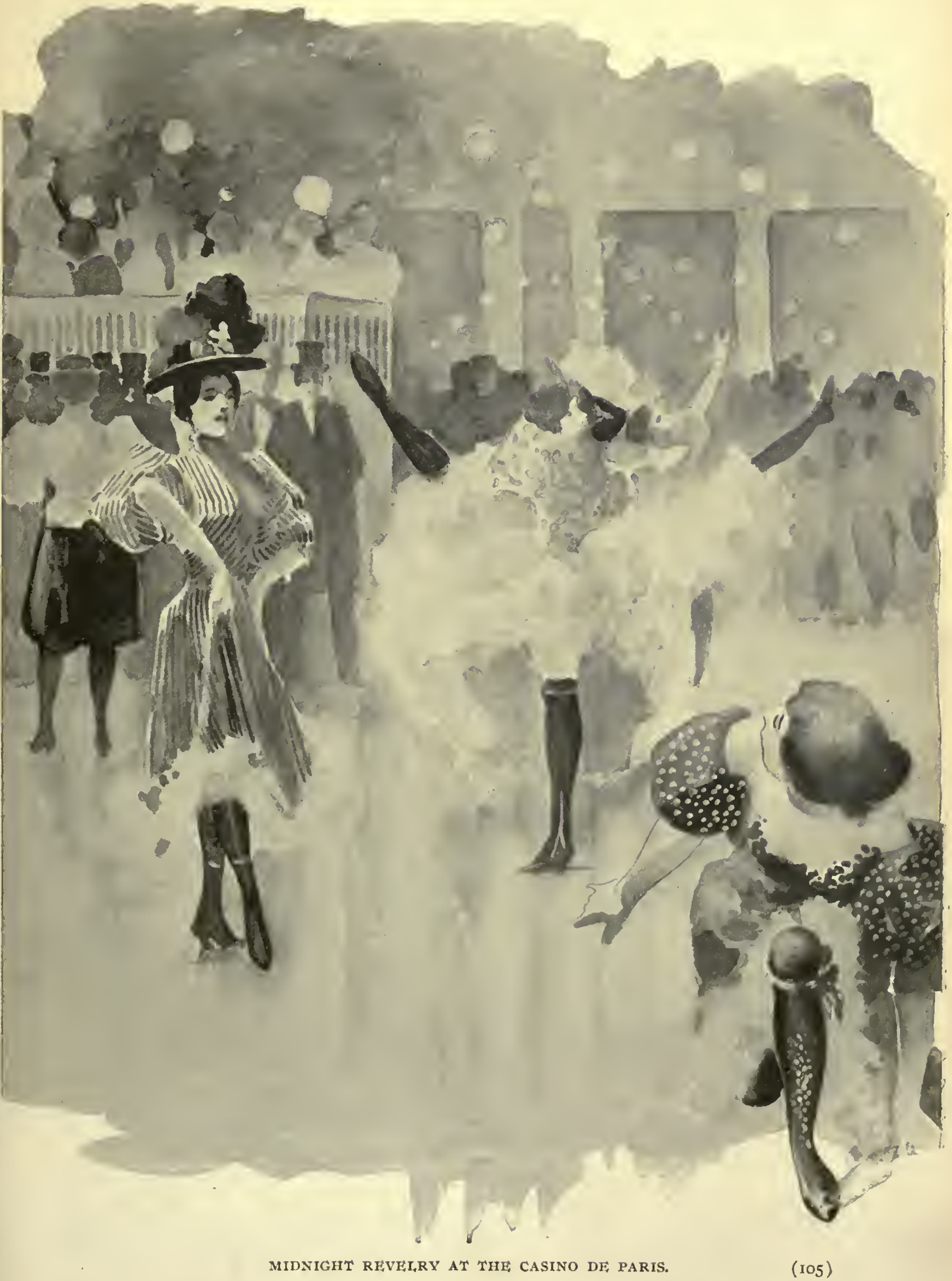
FACADE OF THE GRAND OPERA HOUSE.

CHAPTER VII.

AMUSEMENTS OF PARIS.

AS stated in an earlier chapter of this book, the public amusement features of Paris present a variety that is almost interminable, and comprehends many such as may not be found in any other city of the world. The people of France must be entertained, for that is half their life. In many other countries music furnishes the people with all the diversion they absolutely require, but the French must be regaled with spectacle, and novelty is their passion. Some of their theatres are supported by government appropriation, notably the two great opera houses of Paris which are intended to foster native talent, but while opera is very popular with the higher classes, the masses must be played to by the introduction of more spectacular scenes, and hence opera pieces given in those two houses always terminate with a ballet divertisement of extravagant beauty and striking novelty. There are some twenty large theatres in Paris, and more than fifty playhouses of an inferior character, the number varying each season, some expiring for lack of patronage and others coming into being with new curiosities to catch the dollars of foreigners.

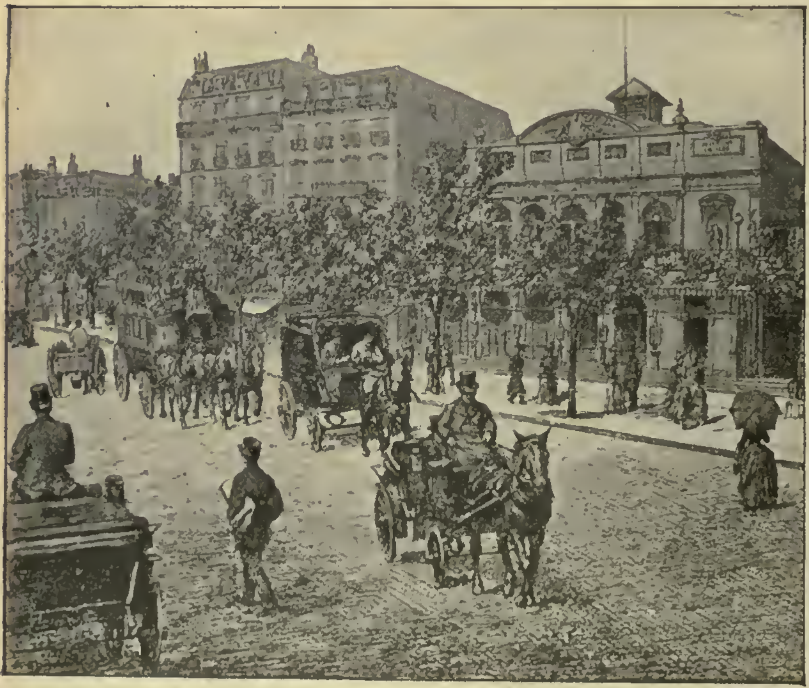
The arrangement of seats in the first-class theatres of Paris are slightly different from those in America, and it is not always that a gentleman and lady can sit together in seats of their own choosing. The best seats are called the *fauteuils d'orchestra* (orchestra arm-chairs), which are next to the orchestra, behind which are the *stalles d'orchestra*, to which ladies are not admitted, as the space between the rows is so narrow that only gentlemen can squeeze a way to the seats. Next to these are the *fauteuils d'amphitheatre*, corresponding to the parquette in American theatres. In the opera house the *stalles de parterre*, or pit, are behind the *fauteuils d'orchestra*, in which are seated the "claquers," persons who are employed to applaud the actors and certain scenes in order to generate excitement, for applause is always infectious. The *fauteuils de balcon* (chairs in the balcony) and the *premiere gallery* (first gallery), as they are called, correspond to the dress circle in American theatres. Seats in the upper galleries are called, respectively, *loges des premieres* and *des secondes de face*, or first and second gallery seats. The stage boxes, which usually extend entirely around the dress circle in two and often three tiers, are called the *loges d'avant scenes*, which may be the *Boignoires*, or *loges du rez-de-chaussée* (on the ground floor), *du rez-de-chaussée*, (on a level with the stage), *du rez-de-chaussée* (on a level with the balcony). If you apply



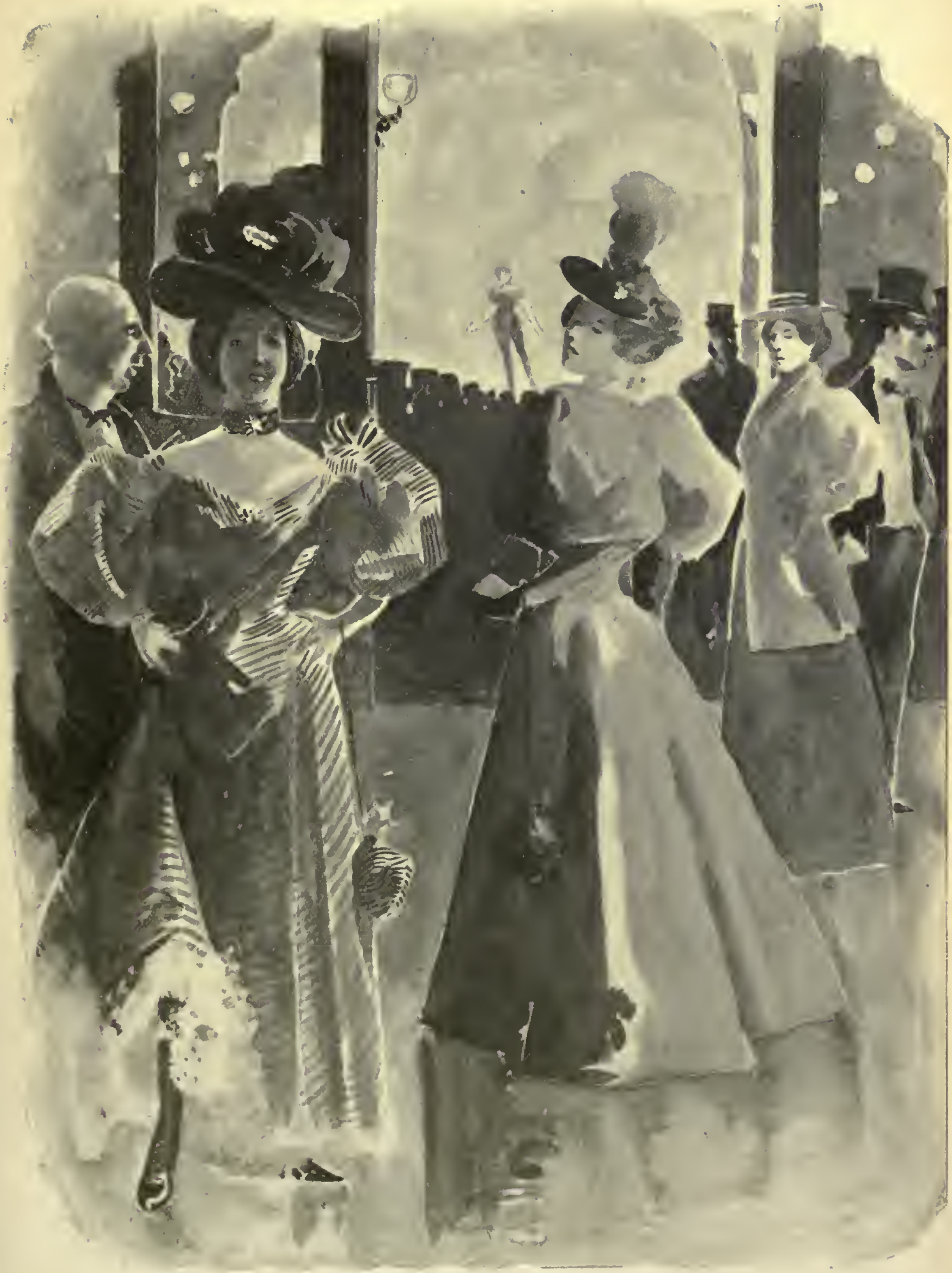
MIDNIGHT REVELRY AT THE CASINO DE PARIS.

at the *bureau* (box-office) for a seat in advance, in order to secure a good location, the price will be from ten cents to forty cents more than you would have to pay at the door.

The three greatest theatres in Paris are the Grand Opera, the Théâtre Français and the Opera Comique. Operas are given in the first on Monday, Wednesday, Friday, and Saturday throughout the year, at which the ballet and *mise en scène* are wondrous fine. It is assisted by an annual subvention of the government of 800,000 francs ($160,000), and is leased for a term of years to the highest bidder. The staff of performers numbers some 250 persons, all of whom are liberally paid, a good tenor often receiving as much as $20,000 to $25,000 a year. Composers and authors of new pieces are entitled to 7 per cent of the gross receipts from performances of their pieces the first year, and 8 per cent thereafter. There is a stipulation, also, that the student who graduates with the highest honors of his class at the Conservatoire may have any single piece he thereafter composes produced at least once at the Opera, at the expense of the management. As an opera cannot be put on the stage except at very great expense, this law, designed for the encouragement of students, often causes a heavy loss to the lessees. The Théatre Français, more generally called the Comédie Française, near the Palais Royal, occupies the highest rank among Paris theatres, and the plays are invariably the best productions of the most distinguished playwrights. It was founded as early as 1600, and with it has been identified the greatest artists and the most famous dramatists the world has ever known. Like the Opera, the Française receives a subsidy from the government, though not so large, the amount being $50,000 a year.


THE BOULEVARD BONNE-NOUVELLE AND THE THEATRE GYMNASE.

The Opera Comique was built by the government for the production of such light pieces as Fra Diavalo, La Dame Blanche, etc., but was afterward devoted to the higher operas, such as Romeo and Juliet, Carmen, Lakmé, etc. It was destroyed by fire in 1887, attended by very great loss of life, since which time



PROMENADE SALON OF THE FOLIES-BERGERE.

this character of operas is given in a theatre fronting on the Place du Châtelet, until a proper building shall be erected. It has an annual subsidy of $60,000.

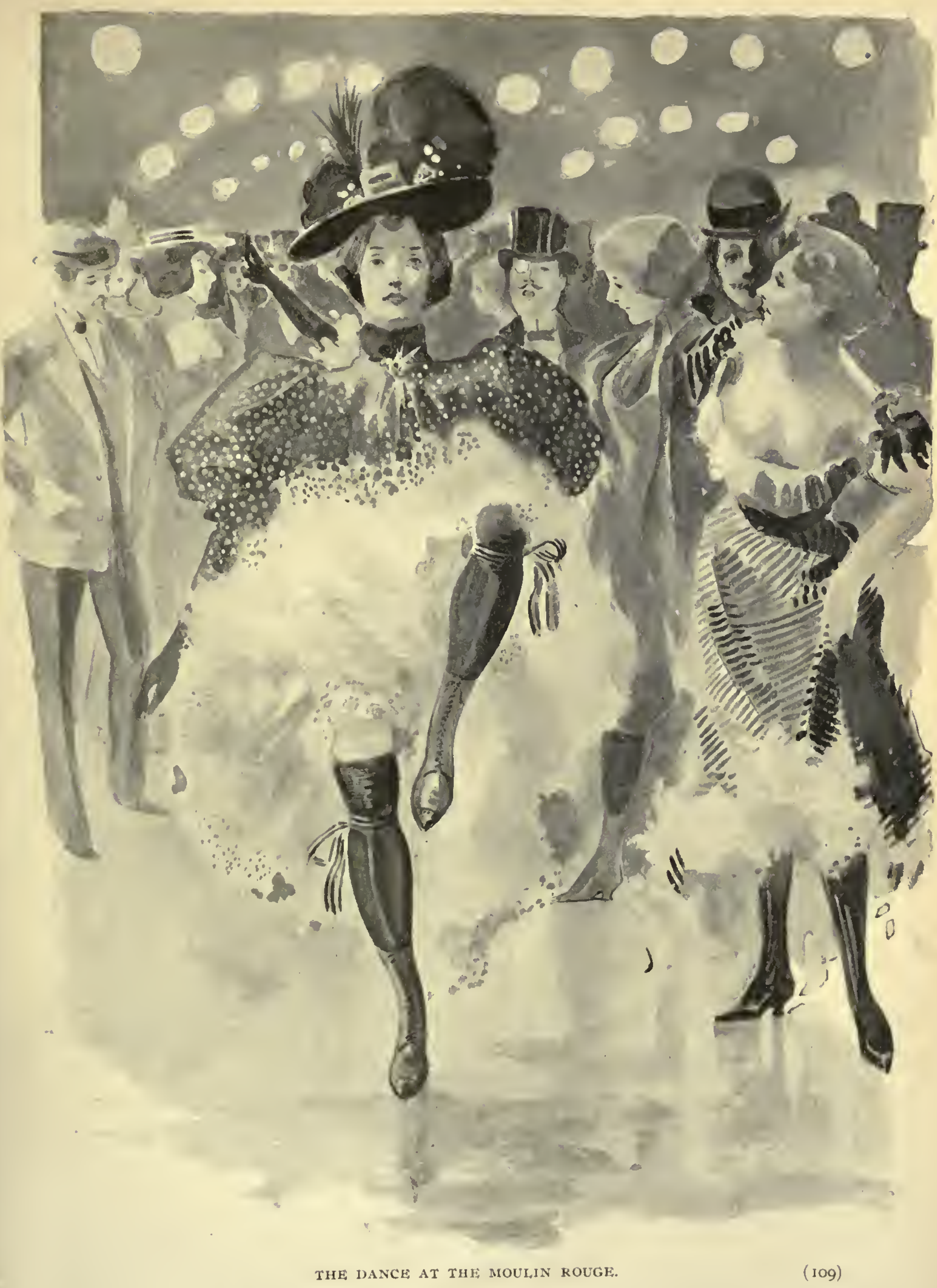
The Odéon, near the Luxembourg Palace, is devoted to classical dramas, and the audiences always include a large number of students who are admitted at reduced prices at the Monday performances. The Gymnase is another high class theatre, in which comedies of an excellent character are acted, in which several plays of the younger Dumas, Angier, and Fueillet have been produced, whose reputations were, in fact, largely made by the theatre.

All of these theatres, and others only little inferior in character, receive a large patronage from the native Parisians and the French generally, but it is the vaudeville and the novelties that attract foreigners. Nor is this greatly to be wondered at when we consider how few foreigners understand French, and how indispensable is a knowledge of the language to any one who would be interested in a play produced in that tongue. The variety show, on the other hand, is a spectacle and not a play, which all understand as they understand pictures. Visitors are drawn to such play-houses for other reasons; because the entertainment is laughable, because it is full of novelty, because it is Frenchy; and besides, they are a resort and a rendezvous, at which Americans, especially, are certain to meet many other Americans, if not friends.

The most popular of these places, in the order named, are the Casino de Paris, the Folies Bergére, the Moulin Rouge, the Vaudeville, the Varieties, the Théâtre du Palais Royal, after which come the café chantants and a host of minor places, some of which will hereafter be described.

An Evening at the Casino de Paris.

The Casino de Paris is the finest building devoted to variety shows in the great metropolis, and its patronage is large enough to make the place very profitable. The auditorium is a large square room, having a roomy gallery along the sides, in which there are many tables and chairs for the accommodation of persons who help to support the bar. All of the audience seats back of the first twelve rows of stationary chairs are common wooden chairs, which, after the close of the performance, are removed, to give space for dancing, which is one of the most popular features of the evening's entertainment. The performances consist of topical songs, one-act comedies, specialties, dances, and usually some novelty as a special drawing card. It is hardly necessary to add that the songs and acts are alike of a kind that women should never hear or see, and it would be no loss to society if men remained away. The attendance, however, shows in what degree of appreciation such exhibitions are held by people of all nationalities, who flock there not only to have their ears and eyes regaled with immodesties of speech and act, but to meet a class of women who are admitted free, and who swagger about the galleries in fine clothing seeking victims from among the crowd. They boldly seat themselves beside you, and every one



THE DANCE AT THE MOULIN ROUGE.

knows enough English to ask you to buy a drink. The show is good, but the concomitants are bad.

The Folies Bergére is also a very beautiful theatre, with a division wall which separates the auditorium from the café and promenade hall. Between the acts the audience retires to the larger room, in which refreshments such as wine, beer, liquors, and cigars are served to persons who sit at small round tables, while a fine string band gives a concert to hold the crowd. The patrons are not different from those to be seen at the Casino, but the number of gaudily attired girls is somewhat greater though the show is hardly so loud. It would be profane to put in print a description of the scenes that occur every night at these places, where virtue would be as much out of place as a saint on the throne of Beelzebub.

Scenes of Depravity at the Moulin Rouge.

Immoral as are the performances and the scenes that take place nightly at the Casino and the Folies, they are tame and lose their distinction when brought into comparison with those that characterize the Moulin Rouge, which, in 1897, absorbed the Jardin de Paris, and now takes the latter's name but retains its old location. In the time of the Empire, or thirty years ago, the Jardin Mabille was represented as the embodiment of vice in its most abhorrent form; but Paris is progressive, and what would please the people of that day would give them disgust now.

I remember well the cry of opprobrium and protestation that was set up by a horrified public nearly thirty years ago against the ballet in the Black Crook. The idea of women appearing on the stage dressed in tights, was as an earthquake, shaking the social fabric until it tottered. But who objects now, who so bold as to utter a complaint and to cite the ballet as a sign of our social degeneracy! The following lines from Pope suggest themselves as truthfully depicting the influence of familiarity with sin of any kind upon all persons, whatever may have been their early training and associations:

"Vice is a Monster of so frightful mien,
As, to be hated, needs but to be seen;
Yet seen too oft, familiar with her face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace."

The French have advanced more rapidly than we toward conditions which had obtained in Babylon at the time Belshazzar made his last great feast, and the people are qualified by familiarity with sensual exhibitions to view with satisfaction any degree of indecencies. But while condemning the social depravity which is seen so flagrantly exhibited in Paris, let us ask ourselves the question, who patronizes these shocking shows? Shameful as the fact certainly is, the truth must yet be told, Americans fairly divide with all other nationalities the patronage of these erotic amusements. Nor must you be deceived by the belief that men alone attend these performances, for so far from this being true

I have seen scores of finely dressed and evidently refined American ladies accompanied by men, wives with their husbands, daughters with their mothers, looking on in an intoxication of delight, at the terrible displays of the can-can dancers. In charity I assume they do not understand the lewd songs sung in French on the stage, but it is impossible to be ignorant of the meaning of the sights which must offend virtuous eyes.

The Moulin Rouge (Red Mill) is the lawful successor of the Jardin Mabille, for when the latter succumbed to give place for a commercial building, the former sprang into being as the natural heir. It is a large structure with an imposing façade decorated with vari-colored lights playing upon the four arms of a red windmill. The interior is spacious, one part of which is a garden and the other, of almost equal size, is the ball-room. At one end of the garden is a stage, beside which stands the figure of an enormous elephant, the interior of which is used during winter as a café, and in the summer as an attraction, for it is nearly forty feet high and fifty feet long. The performances given on the stage are of small merit, and would interest few persons if it were not for their immodest character. Tables are set in great number about the grounds and there are scores of women plying their arts to induce men to treat them, and in making displays of effrontery and brazenness at which though many persons seem to be attracted, all should be disgusted. When the show in the garden is concluded, after eleven o'clock at night, that in the ball-room begins. The orchestra files in, followed by a big crowd that rushes for seats in the low balconies, and as the seats there become filled the audience spreads out upon the floor where they promenade for nearly an hour before the real fun, as it is called, begins. Midnight is always the time selected for deeds of evil, under the shroud of darkness, or in the glare of a light that does not shine for honest folk. Indecency can never become callously indifferent to the frown of purity, and so it skulks in the shadows, hides in darkened rooms, sleeps in seclusion, and issues forth with frightened look toward the witching hour to spend its activities when innocence is in bed, when creatures of evil are its bodyguard.

The New Can-Can.

The ball given nightly at the Moulin Rouge is not dancing, it does not possess even that much merit; neither is it participated in by men, except for a little while at the beginning of the riot of immoralities. It is nothing but the can-can, which consists of high kicking and lascivious posturing by depraved women who are paid to give these exhibitions. The so-called dancers divide off into quartettes and taking their respective positions in the room, quickly attract a crowd around them and then the performance begins. They execute the first figures of a quadrille and then advance to the centre and kick above each other's heads, hold their heels high in the air, drop on the floor with limbs spread in opposite directions—called the split—and assume other attitudes which modesty forbids me describe. The whole performance is devoid of merit, and is really nothing but an exhibition of rank indecency, which requires more reason for seeing twice than I have been able to find, and I have sought diligently. Yet night after night the place is crowded, and night after night, during the summer season, may be seen numbers of fine American ladies, and evidently refined American girls, with escorts, looking on with manifestations of much pleasure, at scenes that ought to give them a blush of crimson such as no amount of powder can disguise, for every accessory as well as act suggests depravity.

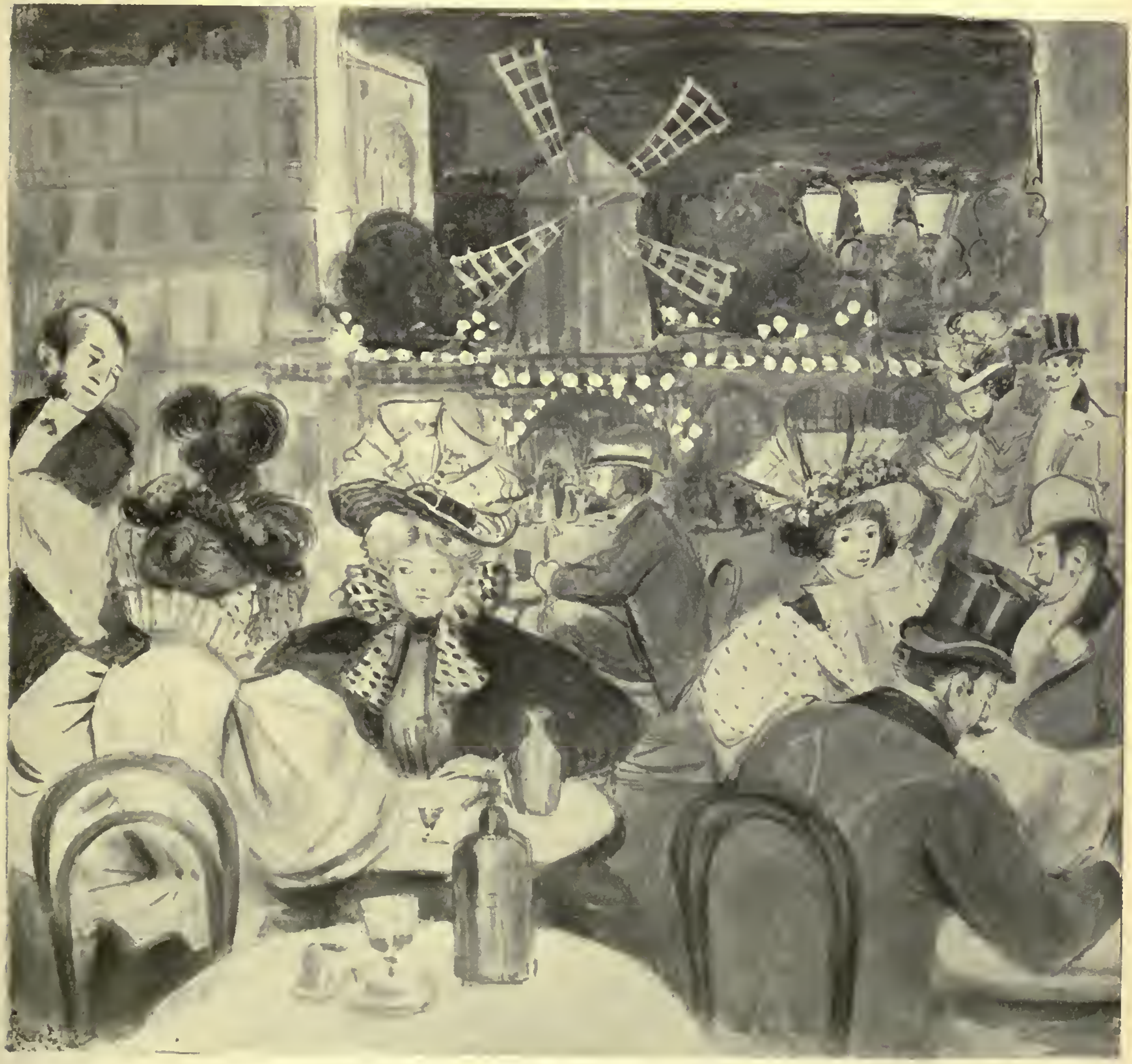
Mr. Henry Watterson was in Paris at the time of my visit in 1896, and, like all American tourists, he made a pilgrimage to the Moulin Rouge, for it is a Mecca which very few European travelers neglect to see. In his correspondence to the Louisville *Courier-Journal* he pays his tribute to the place as follows:

"By the light of day the Red Mill, for that is its name in English, is but a poor affair; squatty, squalid, with nothing to signalize it except the elevated open space in which it stands. Like some horrid monster, recumbent and asleep from dawn to twilight, no sooner does the sun go out of the heavens and the stars begin to shine, than it yawns, rears, and with a great howl springs to its feet, its eyes flaming and its jaws agape, eager for its prey. As your carriage mounts the hill through a long, dark avenue you become conscious of a lurid glare. You look ahead. Before you is a place, or square, brilliantly lighted only at the further end. There you behold a gorgeous electric display —a façade of white and golden globes—and, high above these, the wings of a great windmill slowly turning—for the mills even of such false goddesses as reign in Moulin Rouge grind slowly—the wings being composed, of course, of myriads of red electric lamps. The effect, though sinister, is picturesque and novel.

"You pay your two francs and enter. There are a garden, a theatre and a dance hall, all opening one into another, and, when you have tired of the indifferent concert proceeding upon the stage, you can go as you please, and need not sip your beer alone, either, in the garden or upon the balconies on either side of the dance hall, where an excellent band discourses very good music of its kind. The costumes are varied and often pretty. The less said of the wearers the better.

"For liquors both ladies and gentlemen may and do come here with impunity. One gets so used to the demi-monde in Paris that its agglomeration presently ceases to shock or even to be particularly observed. The other evening an old man and an old woman, probably from Green County, were sitting at a table looking on the fantastic scene, the old woman with a sort of fascinated delight. At last the old man rose suddenly and says he: 'Come along, Mandy; this ain't no fitten place for sich as we,' and reluctantly the old woman did as she was bid.

"I have observed that women are more impressed by what they see and hear at the Moulin Rouge than the men who come here. Perhaps it is that there is, in the case of the women, an appeal to the imagination which in case of the men is wanting; for a man must be callow, indeed, who finds anything in a place like this to arouse other than his disgust. Indeed, the woman, particularly the good American woman, does not realize the full meaning or the extent of all this depravity. Her sense is lured by the fantastic. The music, the lights, the color, the novelty, catch her fancy. It is the thoughtful man who, knowing all, looks on with pity and horror."



SCENE IN THE GARDEN OF THE MOULIN ROUGE.

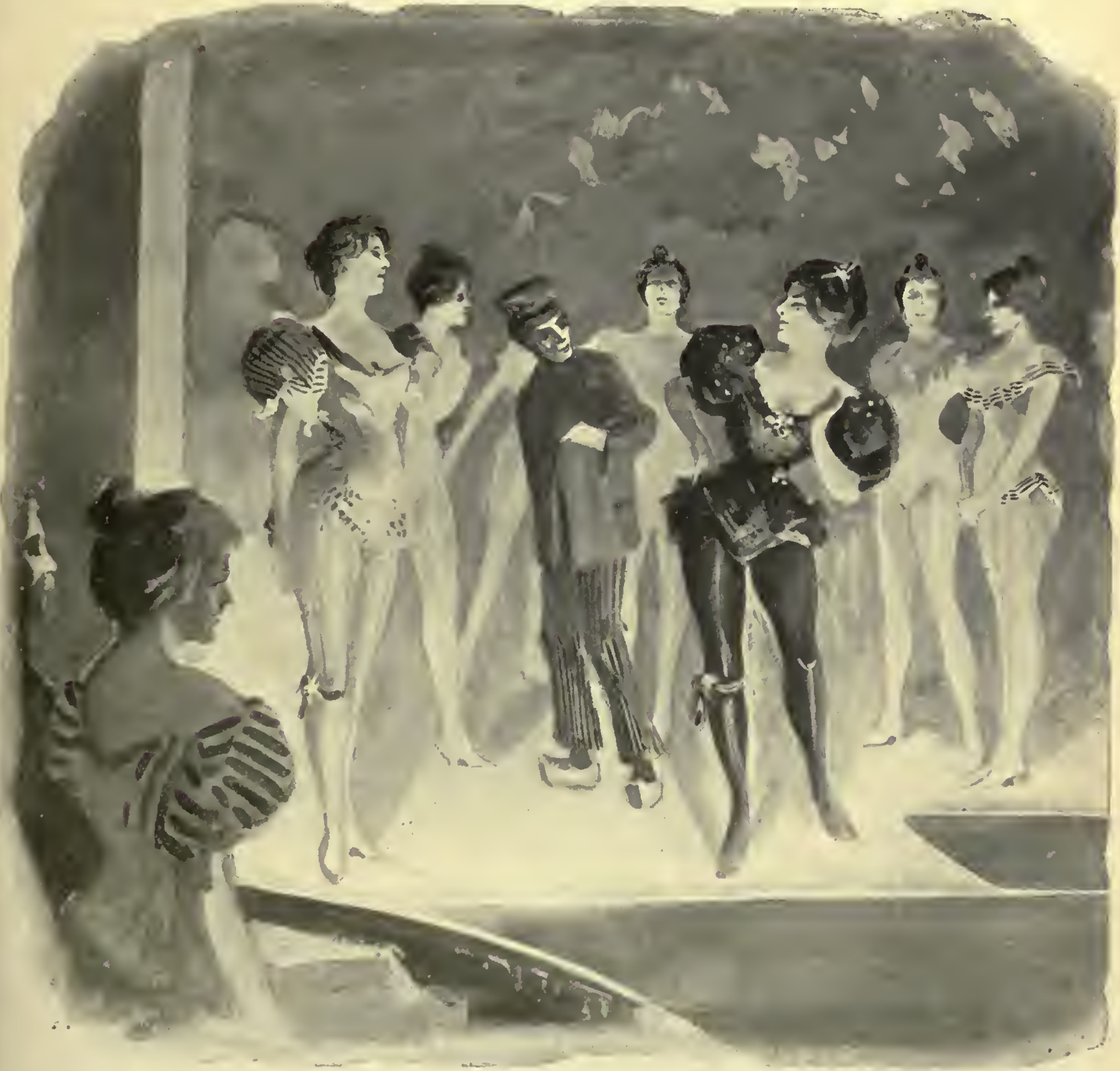
The La Scala and a Shady Theatre.

Bad as are the scenes that nightly take place at the casinos, there are two theatres in Paris in which shame is put to rout, and decency is slaughtered, while packed houses of finely attired men and women, manifest their pleasures by rounds of applause. On the Boulevard des Italiens, the most beautiful and fashionable business thoroughfare in Paris, is a magnificent theatre, a fine playhouse, with a splendid exterior, and imposing auditorium, whose patronage is largely derived from the middle, respectable class of French citizens of the gay metropolis. While I was in Paris during a visit in 1896, there was put on the boards one of Aristophane's most lubricious Greek comedies, the lasciviousness of which is so outrageously great that even a trimmed translation of it published in English was promptly suppressed. The novel was then published in French, and offered for sale in the Paris book-stores, but even there it was loudly condemned by good citizens, whose protest, however, served only to thoroughly advertise the immorality of the story. Of a sudden it had attained such notoriety that the novel was pruned down into a three act comedy, and with splendid mounting was put on the stage of this once respectable place. Its success was instantaneous, but so flagrant was its language and situations that in a week the police, used to everything bad, took notice of complaints that were made and suppressed it. But the manager was not to be put down so easily. He cut out a few of the most disgustingly offensive paragraphs, and launched the play again, where it ran through the entire spring of 1896, and far into the summer, to audiences that tested the extreme capacity of the house. So great was the demand for seats that application as much as two weeks in advance was necessary to secure them; and those who sat through the scenes of debauchery that followed one after another, and listened to such language as may be heard no where outside of a brothel, included many fine American women, as well as French, who seemed to be delighted at finding so large a company in which to hide their identity, while secretly, as they thought, enjoying a play that touched their reputations with the smut of immodesty.

Near the theatre indicated, but on a side street, is the La Scala, a theatre owned by Yvette Guilbert, which she leases at times and sings in at others. Here are produced sensational spectacular pieces, such as loud ballets and dreadfully suggestive comedies, built upon stories of mythologic heroes and heroines. One of the pieces which to my shame I saw produced there, was an idyl, in which nymphs of the woods, dressed in very little more than those apocryphal creatures were wont to wear when they gamboled in the cool shade by a pool, caught an unsophisticated country boy and disported themselves with him. The girls had excellent figures,—their only merit,—and the scenery was fine, but the sentiment and action of the piece was shocking in the extreme, and yet the people are seemingly so besotted with the vice of sensualism that they flocked there every night in great numbers to pay their devotion to the spirit of lewdness. If Americans who attended these two shows understand the French language, they can never be shocked by exhibitions or speech of filth hereafter. Such initiation as they here obtained ought to qualify them to sit with complacency through any assaults on morality.

Cafe Chantants.

There are many café chantants, places where ballads of humor, remorse, patriotism, and lewdness are sung by gaudily dressed girls before promiscuous assemblages of all sexes and conditions who patronize the bar attachment while being thus entertained. One of the most noted of these, famous rather for its salacious character than for merit of the performances there given, is the Jardin de Paris, near the Salon Champs Elysées. It is a commodious garden place, admirably arranged for the purpose of summer entertainment. There are grateful shades, refreshing fountains, graveled walks, plenty of chairs and benches, and good music may be heard, rendered by a brass band. On one side of the garden

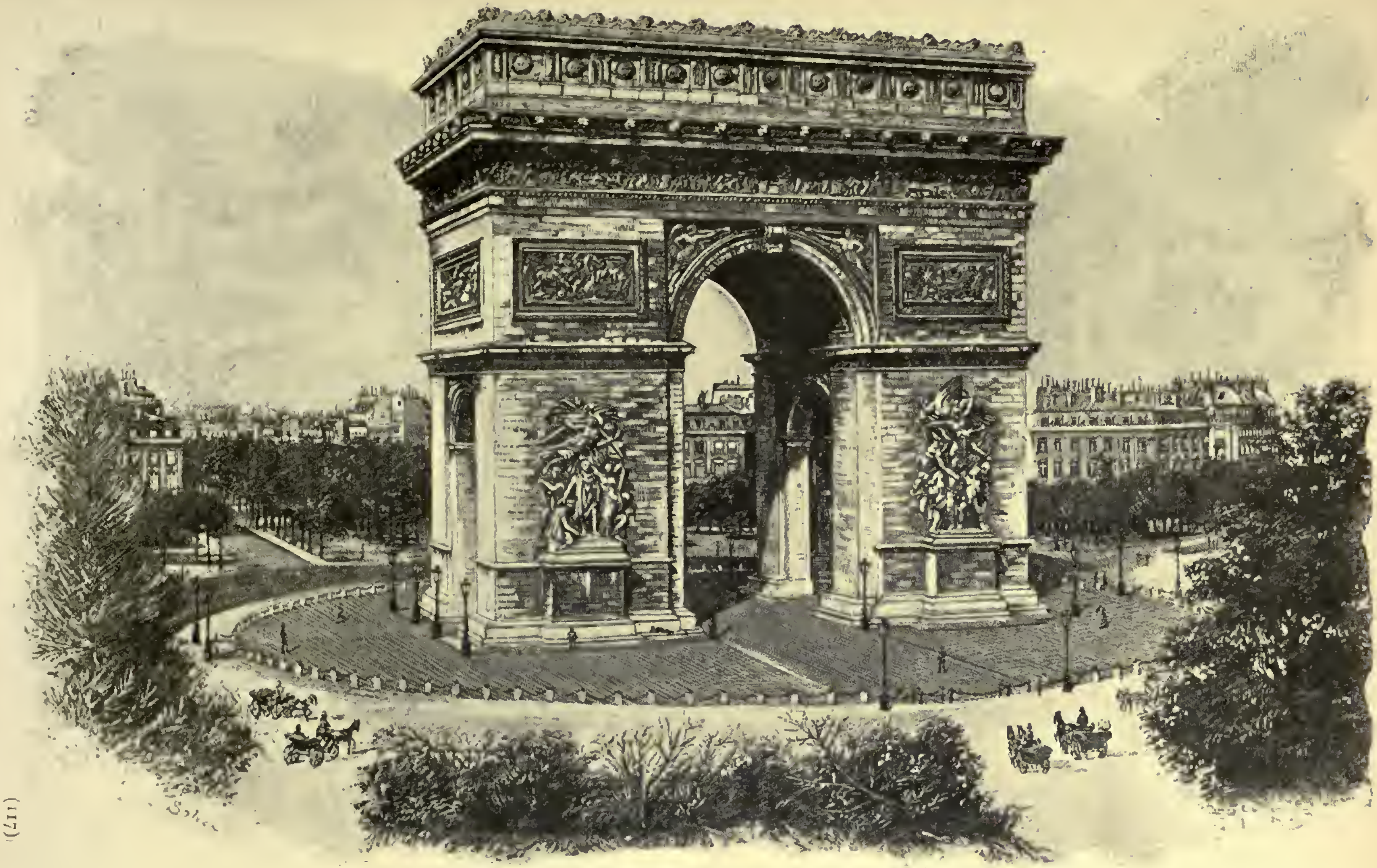


A STAGE SCENE AT THE SCALA THEATRE.

is a lightly constructed theatre building in which performances, chiefly singing, are given by indifferent artists, though occasionally some really excellent specialties may be seen there. The price of admission is three francs (60 cents), which ought to keep out the rabble, if by rabble the poor are meant, and it probably does, but the attendance is far from being exemplary, especially as women of questionable character are admitted free, for these attract men of similar kind. Near the entrance is a bar, and in the centre is a circular band stand around which, within a railed enclosure, is a floor paved with asphalt for the dancers. This is not occupied until toward midnight, after the theatre exhibition is concluded. The dancers include men and women, evidently employed by the management, who execute a variety of movements not usually seen in the ballrooms of America, and which I hope may never be imported to this land. But here, as in other places where modesty cannot endure the scenes, may be found many Americans and other foreigners, women as well as men, watching with unmistakable pleasure the lubricious contortions of the dancers. (Since the above was written the Jardin de Paris has been absorbed by the Moulin Rouge.)

Scenes Along the Champs Elysees.

The Champs Elysées (literally Elysian field) is no doubt the most beautiful drive boulevard in the world. It extends from the Place de la Concorde to the Arc de Triomphe, a distance of nearly one mile, is 150 feet wide, paved with wood blocks, and on each side is a beautiful park, shaded with fine trees and cooled by large fountains. The avenue is a crowning feature of Paris, and, more than this, it is something that excites the admiration of the whole world. At the Arc de Triomphe, also called Place de l'Etoile (the star), because twelve prominent avenues and boulevards converge there, the Avenue du Bois de Boulogne begins and runs westward through a charming wood to the famous Bois de Boulogne Park, and the Longchamps race track. The Avenue des Champs Elysées and the Bois de Boulogne constitute the greatest, the grandest, the most spectacular driveway that was ever established and built by the genius of man. Over this justly famous route the most distinguished men and women of centuries have ridden in the most splendid coaches that royalty could provide. The way has been beaten with the hoof of cavalry, the tread of infantry; with armies of victors as well as with those of defeat. It has resounded with cries of exultations before the advance of popular idols; it has groaned with the muffled drum's beat and the softly measured stride of the funeral march. At one end rises a colossal but sublime arch that commemorates the Napoleonic victories; at the other is a historic relic ravished from Egyptian soil—a shaft that the Pharaohs reared to point the moral and adorn the tales of their conquests, but which now marks the site of the guillotine of those terrible days, when men and women, kings, nobles, litterateurs, plebeians, were sacrificed to the Moloch of revolution, and their blood gushed out in floods to redden the Seine and to stain



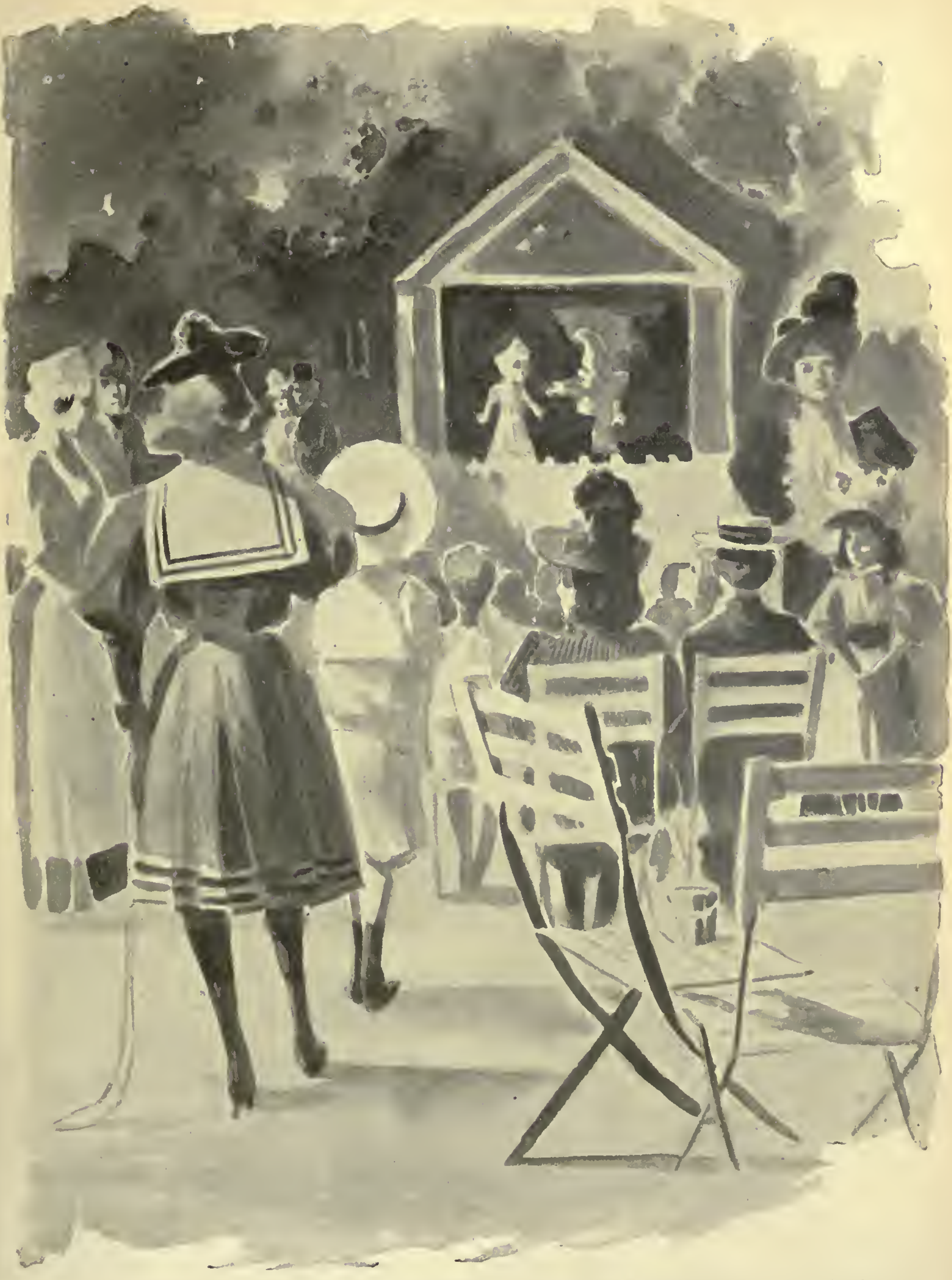
ARC DE TRIOMPHE DE L'ETOILE.

the ocean. What a beautiful place; what a magnificent avenue; what an historically celebrated section! The municipality has a pride in maintaining it as the grandest feature of the city, but, alack, the beautiful park that borders the lovely avenue on both sides is defaced, if not debased, by some of the show-houses that are licensed by the authorities to give nightly exhibitions in summer theatres erected therein. There are several such places in the woods bordering the boulevard, some of which are unobjectionable because devoted to innocent amusement for children; but there are others which might be excluded with advantage to the reputation and security of the park and avenue alike.

Near the Place de la Concorde, in the woods on the right hand side when going toward the Triumphal Arch, is a large pavilion called the Ambassadeurs, in which a variety performance is given every night during the summer. No admission is charged at the gate—a clever piece of generosity with which to greet visitors in order to rob them with better grace a little later. Upon taking a seat a *garçon* waits upon you to ask what you desire to drink. You may not wish to drink, to smoke, to chew, or to indulge in any vice whatever, but your indisposition will not be accepted as a valid excuse. You were permitted to enter as a guest of the management, now you must in turn show your appreciation of the honor by patronizing the bar. The argument appears good, especially when you understand that necessity is behind it, so, in your sublime confidence in the liberality of the manager, you order beer because it is cheapest. The glass of beer is promptly brought and the check as promptly accompanies it. If you are a drinking person, which I pray you are not, the beer is put to use in the customary way, after which you look at the check. Horror, dunder and blitzen! A mistake has been made, and you cannot explain the error because of your ignorance of French! But no, there is no mistake, for the management charges three francs (60 cents) for the first drinks taken by visitors, which is made to cover admission and drink too. Subsequent orders at the bar are charged at the regular rates. It is only a little confidence game to increase the attendance.

Something About Yvette Guilbert:

And it is at the Ambassadeurs that Yvette Guilbert sings during the summer months. She has a theatre of her own, the La Scala, but she appears in that only in the winter season, letting it out of summer and betaking herself to the Ambassadeurs. While she was in America everybody in New York fairly went into ecstasies over her, and her engagement of two months at $500 for each performance netted the manager a handsome profit. I remember when she sang once in Philadelphia, at a matinee, on which occasion the crowd was so great before the doors of the theatre that for a while all traffic on Chestnut street was forced to suspend. It was the tribute that America pays to French artists, especially of her class, whose songs and gestures are just shocking enough to set people wild to see and hear them. It was a novelty. Well, at the Ambas-



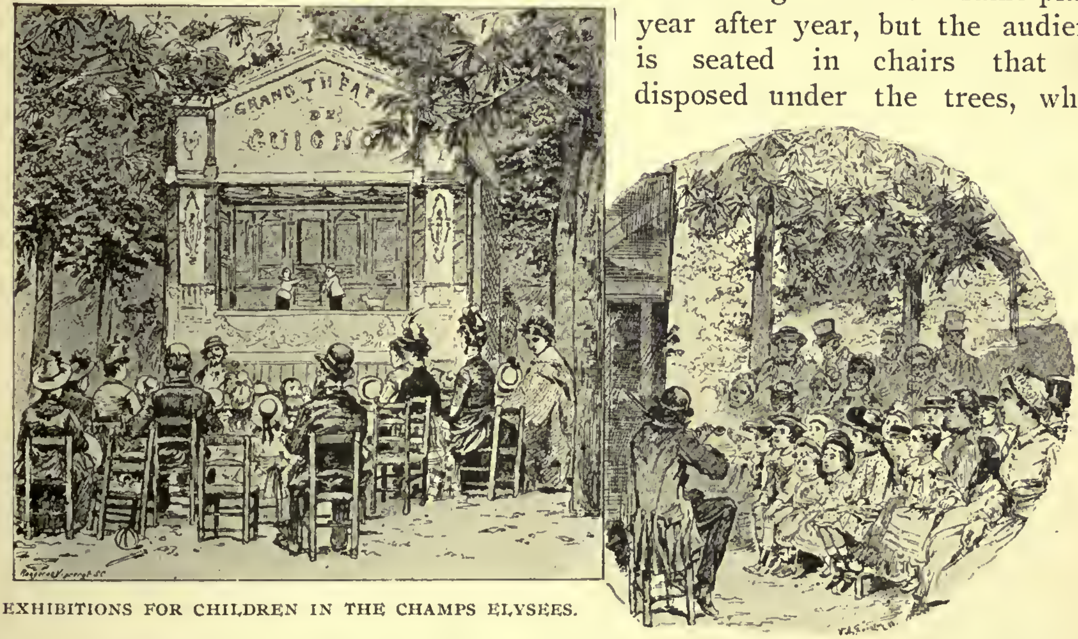
A PUNCH AND JUDY SHOW IN THE CHAMPS ELYSEES.

sadeurs she is quite content to sing the same songs and to exhibit the same awkward but suggestive gestures, for $100 per week, no doubt considering this very liberal pay, when there is so much competition. The show is sometimes good, very often bad, but the place is never wholly respectable. Women, rank and brazen, rarely honest, to be seen in great numbers and conspicuous for their solicitations, compose a large part of the audience, but the American is not absent, for he and she are nearly always to be found in places where "funny things" are to be seen. The pavilion is really beautiful at night, lighted as it is with hundreds of gas jets and electric globes of many colors, which extend in swinging rows among the trees and give the place the appearance of fairy land, so weirdly magnificent are the grounds thus rendered.

The latest attraction (as I write) to be brought to America is a girl named Merode, who dances in the ballet at the Grand Opera for ten dollars a week, but who gained prominence by wearing her heavy hair parted low over her ears. She posed as the dancing girl for a noted sculptor and now comes to America at a salary of $9000 for a winter's season, and though she has no accomplishments of a special kind she will be well advertised, and foolish persons will be crazy to see her.

The French are as easily pleased as they are quick to become excited. A few persons properly distributed among the audience to give every singer and actor applause, generally suffices to make any performance satisfactory, however bad it may have been in fact. But on the other hand, if dissatisfaction be manifested by open speech, the audience almost always follow the leader and become loud-mouthed in their cries of *a bas*, *a bas*. Nor does it matter whether it be actor or actress, or whether the act be excellent or irredeemably stupid, no distinction seems to be made, approval or disapproval being bestowed apparently only at the suggestion of the first person who starts the demonstration. It therefore very frequently happens that actresses, especially of the greatest histrionic talent, are hissed off the stage in Paris by men to whom they had sustained improper relations and whose jealousy has been incurred. This is not an infrequent occurrence at the Ambassadeurs, nor in fact at any of the other places of public amusement of similar character.

On the left side of the avenue, similarly situated among the trees, is the Horologue, another summer garden like the Ambassadeurs, lighted in the same manner and presenting every night, during the season, exhibitions of a like character, but its patronage is not nearly so great. Just beyond the Ambassadeurs, on the same side of the avenue, is yet another, identical in nearly all respects with the other two in character and appearance, the three places being, in fact, run by the same management. They are probably all profitable not only because they give a kind of entertainment suited to French tastes, and are amusing to a majority of Paris visitors, but also because the parks are the most popular resorts for summer evening idlers that the city affords. There is always much to be seen of an interesting nature on the avenue, which is fairly thronged both day and night with vehicles of every kind, while the parks of the Champs Elysées are crowded with people to whose craving for amusement many shows contribute. There are swings, merry-go-rounds, Punch and Judy exhibitions, jugglers, and other forms of entertainment to please the children, large numbers of whom are taken to the park to spend the afternoon. The Punch and Judy shows given in the park are in some respects as famous as the vaudeville at the Ambassadeurs, a feature so well known that they attract thousands of visitors from every part of the world. These show-houses are substantially constructed, because the exhibitions are given in the same places year after year, but the audience is seated in chairs that are disposed under the trees, which afford a splendid shade during the day, and their branches are magnificently illuminated at night, presenting a beautiful spectacle from the avenue.

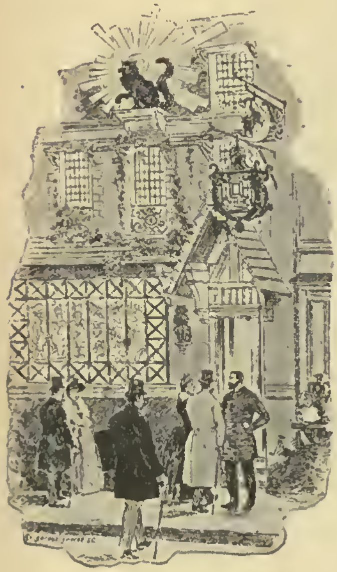


EXHIBITIONS FOR CHILDREN IN THE CHAMPS ELYSEES.

Cafe of the Black Cat.

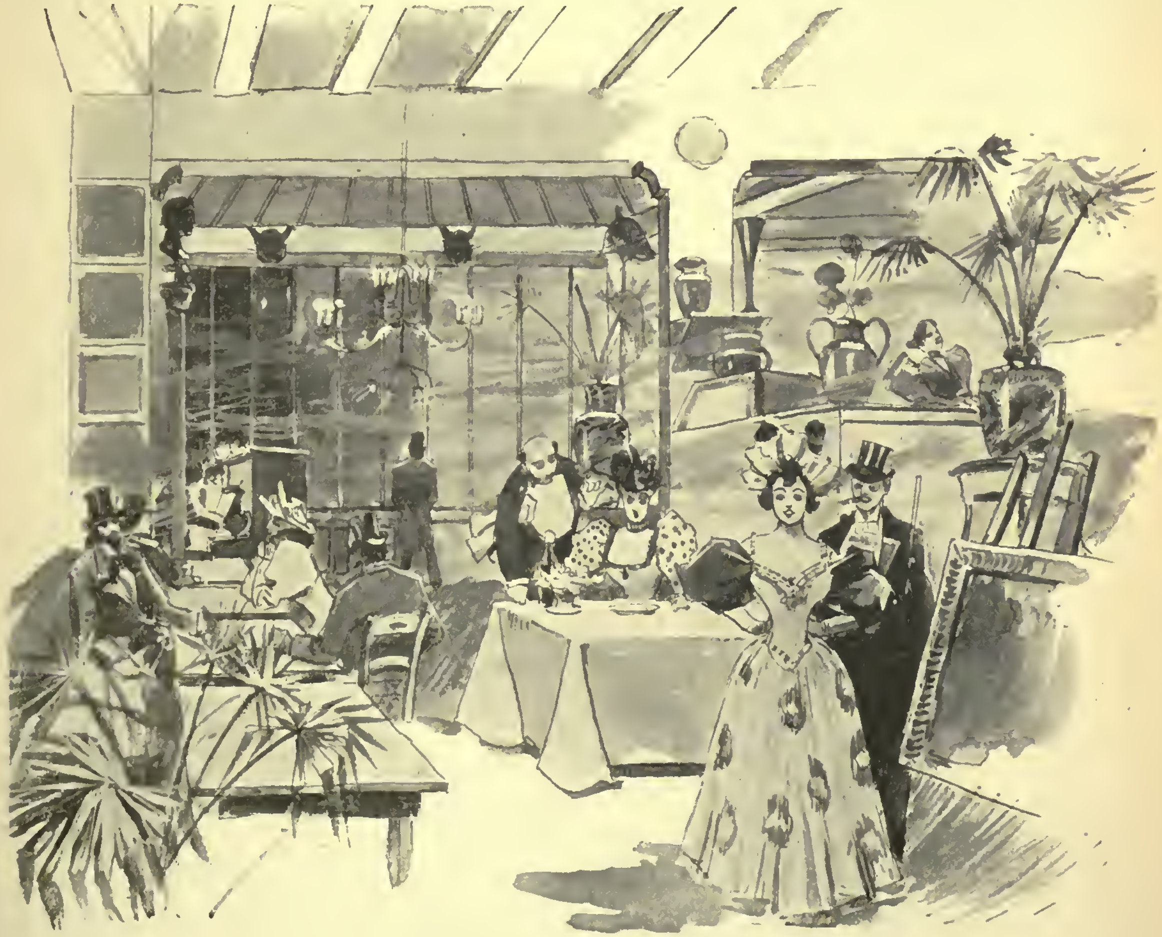
On the Boulevard Montmartre and the Rue Clichy, there are some almost remarkably novel, surprisingly queer, astonishingly sensational show places which it is difficult to properly describe because the effect of embellishment, the surroundings, the appearance and actions of the crowds in attendance, are even more interesting than the exhibitions themselves. One of the most notorious of these strange café theatres bears such a curious name as the *Chat Noir* (the Black Cat), a title made appropriate by a figure of a black cat over the entrance, and pictures of pussies on the interior as mural decorations. It is not a fine place, nor is it in a fashionable quarter, two objections that have the paradoxical effect of increasing its popularity. A loud exhibition can rarely be made to draw largely if located in an aristocratic section, for people are shy about making themselves prominent as visitors to such scenes. The Chat Noir is in a place quite prominent enough to be easily reached, for it is well known to cab-drivers, and omnibuses run by it, for the street is one of the great boulevards.

In the long ago, how long I never was able to learn, the room in which the exhibitions are now given was a resort, not exactly a club-house, of artists, journalists, and aspirants for literary fame, who met every night to sing, drink, and read poems and essays, generally of a satirical or humorous nature There was a restaurant on the ground floor kept by a well-to-do and generous old Frenchman, who received little pay for what he furnished the gay young fellows upstairs outside of the poems that advertised his place, and a decoration of the walls of his café with the paintings contributed by his poor artist patrons. He was patient, and his forbearance ultimately brought to him large returns. The fame of the jolly *habitues*, as wits, poets, artists, and fun-makers, finally spread until the restaurant did a very large business, and the room upstairs was converted into an exhibition hall, fitted up according to the tastes of those who had used it so long as a rendezvous. The furnishings of the place to-day, both of the café and the show-room, are unique, if not comical, and visitors pay it the tribute of interested examination. The woodwork is heavy and of a dark color, the tables are massive, and a large fire-place occupies one end of the room. The walls are also of a funereal shade, indeed, depressing in their mourning, pall-suggesting sombreness, a violent contrast to the panel paintings which illuminate the room like candles at the head and foot of a coffin. These are of the most brilliant colors and delicate tints, in all of which a black cat is made to appear as the chief figure of interest, with all the surrounding designs as accessories. In fact, as the visitor sees it, there is an infinity of black cats in, around, about, and on everything connected with or a part of the restaurant and the auditorium. They are seen scampering over the walls, vaulting along the ceiling, purring at firesides, chanting on pictured housetops, painted, stuffed, carved, and natural, a very delirium of cats whose conjunction make day cloudy and night a plague of stygian darkness. And these paintings are the works of not a few of the cleverest artists that have been seen in Paris for many years, who conceived and executed so well that they were proud to have their sign manuals on their contributions to the Chat Noir.


EXTERIOR OF THE CHAT NOIR.

The first time I visited the Black Cat, several years ago, I thought the stereoscopic exhibition which I saw there was incomparably the most remarkable I had ever witnessed. I was the guest of a French gentleman whose acquaintance with Paris was thorough, and who, after taking me night after night to different places of interest until the list was about exhausted, reserved the Black Cat as the *chef d'ouvre*, or chief entertainment, as an exciting conclusion to our tour of the city.

As I remember the appearance of the auditorium, and recall that of the audience, after an ascent of a steep stairway the exhibition room was reached, which was small, and there was a poverty of furnishing so conspicuous as to be oppressive. The seats were a mixture of chairs and benches barely sufficient to accommodate the one hundred persons who were present. The attendance comprised men and women in about equal proportion, and nearly all were married couples considerably beyond the prime of life. My friend told me that the audience was wholly French, and characteristic, thus affording opportunity for seeing what kind of entertainment the middle class find most enjoyable, and the palatableness to them of realistically lubricious exhibitions. There was no stage proper, but a proscenium with a curtain, in the centre of which was an oiled cloth some four or five feet square, upon which images from a stereoscope were projected in the clearest possible manner. On the floor, a little to one side of the proscenium, stood a man who did the recitations, while some one in the rear illustrated his speech with views thrown upon the oiled cloth. The principal piece of the evening was



CAFE OF THE CHAT NOIR (BLACK CAT).

the tragedy of "Hero and Leander," which I was familiar with by reading, but I was wholly unprepared for the graphic vitascopic views that were projected as embellishments of the story.

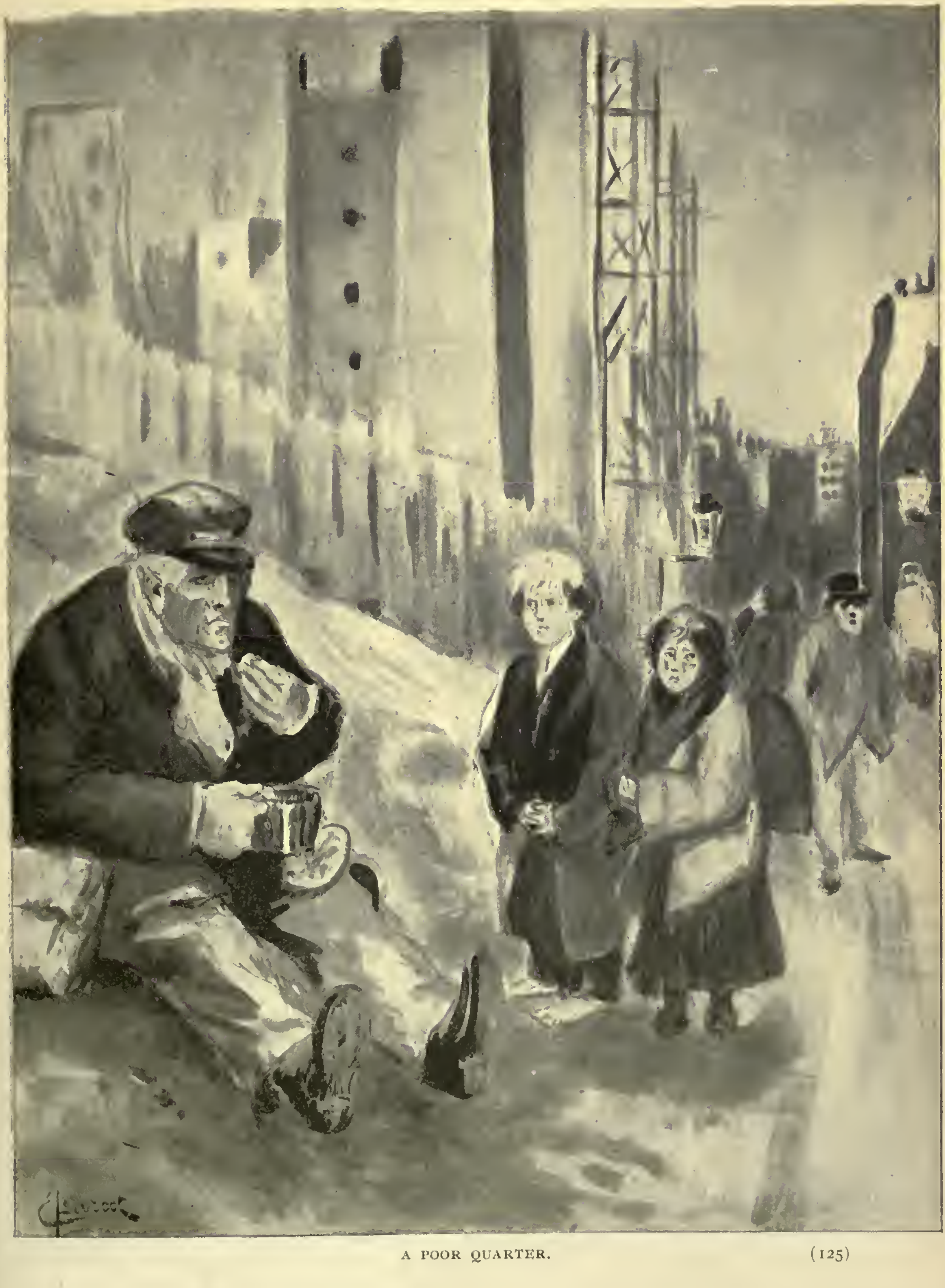
The instrument was evidently worked upon the principle of the kinetoscope, which I had never seen before, and when I saw the small figures on the screen executing lifelike movements, with really astonishing fidelity to nature, I was as puzzled as I was interested. The views distinctly showed Leander climbing to the tower chamber of Hero, to which he gained entrance through a window at a dizzy hight. The love scenes that followed may not be described, but while they gave me a shock of surprise, to say the least, there were manifestations of intense delight by the men and women spectators. When the object of Leander's clandestine visit was concluded, he made his exit by the window and slid down a rope into the raging Hellespont, while Hero mounted to the top of the tower, with torch in hand to light her lover on his dangerous journey across the treacherous channel. A storm was seen to arise, the large flame from the torch was blown into a long, fiery streak by the raging wind that whipped her night robe and tossed her hair in wild confusion. Below was plainly to be seen courageous Leander, battling with waves that would raise him high to engulf him the deeper, and we saw the vigor departing from his limbs at last, until there was left no strength to longer struggle, and the tragedy of illicit love ended with a grave in the sea. It was a marvelously interesting show, productive of intense excitement, notwithstanding the character of it was most indecent and the ending severely pathetic.

Since the above was written the inexorable demands of business have caused a destruction of the Chat Noir, and in its place has arisen a large commercial building, for which good change Paris is to be congratulated.

Where Criminal Poverty Makes Display.

I have not tried to tell you of all the theatres, cafés, casinos, and the amusement places of Paris, but have chosen rather to present examples of the several kinds, which in the aggregate comprise a very large number, for you must know that Paris is essentially a city of pleasure; or, to use an expression common only among a certain class, it is a distinctively sporting metropolis. Tourists go to London to spend a week looking at a few historic places and, incidentally, to do some business—have clothes made and to secure a berth on a returning steamer, but they visit Paris to have a great time, to stay as long as their means will allow, and to run at a pace that exhausts strength, if it does not satiate curiosity.

Those quarters of Paris which seem by general consent, or agreement, to belong to the poverty class, have an attractiveness of their own almost as great as the beautiful boulevards, and particularly interesting are they to tourists. When an American arrives in Paris for the first time he employs a guide and spends his initial night at the Folies, Casino, or the Moulin Rouge; the second night finds



A POOR QUARTER.

him, under the same directorship, taking in the coffee houses, of which there are probably fifty, where patrons are served by sybarites robed in mosquito-bar gowns. After these he gorges himself on more repulsive sights, for which opportunities he pays the exhibitors liberally, who divide behind doors with the guide who brought him. The third night he seeks the slums, and into these quarters I will now conduct the reader, first apologizing for offering to take him into such disreputable company as he is certain to find there.

A Night at Bruant's.

On the Boulevard Rochechouart, which is an extension of the Boulevard Clichy, on the north side of the city, is a café whose renown has been established by a sewer-pipe poet named Bruant. He is called the "People's sweet singer," but in this respect the "people" must be understood as the "criminals," for whom he pushes himself to the front as an apologist, and strives as earnestly to make vice appear honorable as did some of the old novelists to exhibit English highwaymen as heroes worthy of emulation by every school boy.

Bruant is a unique character, even in Paris, which is largely composed of eccentric people. He is not without some poetic genius, understands, if he does not possess, sentiment, and is endowed with no little ability both as a poet and a speaker, to which parts is combined considerable personal magnetism. His café is not a place to be recommended for the dishes or drinks there dispensed, which are cheap but rank. It is himself that draws the patronage. Some time ago he was on the stage rendering his own vile songs in a café chantant in the Champs Elysées, where he posed as a socialist, or revolutionist, and sang as a pariah. He popularized, in a way, the life of the habitues of Montmartre, by his praises of the bully and his pæans to the bawd. His strength lies in the dramatic force of his poems rather than in the beauty of sentiment or elegance of his verse. Indeed, any attempt at brilliancy would destroy the influence which he seeks to arouse. His efforts are to describe the people of whom he sings, which he accomplishes by using their language and simulating their actions. His verses are nearly always descriptive of crime, which he makes picturesque by stories of successful perpetration and the skillful evasion of justice. He applauds the vice of prostitution by praises of the most infamous women who have left records at the Conciergerie and the workhouse; and is proud of what he considers the honor of being the greatest instigator and the most polished exponent of evil in Paris. It is this reputation that makes his resort an extremely popular one, and himself a kind of idol before which not only criminals bow down, but to whose character thousands of tourists offer adulation in the form of liberal patronage.

Bruant is still a comparatively young man, and among other gifts which he possesses is that of a fine appearance. Somewhere—though he has traveled little—he saw or learned of the characteristic garb of the plainsman, with which he was so well pleased that he has adopted a similar style of dress, which becomes him well. He wears his blonde hair somewhat long, parted in the middle, and well brushed, and upon it he bestows great care, hoping that in time it will cover his shoulders, and then the large sombrero which he wears will be more becoming. His suit is nearly always of brown velvet, under which is a carmine shirt that is kept in view by wearing his vest unbuttoned, and his *tout ensemble* is completed by top-boots, into which his trousers are carefully tucked. His dress is evidently for effect rather than for comfort, and his appearance is no doubt as valuable an aid to his songs as scenery is to a stage actor.

Let Me Introduce You to the Poet of Crime.

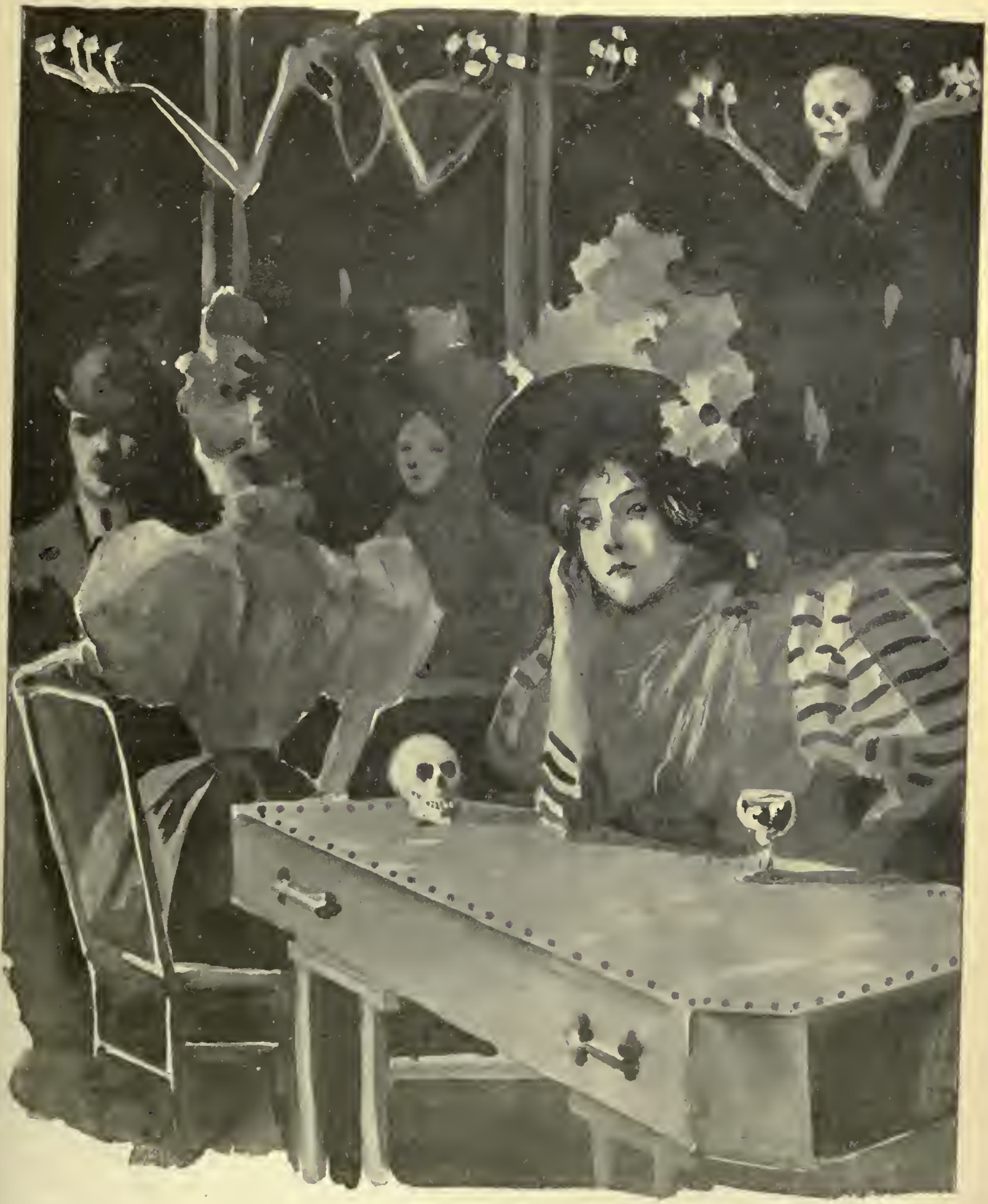
You cannot see Bruant without paying well for the privilege, for he does not make himself a common person to be stared at as a free exhibition. If you are resolved to visit his café be prepared to observe certain conditions. The front of his place is as dismal as the façade to hades, and though it is not guarded by Cerberus, there is a minion in the uniform of a policeman who represents that monster, to whom your desire to enter must be made known. This doorkeeper then raps to indicate to some one within that there is a person at the outer gate who seeks admittance. A wicket is then opened, through the bars of which a face appears to scrutinize you, probably to ascertain if you look enough like a villain to be worthy the favor of an entrance. You next hear a rattling of chains, the dropping of iron bars, the turning of keys in a rusty lock, and a moment later the portal is thrown open and you step inside, to be greeted with a volley of epithets and exclamations from the motley crowd that is assembled at three long tables drinking and carousing. The furniture is not so fine as to attract attention, but your eyes are certain to be caught by the wall decorations of death-masks, chains, posters, and the worst possible oil paintings, portraying in the crude way of the inartistic crimes of many kinds. Bruant meets you at the threshold and introduces you to the spotted crowd of men and women, whose company looks enough forbidding to give you a shudder. You are now sorry that your curiosity has brought you to such a den, the occupants of which are worthy of as much confidence as a lot of ferocious animals, but being inside, with a barred door behind you, the situation must be endured.

The entertainment consists of singing by three young men, who are helped at times by the audience, which is supplemented by two or three songs by Bruant himself, who affords a spectacle as fascinating as a rattlesnake, though somewhat more melodious than a whir. Indeed, even while he is the personification of a reckless cut-throat, and his actions as well as the surroundings serve to heighten this suggestion, you are pleased, or rather charmed, by his singing, for he has a good voice, and is intensely dramatic, which is irresistible in its influence and infections in spirit. When the performance closes Bruant relinquishes his haughty mien and becomes so condescending that he addresses the audience in a pleasant manner, and usually shakes the hands of his departing guests, though not unless they have been liberal in patronizing the bar and buying his song books. There are invariably many women in attendance at Bruant's entertainments, most of whom are improper characters, but not a few of them are tourists accompanied by escorts, drawn to the place by curiosity excited in them by what they have heard of the man and his café. Bruant is well advertised as an admirer of the fair sex, a reputation gained by his actions toward them in his establishment, for it is a common thing for him to violate proprieties by abruptly seizing about the necks the handsome ones who come to see him and kissing them fervidly, a privilege he claims as the notorious singer and illustrious proprietor of an infamous resort.

The Cafe of Death.

A very little way from Bruant's, on the same street, is a café that has become more or less celebrated within the past two years by reason of its gruesome novelty, which is sufficient to startle a visitor, and to give him some surprises from which he does not always promptly recover after leaving the place, for the uncanny impression is likely to remain for some time. It is a form of entertainment that could not exist in any part of the world outside of Paris, and it flourishes there not only because Parisians have an unquenchable desire for the *outre*, the extravagantly odd and incongruous, but visitors from abroad scarcely arrive in Paris before they industriously seek out the most ridiculous, and often shameful, sights that the city affords, a quest which guides encourage to their own great advantage. The Café de la Mort (Café of Death) is a dingy, dismal, dark, and eerie looking room in a small building, which ought to be sleeping with companions gone before. There are several different slants in its roof, the walls are much awry, and the windows are as crooked and unsubstantial as a drunken man hunting for a lamp-post. But these appearances are really accessories of no small effectiveness for a *mise en scène* of death, which the place, in a manner, typifies.

Entrance to the Café of Death is easy; in fact, it is as open and execrable as the monster to whom we must all make final contribution; and, I imagine, it is scarcely more pleasing than are the halls of eternal silence, and not nearly so respectable. A street door opens to a room some eighteen feet square, which is bare of furniture save for six coffins set on legs made to serve as tables, and enough rickety chairs for a dozen persons to sit in, with fears for their safety. The dingy walls, that look as though they had stood without repair for more than a century, are hidden in places by clumsily executed pictures, some of which appear to have been drawn by boys with red keel, representing industrious devils and hilarious skeletons holding carnival over lost souls. There are, by way of dramatic variety, illustrations of men suspended from gibbets, crime rampant, and other soothing caricatures calculated to keep the timid awake at night that he may enjoy the funereal howl of dogs and the mysterious death-tick at his headboard.



CAFE DE LA MORT.

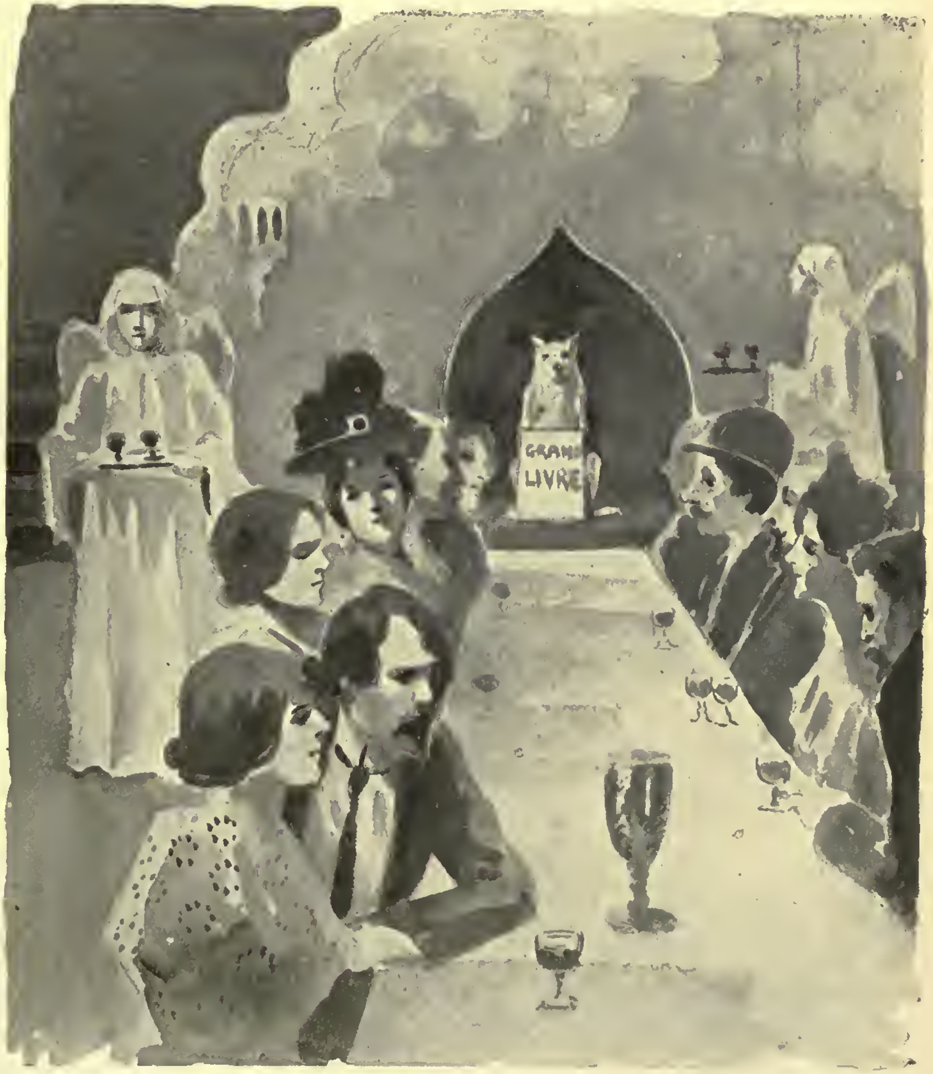
Three Shudders for a Franc.

All the chairs in the room are set at the coffins, and you must occupy one of these without removing it from its useful place, for you are required to buy a drink, which in Paris means beer, wine, liquor—a sweet but strong cordial—or absinthe. This you must not toss off at a gulp, but sip slowly, so as to give yourself time to examine the mural decorations. As there is little light in the room, this occupation will inspire a few very solemn reflections and prepare you for the next degree, which you take in the cellar. The cost to you of a sight of the underworld will be one franc, which you no doubt know is equivalent to twenty cents, payment of which sum permits you to descend a crazy stairway of some dozen steps, at the foot of which you are halted to hear a tolling bell. You are in the hands of a guide frocked like a funeral director, who gives three knocks at a small wicket door, which promptly opens, and you see the tonsured head and white face of a priest whose brown cowl rises high behind his neck to show how he is habited. In a husky and sepulchral speech he asks, " Who have you there ? " and the response of your guide is, "A candidate for the grave." This is spoken in French, which in such a case it is a fortune not to understand. The priest lifts up his graveyard voice again to inquire, "Are you prepared to enter the abode of the dead, to take your place among the countless millions who have entered into the dreamless sleep ? " Your guide answers for you, at which a bell rings, the wicket closes, and another door opens, through which you are conducted to a small room fitted with rough board seats, upon one of which you take a place to watch what follows. In a moment a light is seen through an opening, and you discover a coffin standing on end and slightly inclined to rest against a wall. A man enters and fixes himself comfortably in the coffin for a sleep, where after reposing a few minutes you see him slowly dissolve, to gradually decompose and fade before your eyes until nothing but his skeleton remains. After witnessing this dissolving view, you are asked to look through an aperture just large enough to fit your face, when you are startled at beholding yourself lying in a coffin, with hands folded across your breast and jaws tied up. The sight is a creepy one, rendered more awesome by your eyes being open, for you thus look like an animated ghost ready to attack yourself. This horrid, frightful illusion is produced, of course, by mirrors, but while you know this to be true, the sensation is not relieved, and you leave the place with a cold spine, to spend the night with goblins.

Night in the Cabaret du Ciel.

Three squares from the Café of Death, on the Boulevard Clichy, is another strangely odd place, not so well known, because it was not established until June, 1896, but which is quite as astonishing and in some respects even more attractive to the morbidly inclined. This newer café is called the Cabaret du Ciel, which means literally, " Wine-room of heaven," but which may be translated " Café of the Resurrection," though both are sacrilegious. The room occupied by this spirit-shop is an oblong, probably twenty by thirty-five feet, in the centre of which is a table large enough to seat seventeen persons on a side and four at each end. Only as many persons as there are seats at the table are admitted at one time, for a reason which will soon appear. At the rear end of the room is a throne upon which sits a fat pig with a plug hat on its head, and a closed record standing on end at its feet bearing on its side the legend *Grand Livre*, or ledger of life. The ceiling is arched and painted to imitate cloudland, and on one side of the room is an easy stairway which conducts to the airy region of the sky, or to a balcony that is obscured from the sight of those below by very thin cloth or netting on which clouds are painted.

As the patrons enter and take seats at the table, several waiters appear, each carrying a goblet of beer, which is set before each guest, who must pay a franc for the refreshment. All of the waiters are robed in white garments, with a cincture about the waist, blonde ringlets flowing from the head, and gossamer wings hung to the back, thus personating angels, though their countenances have the expression of bacchanals. While the guests are drinking a face is thrust through



CAFE DU CIEL.

the netting across the balcony, and you see a representation of St. Peter, with long white beard, sacerdotal robes, bald head, and a bunch of keys at his side. He solemnly lifts his hands, then extends them in a gesture of pouring out blessings upon those below, bows thrice and retires as the twelve disciples file before him. It is a profane travesty, sacrilegious to a degree, but the crowds who view the exhibition applaud it vigorously. When the guests have drunk their beer, or paid for it, they ascend the first stairway, cross the balcony and go up a second flight, which brings them to another large room, in which a stage is erected with a drop curtain, while another crowd is admitted to the room thus vacated. This curtain is raised as soon as the people are seated, and St. Michael is represented with outstretched wings sailing through the heavens. Persons from the audience are invited to try their wings also, which some always accept, and the sight is very amusing, as well as startling, to those who do not understand the principles of the phantasmagoria, by the use of which instrument these exhibitions of men and women flying through space are produced.

IN THE GARDEN OF THE AMBASSADEURS.

Cabaret du Infers.

In April, 1897, another queer place was opened next door to the Cabaret du Ciel by the same proprietor, which is known as the Cabaret du Infers, or the "Café of Hell," which it imitates in filthiness rather than in demoniac theatricals. One franc pays for admission and a demi-beer, which after drinking amid fire and hellish surroundings, the visitor is admitted to another foul room in which there is another soul-wearying entertainment that lacks even an interest to shock or amuse. The Cabaret du Infers is absolutely stupid, for it possesses not a single feature of the slightest divertisement to any seeker after the curious, though the suggestiveness of the name induces a large patronage.

CHAPTER VIII.

A NIGHT AMONG THE SLUMMERS.

PARIS has a population of nearly two and one-half millions of souls. She is probably the richest city in the world, and in all respects she is the strangest. Paris is not a great manufacturing city, she is not a great banking centre; she is not a specially large shipping point because she is far from the sea and cannot be reached by vessels drawing more than eight feet of water. Wherein lies her wealth? How can she afford to build and maintain the most splendid boulevards and parks; whence comes the money to support her famous museums, to sustain her government which is conducted wisely, but upon a scale of enormous expense; how can she raise so easily the immense sums required to inaugurate the wondrous international exhibitions which she opens to the world every five or ten years? These are questions that many ask but few have answered. I cannot solve it entirely to my own satisfaction, but I can find a partial answer in the following: The idea of the municipal authorities is to accord to every one the largest possible liberty compatible with the city's safety. The national debt of France is about six billions of dollars, and the population that must bear this great burden is less than thirty-six millions. The rate of taxation is so large that it may not be increased without grave danger, so the revenue of the nation must be raised not only by a system of internal taxation, but also by a large tax upon incomes, and by granting licenses for special privileges. The city of Paris has adopted a system by which the revenue produced is greater than that derived by any other metropolis of the world, by which she reaps the double benefit of a direct and an indirect income. And this is how she accomplishes it: Recognizing the fact that evil cannot be eradicated by law, that it cannot be suppressed by any form of interdiction, Paris authorities have settled upon the plan of making vice pay liberally for its existence. In London, prostitution is outlawed, in Paris it is legalized by high license. In other cities slum districts are given over to the poor and the criminal class, which become a terrible burden upon the public; in Paris there are no such places because institutions adapted to the depravity of these classes are licensed and the income therefrom is used to keep the districts clean and respectable, at least from an exterior view. Hundreds of things are done under the sanction of a license in Paris which would not be tolerated by any other city in the world. There are forms of vice in Paris that may never be seen among the most depraved people of any other country; crimes against nature that are peculiarly Parisian. And besides these terrible evils that are practiced under licenses, the lottery is an institution permitted by special law for which large license fees are exacted, gambling is conducted at club houses that pay large sums for the privilege, and about the only thing positively forbidden in Paris is begging, probably because beggars are too poor to pay a license. The result is, that while the city receives enormous sums from these illicit sources, the existence of such institutions of immorality is the fascination that attracts so many thousands of persons to the city from all parts of the world, who remain there to see the sights, indulge privileges forbidden at home, and spend their money in having what the vulgar pronounce, "a high old time."

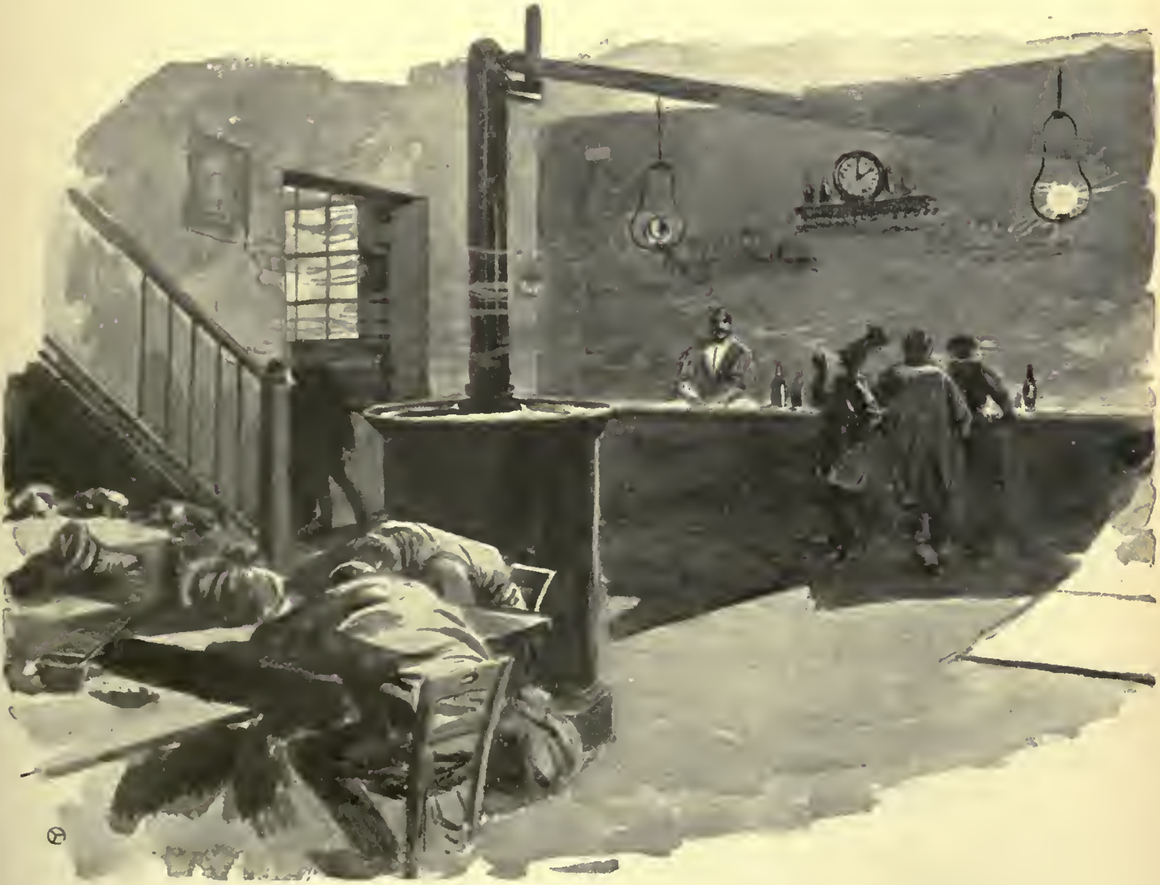
A Night in the Chateau Rouge.

Properly speaking there are no slums in Paris, because the authorities, have, as explained, provided against them. There are plenty of poor people in the city, but they are not to be seen, as in other great cities, on the finer streets begging and exciting compassion by their deformities and misfortune. Paris offers homes for her poor, and while all do not accept, they must take the alternative of remaining outside certain districts, and may not solicit alms. Exception is made to this law of prohibition on Independence day (14th of July) and Christmas, and possibly on one or two other days, but it is a very rare thing for tourists to see a beggar in Paris.

The Latin Quarter is one of the sections of Paris that corresponds with the slum districts of other cities, but while some of the sights to be witnessed there at night are revolting in the extreme, it still lacks many of the repulsive features that characterize the extreme poverty localties of other places. There is nothing in Paris, it seems, that does not possess some distinct prominence of its own, and this peculiar mark of quality is not wanting in the lazar houses of shame, the dens of vice, the groggeries of depravity, that exist in Paris. One of the most famous, or infamous of these places, is known as the Château Rouge (Red Castle), located on the Rue Galande, a small street two squares in length and as many from the Seine. There is a romance about the old Red Château which has been laid beyond the power of exorcism, to the regret of lovers of the quaint in history. Some persons will tell you in an abstract way that it was the mansion of an immensely rich family in the time of Louis XIV.; others whisper of a domestic tragedy within its walls that brought the house under a curse which has found fulfillment. But the fact is, strange as it appears, no one, so far as patient investigation is able to discover, knows anything about who built or occupied the house prior to the base uses which it serves in this evil day. Certain it is, however, the house was at one time as magnificent in its decorations as it was capacious in size, for there still remain noticeable, under more than a century's deposit of dust, and the grime of filthy occupants, traces of beautiful frescoes on the ceilings and rich adornment of the walls, remains of a splendor which Louis may have provided for one of his mistresses, as report says, but this is all. The Colosseum, in which the most tragic spectacles that were ever produced under imperial patronage, is not more desolate, nor its ruins more pathetic of passing greatness, than is the Château Rouge.

The transition from grandeur, from gilded glories and sumptuous display, from wealth that dazzled and beauty that fascinated, and music that charmed, to a plague spot of poverty, to a rendezvous of crime, to a hell of depravity, is pathetic as it is tragic, and may well suggest the tale of a murder from jealousy, a curse uttered by a soul in despair.

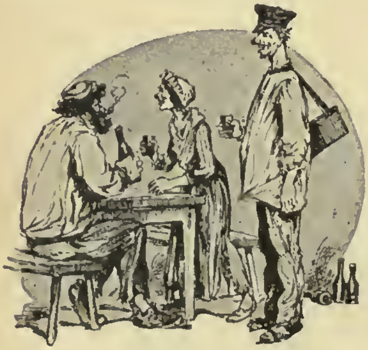
The Château Rouge is a splendid example of the mutations of wealth, illustrating as it does the evolution of decline through dissipation, to degeneration and depravity. The house is miserable in its age, abuse, and uses, but the neighborhood is still one of semi-respectability, and would doubtless be better if it were not for the old château, which having become a resort of the worst characters in Paris, the locality has taken on some of its reputation. In fact, when I asked a resident of Paris to accompany me on a visit to the place, he stood aghast with amazement at such a proposal, for said he: "You must know that the Château Rouge and the Père Lunette are the most dangerous places in Paris, if not in the world. You would be knocked down or strangled in either of them for a franc." But these fears are such as are inspired of a dark night in a desolate house by


INTERIOR OF THE CHATEAU ROUGE.

tales of ghosts, for the dangers are only imaginary. So many persons visit the place, out of curiosity, that it has really become one of the sights of Paris, supported largely, as are theatres, by admission fees.

A Stench of Degradation.

The best time to visit the tall Red Chateau is toward midnight, if you wish to see the resort in its greatest activity, or rather with its fullest complement of lodgers asleep in every conceivable attitude except that of comfort. The building sets back a little way from the street, and the approach to the door is by a smart rise, which in its better days was reached by an imposing flight of steps. You enter a large room, spacious enough for a dancing hall, for which it may have one time been used, and are confronted by a sight which I am sure is very unlike anything that ever before greeted your vision. Facing the door, at the rear of the room, is a bar, with a high and long counter, over which is suspended a large lamp, supplementary to a larger one that hangs from the ceiling in the centre of the room. The furnishings are simple, but wonderfully striking, for they consist of tables and chairs that, like old meerschaum pipes, are esteemed for a color which they have taken on through long use. Grease, grime, and ghostliness is an alliterative description of the room, but not strong enough for the *habitues*, who are beyond portrayal. It is what may be called a beggars' lodging house, where those who patronize the bar, or pay three cents for the privilege, may spend the night in a chair, or lie upon the bare floor upstairs. Besides being used by tipplers to set their glasses on, the tables are put to the better service of supporting the heads of miserable men and women when sleep and exhaustion overcome them. The most pitiful sights which are here beholden are afforded by besotted women accompanied by little children; mothers bedraggled of mud, and repulsive of tangled hair, with sodden and befouled faces, rheumy eyes, and patchwork of dresses, sometimes carrying infants but oftener leading little girls whose pinched features are silent cries of hunger, and whose tattered skirts and bare feet tell a tale of woeful want. You will see these depraved specimens of womanhood sitting or sprawling among the maudlin crowd of men, pictures of degeneracy in its last stages, and their doubly unfortunate children lying on the tables, too weak to cry, or too exhausted to be conscious of their sufferings.



PATRONS OF THE PERE LUNETTE.

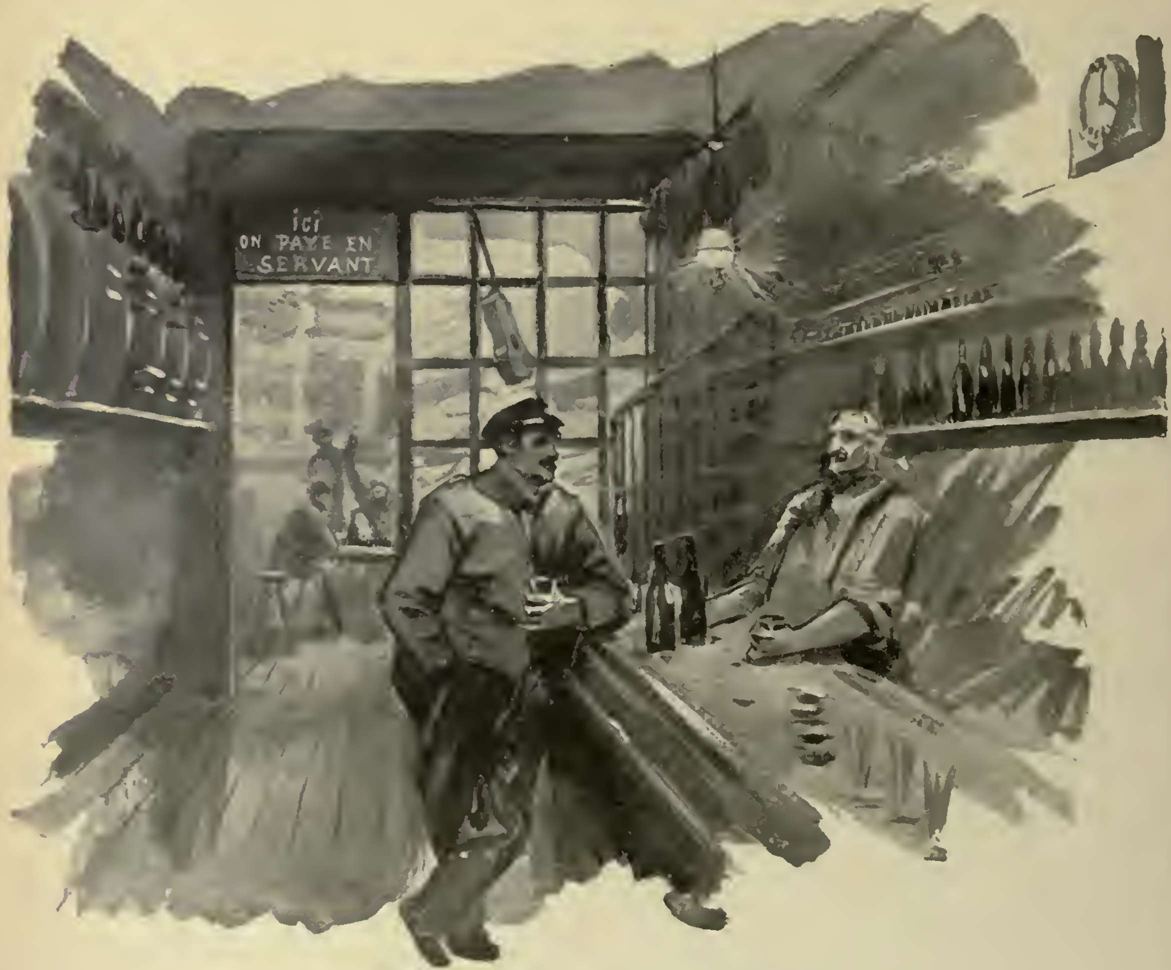
A View of the Chamber of Horror.

In the corner of the bar-room is a door that opens into a small apartment, the walls of which are decorated with poorly executed paintings that represent scenes of riot, rapine, anarchy, and murder. Some of the most tragic events in the police history of Paris are made subjects of illustration in this chamber of horror. Here is a woman in the clutches of a monster who is taking her life; there is a scene of a famous struggle between a bomb-thrower and the police; next to that is the picture of a man who recently lost his head at the Place Roquette; and so all around the room are embellishments of debauchery, villainy, and crime of the most revolting character, for nothing but the vilest is worthy of representation here. As you enter this receptacle and den of terror you are followed by a young man in a high cap—a characteristic criminal's cap he calls it, because he can make it as flat as a pan-cake, or pull it out like a telescope in a moment to change his appearance—who stands at the door as if to oppose your return until he has recited his speech. He forces his services upon you to explain, in a dramatic manner, each of the pictures, in proper rotation, that are upon the wall. Every face is extolled as belonging to a hero who has won rank and fame by some peculiarly atrocious crime. There are a number of women's portraits in the collection who have a local reputation equally great with the men, and whose extreme vices are similarly eulogized. When he has concluded his speech of explanation he insists on singing two or three songs—pæans of crime—each of which has some dozen verses that abuse the police and laud violations of the law in an extravagant way. Having performed this service, very important he regards it, he presents his inverted cap, which is capacious enough to hold the national debt, and trusts to your liberality. You have become so wrought up by the terrible pictures, the tragic associations and surroundings, the desperately depraved wretches crouched and sprawling in the adjoining room, the uncertain lights that seem to suggest opportunity for robbery, the absence of police, and the reputation which you know the place bears, that you appear delighted, and empty your pockets of small change into the cap, which by this time looks like a thing of evil, and give thanks in your heart that you are allowed to depart with no greater loss.

The Cafe of Pere Lunette.

In the same district, and only two blocks distant from the Château Rouge, is another equally squalid and no less famous resort known to the world as the Café of Père Lunette. In the French language *père* signifies father, and *lunette* is the word for spectacles, so you may now translate the name of the café yourself. It is an old-time place, established more than forty years ago by a man, not beyond his calling, who was distinguished among his fellows as the owner of a pair of spectacles, but whether he wore them on his nose or on his forehead I have never been able to learn, though a person of such renown should be remembered by a memorial in which all his acts and his appearance should be fully recorded. But history is so poorly written in these days that many characters are suffered to pass out of the world with their faces forgotten, and their deeds unsung.

The café of the father who wore spectacles is a bad place, so very bad that, like a severely ugly person, it is a curiosity and a fascination, to which is drawn every night a stream of visitors. The sights are not so pitiful as those to be seen at the Red Château, for children are not taken there, and unfortunate mothers, sunk into the mire of filthy depravity, are not admitted. But in other respects there is a kinship between the places, which is more striking when you pass to the rear room, where you find the walls painted and placarded with indecent pictures and warning legends. It is a small building, having a forbidding exterior and a repulsive interior, but if it were finer in appearance its reputation as a "very low-down place" would suffer and its interest to visitors would vanish. Human nature is, as I have said before, not so much a problem as it is an enigma, a mighty and dense mystery that can never be explored any more than, while being able to see the stars we cannot bridge the space that separates us from them. It is a fact that great beauty and extraordinary repulsiveness fascinates in about the same degree. We go away praising the one to show our appreciation, but we return again to the other to confirm our feelings of disgust. Strange, isn't it?

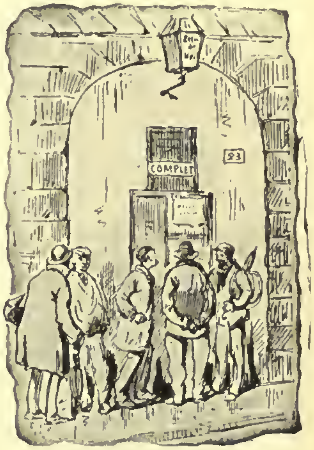


IN THE CAFE PERE LUNETTE, RUE I'ES ANGLAIS.

The Père Lunette is a resort of bawds who are in the yellow leaf, and of men who can find no other place so tolerable of their company. A few centimes—there are five in one cent—spent in the shop for wine or absinthe gives them a license to hang around and watch American visitors, which is really an esteemed privilege, as you will presently see. The café has two rooms, both small in size, the front one containing the bar, and the rear one the pictures, some casks, and three tables, with necessary chairs. The proprietor is a middle-aged man who has as little use for spectacles as he has for morals, and he shows the marks of his associations. When you enter he conducts you by a wave of his hand to the rear room, where, if your visit be made at a late hour, you will find three or four haggard females and two or three men waiting for a chance to get a drink. Respectable visitors do not, of course, remain more than a few moments, and though one crowd follows after another the place is at intervals deserted except by the regular *habitues*.

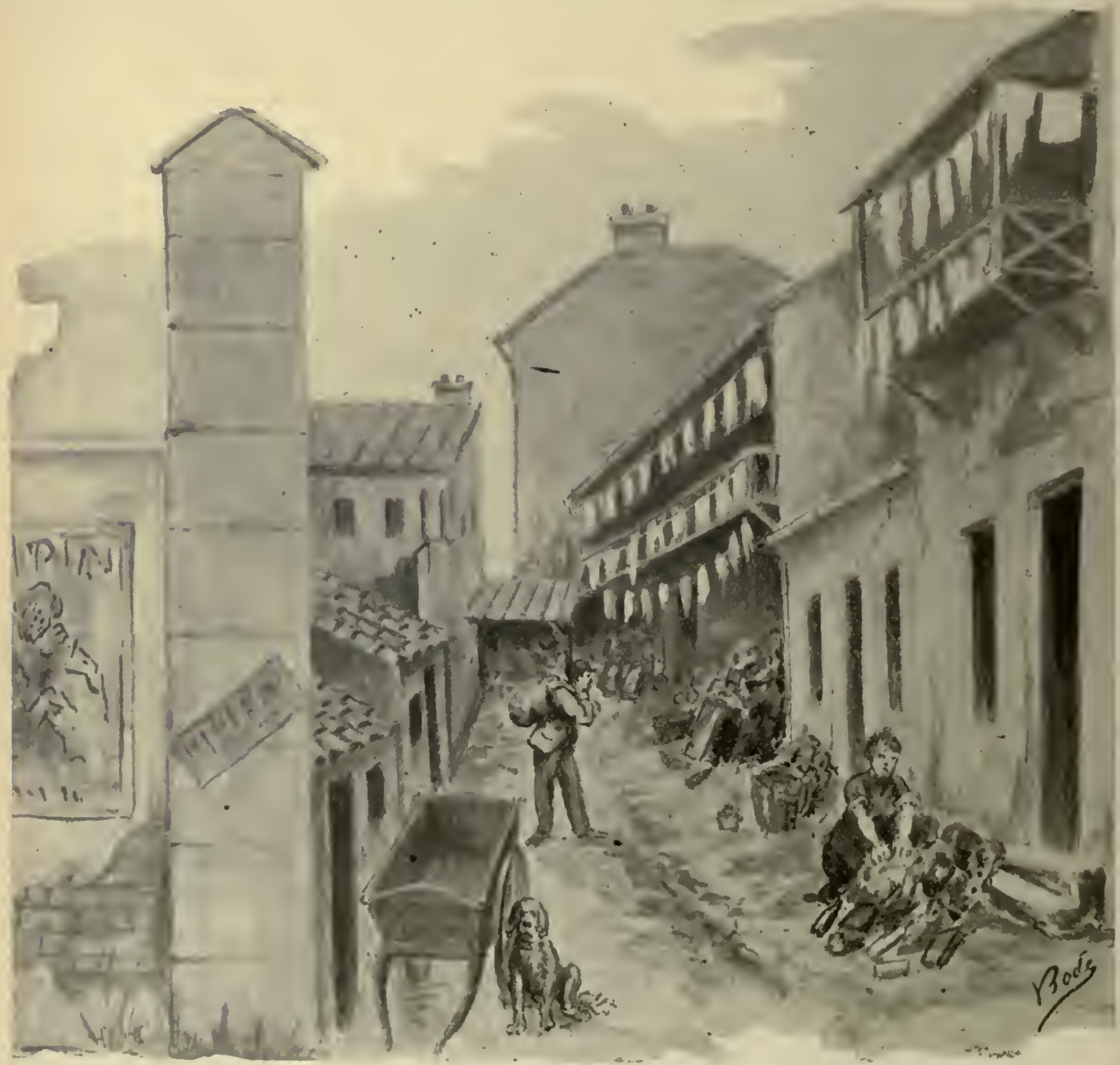
Among the Sots and Sirens.

When I visited the café, in the company of two friends, I found three bleary-eyed women sitting half asleep at the tables, and two frowsled-headed men in blue blouses catching flies. At our entrance they put on an animation that was not natural, and a moment later another woman and three more men came in, who had no doubt been on watch near by for fresh arrivals. One of these took it upon himself to be our instructor and guide during our stay, and so he directly began his descriptions of the bloody paintings on the walls, similar in subject to those we had seen at the château, to which we had to give the appearance of attention as we followed him from one picture to another; all the men and women kept at our heels, as though equally interested, each doing a share of the explaining, by interjected remarks and reminders as aids to the chief guide, in order to share in the returns. It was a ludicrous spectacle, indeed, to see every one present, visitors and *habitues*, marching in a procession around the room, with necks craned and eyes fastened on the shocking pictures that were on review; pictures which in any other place would not gain the attention of a school boy, whose ideas of color and perspective, while very small, are too great for him to appreciate daubs that are not above his own ability to execute. One of the men tried to sing a song of vice, but it was so very bad in sentiment and rendered in a voice that was at least one degree worse, that at our request he gave it up after the first verse. In the meantime, the proprietor had brought in a bottle of *vin ordinaire*, or common wine, to which the men and women helped themselves and did their utmost to appear in an unusually jolly frame of mind, all for our benefit. We had seen enough to satisfy our curiosity and were very willing to settle the costs and be off again to explore other places of iniquity, and receive new disappointments.



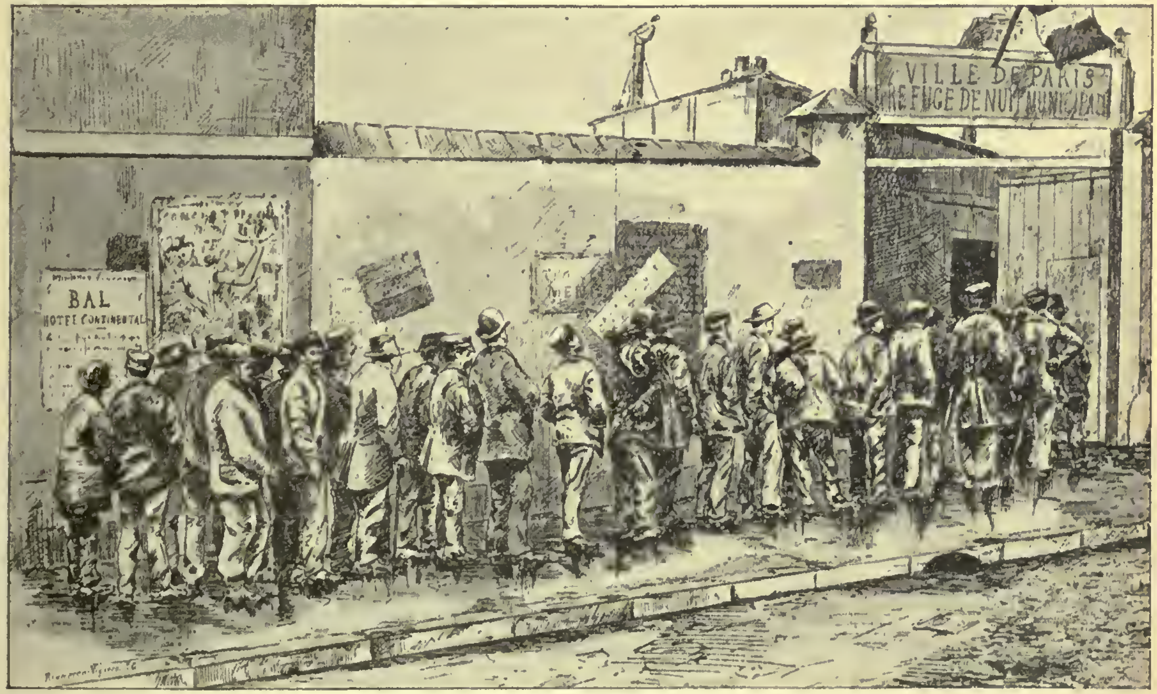
AT THE DOOR OF A CHEAP REFUGE.

Even in such a place as the Père Lunette, the price charged for a bottle of cheap wine is rarely more than a franc, and the old *resorters* are content with a drink and a few centimes from visitors; but the cost, however small, is above the satisfaction received, for there is nothing of interest to be seen in any of them, unless it be to the person who goes there to study the ills, vices, and poverty of those who make such places their resort.



RAG PICKERS' COMMUNITY, RUE LIEBNITZ, ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF PARIS.

In the Rue Maître Albert, a small street that resembles an alley, near the Place Maubert, is a drink-shop and lodging house, run by a middle-aged woman, that is filthier, if it has no other superior qualities, than either the Red Château or Lunette's den. The street is one of the worst in Paris in squalor and poverty, and the sleeping place referred to, which has not yet arrived at the distinction of having a name, is patronized by the most abject looking human beings that I ever set eyes on. The room is so small that, for economy of space, the woman keeps her bottles in a window and her bar-counter is a shelf. There are no tables in the room, for chairs fill the place, and these are let to poor fellows who can obtain no more comfortable resting places for the small sum of ten centimes—two cents—the night. The woman told me, however, that occupants of her chairs were required to vacate them at three o'clock in the morning so that she might have time to open out again by daylight. The people that I saw there were all men, and every chair was taken. Such men, to my mind, as were compelled to sit outside the gates of Jerusalem and cry out to people passing by, "unclean, unclean." They were peddlers of real estate by sample, grease purveyors by specimen, street scavengers by odor, and unique sights by misfortune. Oh, my, the smells that pervaded the place! I can no more forget them than I can the remembrance of one especially miserable old fellow that I saw there very busy with himself in his sleep. His shirt, a piece of cast-off garment which he must have found in the street, was open to give him better opportunity to scratch and shift the piles of dirt that clung to his person. He was so industrious that he never left off working even while sleeping, and there was no reason for him feeling lonely because he had much company wherever he went. He interested me by his resignation as much as by the uninterruptedness of his labors, and by his indifference to the affairs of state, the stability of thrones, the portents of the times,

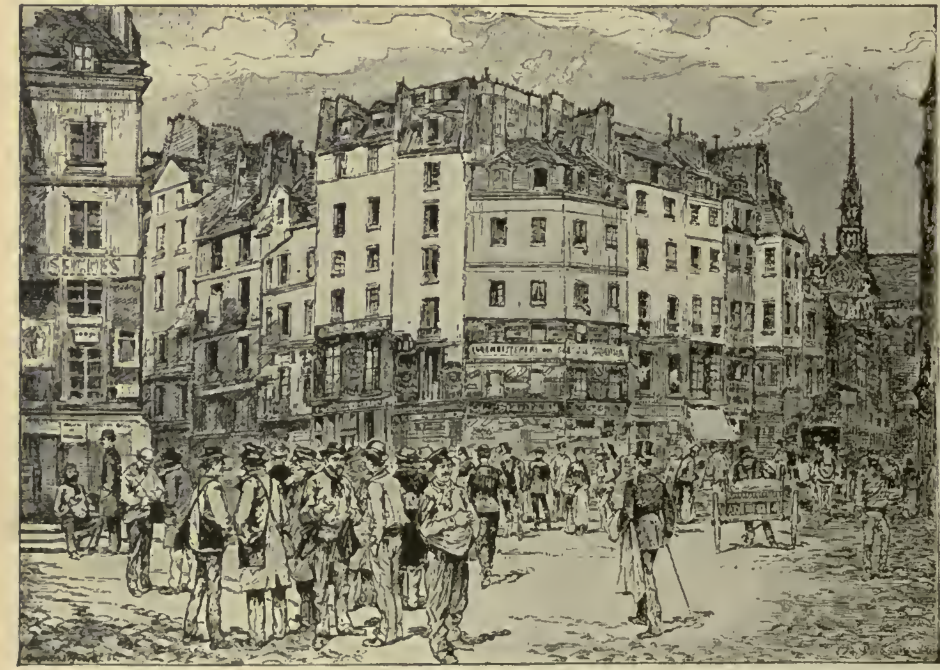


A MUNICIPAL LODGING HOUSE FOR THE POOR.

and the wrecks and ruins of worlds. A poor man with a single wish—for a hand large enough to scratch every part of his person at one time.

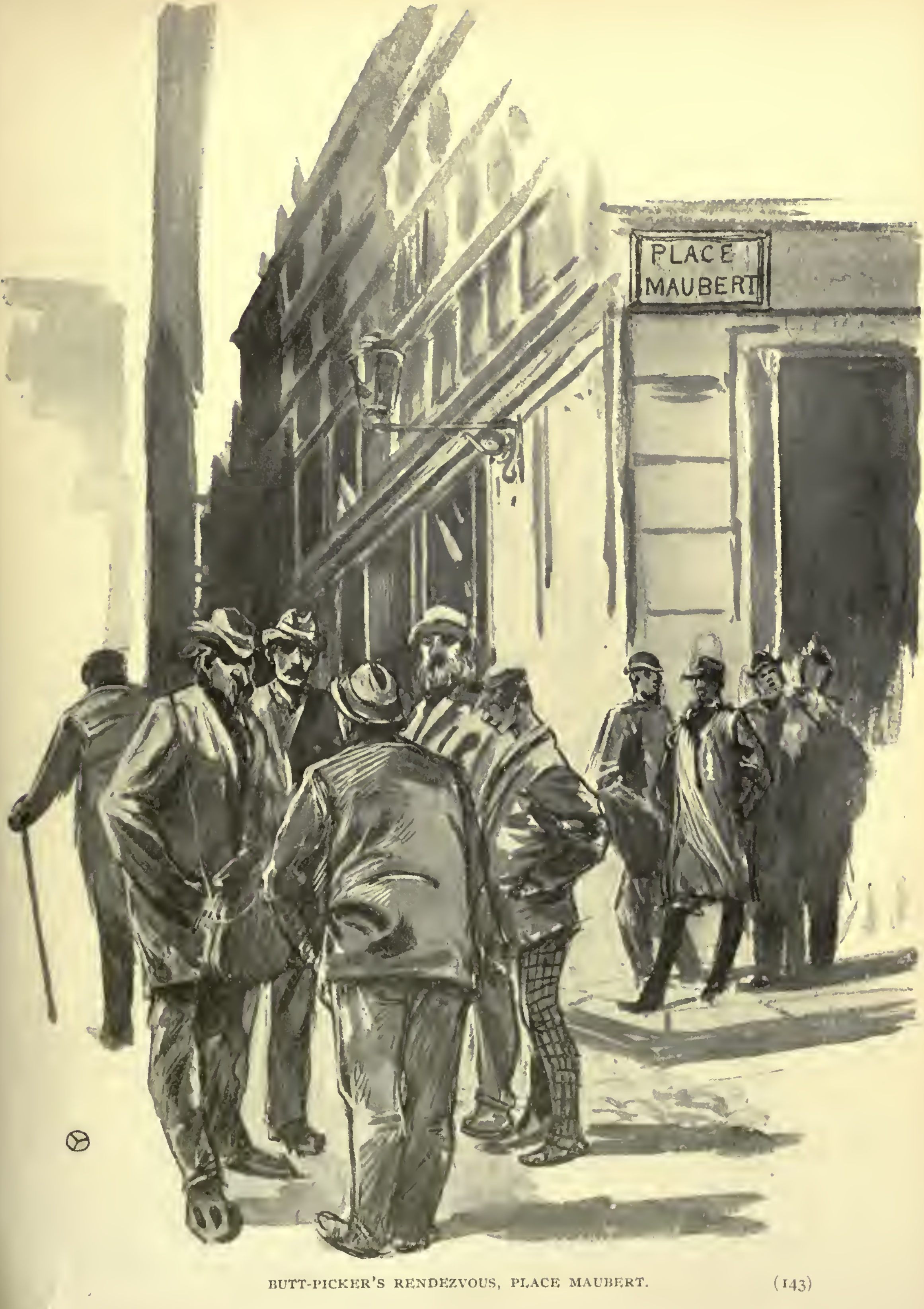
The Beggars' Bourse.

The poverty which is found in Paris is not so great as it is in other metropoli of the world, but it is more conspicuous because of its uniqueness, the odd conceits that render it often picturesque and always interesting. You may find in other cities gin-mills, wine-shops, squalid quarters, and wretchedness that follows drink and poverty. Paris is the only city of the earth that can boast a beggars' exchange. It is an anomaly, if not a paradox, but whatever the strangeness may be, it is none the less a fact that such an institution is as veritable a reality as is the Bourse or Corn Exchange. You naturally inquire how such a thing can be possible, and so it becomes my duty to explain this marvel.



BEGGARS' BOURSE, PLACE MAUBERT.

As I have already written, there are no beggars in Paris, except those that pursue the profession for the two or three days in every year when it is permitted. But there are thousands who have a beggarly appearance, and who make their living in many curious, and often questionable ways. I have already told you of the butt pickers, those unkempt and sorry looking fellows who haunt cafés on the fashionable boulevards to pick up the castaway stumps of cigars and the butts of cigarettes. Well, there is another set who confine themselves to searching the streets for rags, bits of paper, pins, wire, tin, glass, iron, leather, and other articles that they are able to dispose of at junk shops. The rag pickers are socially somewhat above the butt pickers, and have the distinction of living in a community to themselves and generally in their own houses. They enjoy a squatter's rights which vacant property owners concede to them in the suburbs, where by patience and some ingenuity a number of them have erected shelters of a composite character that serve them quite as well as a palace.


PLACE MAUBERT

BUTT-PICKER'S RENDEZVOUS, PLACE MAUBERT.

These houses are made of everything, and show more patches of tin, sheet-iron, old leather, cat-skins, and thatch than they do of boards, brick, and other building material. A few of them, by an exercise of great frugality, possess goats that give real milk and live off imaginary grass and several other things.

There are other classes from whom the Beggars' Bourse obtains its members, for every one is eligible who can bring to market a jack-knife, package of cigarettes, a discharge from a hospital, a letter of recommendation, a certificate of character, or, in short, anything that can be made serviceable to persons who want a chance to live without much work. A letter of discharge for good reasons, of recommendation or of character is as good to the bearer as it is to the original person who honestly received it, like a lost check made payable to "cash."

Every day at ten o'clock a hundred or more of these pursuivants of fortune, these attendants on the heralds of commercial growth, assemble in the square called Place Maubert and continue their business session until one o'clock. There is no caller among them, or auctioning of articles, but a free mixing up and exposure of things for exchange. A fellow with a bag of cigarette butts will trade his stock for a bag of rags, and a tatterdemalion will exchange his hospital discharge for a broken bottle of wine, but the man holding a certificate of character, so useful when asking for assistance, sets a high value on his possession and stamps about among his confreres of the street with a dignity peculiarly his own. He may trade it for a goat, if he has a place for the animal, or a cart load of bottles which are readily salable, but he will refuse to receive any proposal that has not a cash, or its equivalent, consideration. A view of this novel congregation of simple traders is a remarkably interesting one, and, during the last year, it has become a feature that now attracts almost as many curiosity-loving sight-seers as does the Paris Bourse itself.

CHAPTER IX.

CRIMINALS OF PARIS.

BEGGARS get quick justice," is a saying which better applies to our own country than to France; for having no clumsy jury system like ours to provide an escape for criminals, punishment is quicker and surer. Every person accused, however, is given the largest privilege compatible with the public good, and all trials are conducted in open court in the fairest manner, without prejudice to any rights which the person under charge may have or which justice in America would accord. If such person is too poor, or even unwilling, to employ counsel to conduct his defence, the court will appoint an attorney to represent the defendant, and there are no restrictions to prevent the fullest inquiry in every case, whether it be one of misdemeanor, felony, capital offence, or high crime against the State. But though punishment is usually swift and severe in France, statistics show that crime is quite as common there as it probably is in any other country, while offences of a peculiarly atrocious character are so numerous as to excite amazement. Motives are chiefly, and in the order named, robbery, jealousy, and conspiracy. It is a matter for remark, and a subject for the essayist who gloats over the incongruities of human passions and inspirations, that when a Frenchman resolves upon perpetrating a crime, as a rule he prepares to make it so revolting as to win him a kind of fame. His craving for novelty extends even to the means of helping his victim to leave the world. Jealousy is rampant in France; it is almost a chronic epidemic, a very plague, and the number who perish at the hand of that monster, by suicide and assassination, is on the increase. The cause is not far to seek, and indeed has already been presented.

If high crimes are rather common in France, there is pride in the fact that misdemeanors are comparatively few, and especially so in Paris, where we might expect the contrary to be true. The police courts of that great city are really uninteresting because so few offenders are brought before them. The morning sessions of municipal courts in America usually afford a great variety of scenes that move to pity and shock with disgust, but it is known that drink is the primary cause of probably nine-tenths of such law cases, and where drink rules, shame, pity, remorse, loathing, are in attendance. But in Paris there is little drunkenness, although the consumption of wine is enormous. A London statistician, after making a study of the subject, reports the following consumption of wine, cider, and other alcoholic spirits for each inhabitant of France:

"During the year 1895 11,347,222 gallons of grape juice was drunk, which averages thirty gallons per person. Paris heads the list with the average of seventy gallons a citizen, whilst in the Department of Var they are only one quart less. On the contrary, wine imbibing has fallen very low indeed in the Orne Department, where each man, woman or child is put down for only two gallons in the year, and none of the northwestern districts show a much better record. But here they make up in the consumption of cider for what they have failed to accomplish with the wine cup.

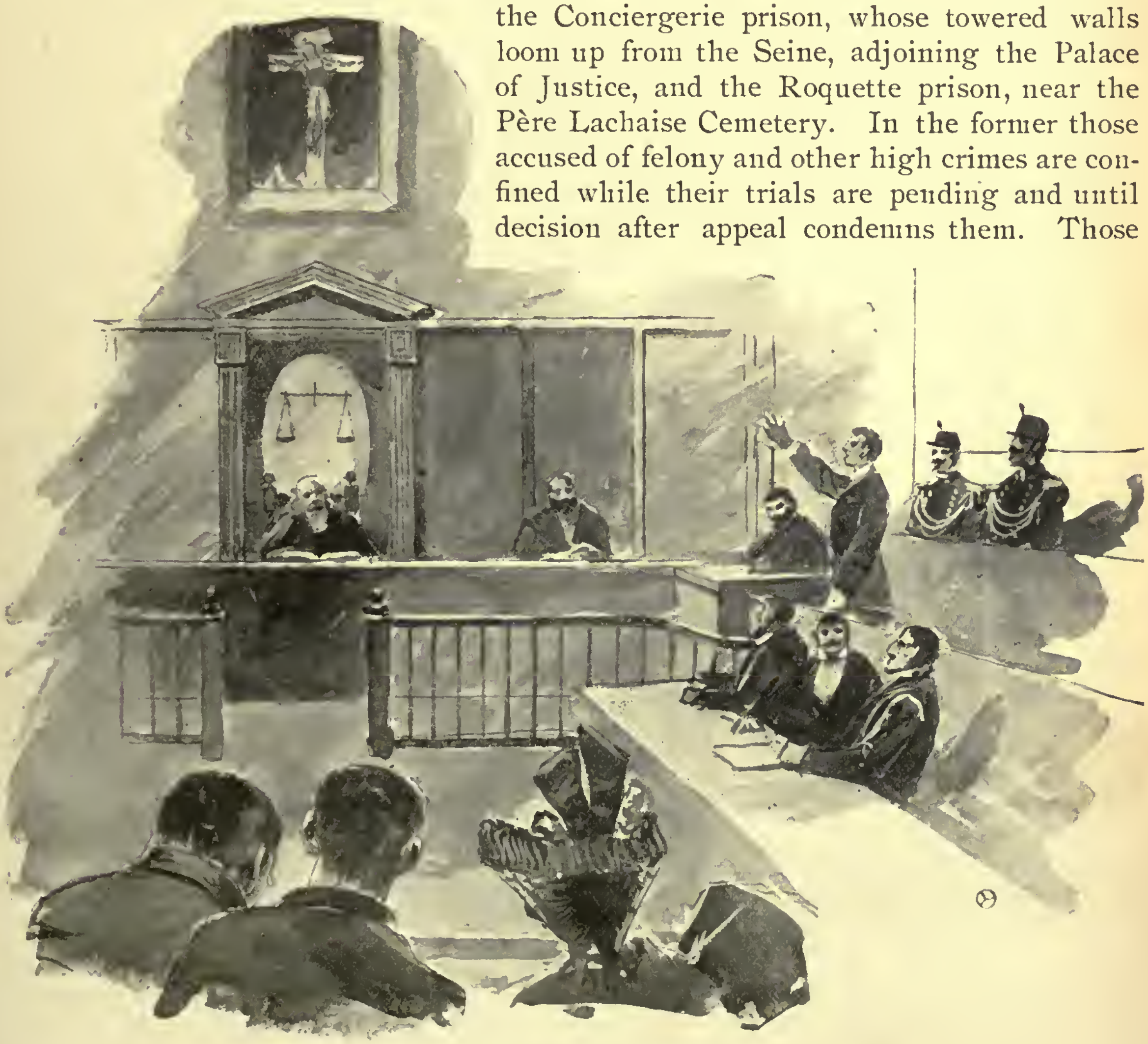
ENTRANCE TO THE COURT OF ASSIZES.

"The Manche Department comes out first with the very respectable total of 110 gallons of cider for each inhabitant, and all along the Normandy Coast and toward the Belgian frontier the average remains at a very high figure. On the other hand, there are thirty-five departments in France where no cider is drunk at all. Coming to the spirit drinking, each inhabitant is represented as disposing of about one gallon in the course of twelve months."

The wine used in largest quantity in France contains so little alcohol that it may be said to be non-intoxicating, and absinthe, which is the next most popular drink, in Paris, at least, contains none whatever. This fact will readily account for the small business done at the police courts in Paris, while offenders who are brought before that bar, instead of being composed of leery, bloated, and grimy men and women, have, as a rule, the semi-genteel appearance of petty thieves and suspicious characters.

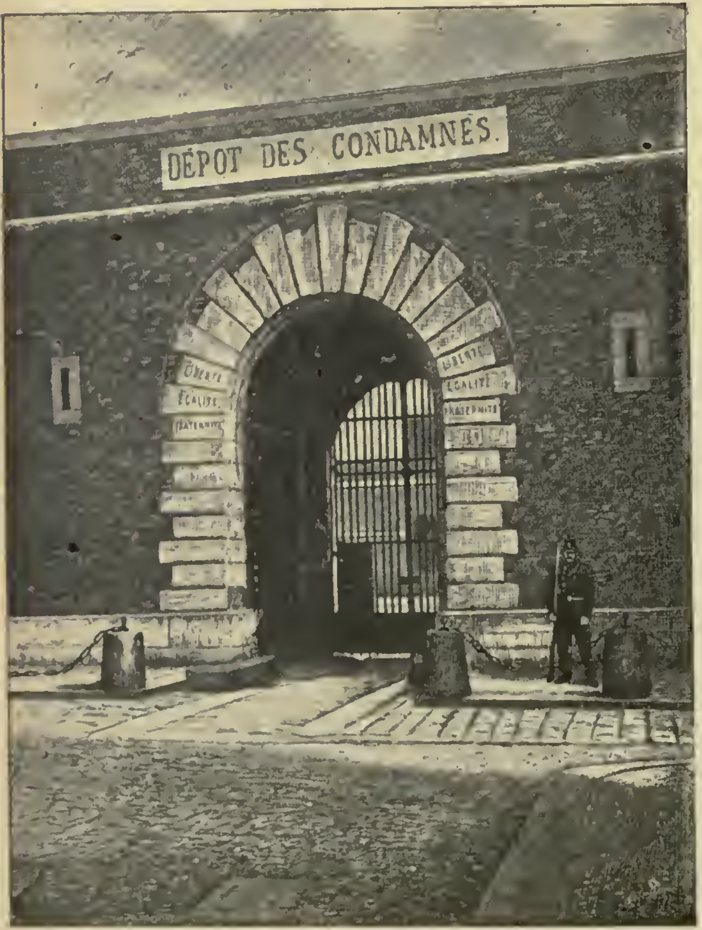
Some Terrible Reminders.

There are two places in Paris that have a terrible aspect for criminals, viz.: the Conciergerie prison, whose towered walls loom up from the Seine, adjoining the Palace of Justice, and the Roquette prison, near the Père Lachaise Cemetery. In the former those accused of felony and other high crimes are confined while their trials are pending and until decision after appeal condemns them. Those who receive sentence of death, or deportation, are removed to the Prison de la Roquette, which is a massive castellated structure very similar in appearance to the Prison des Jeunes Détenus—for confining youthful criminals, a kind of reform school—and from which it is separated by a stone-paved space of some hundred and fifty feet, which is the public place of execution. This spot is a tragedy,



A PARIS POLICE COURT SCENE.

drunk as it is with the blood of martyrs and patriots as well as of criminals, a place memorable for all time for the murderous riot that surged about it in the sad days of 1871. During the reign of terror of May, 1871, when Communism was harrowing the city with sword and fire-brand, within the prison Roquette occurred the murder of six priests who had been seized by the Commune as hostages. Among these unfortunates were Archbishop Darboy, President Bonjean, and the Abbé Allard. A few days later thirty-seven other prisoners held here by the Communists were shot in the prison, and twenty-eight policemen here confined were taken hence to Père Lachaise Cemetery and similarly executed. This exhibition of their power was like the odor of blood to a bull's nostrils, and the Communists, who having now begun a slaughter, resolved to continue the horrid work even if indiscriminate murder were to follow. They accordingly, on the day after the execution in Père Lachaise, liberated all the criminals in Roquette and placing arms in their hands commanded them to massacre without mercy every person who had been thrown into prison by order of the Commune, among whom were seventy policemen. Fortunately, at the moment this work of fiendish revenge was about to be put into execution a large body of troops rushed to the rescue and drove the Communists and liberated prisoners to a refuge in Père Lachaise, from which they were dislodged by a fire of cannon and musketry, and most of them afterward captured.



ENTRANCE TO THE ROQUETTE PRISON.

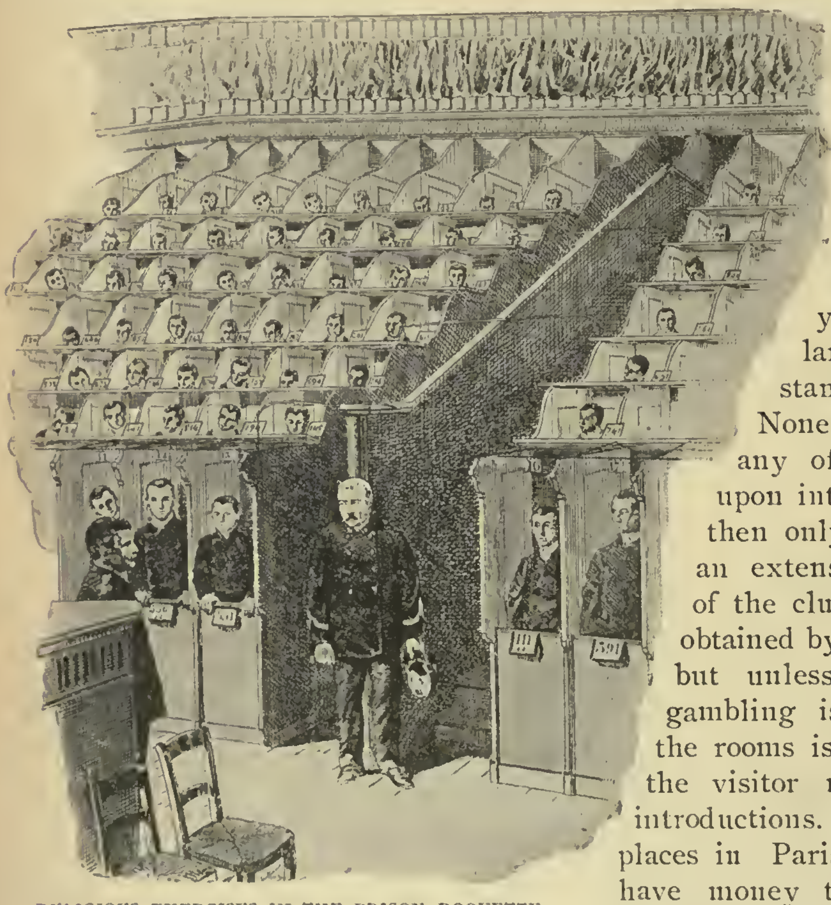
Prisoners under sentence of death, when confined in the Roquette, are treated in the kindest possible manner. They are attended by two death watchers, but instead of these guardians being always seen marching with a kind of funeral tread before the barred door of the condemned, they remain much of their time in his cell and contribute to his entertainment in many ways, the playing of cards being a popular form of amusement. The condemned man never knows the day of his execution, for though sentence is pronounced some time in advance, the date of enforcement is not fixed until two or three days before the final scene. All death sentences under the civil law in France are executed by the guillotine, an instrument that operates very much like a pile-driver, in which a heavy knife, with edge set at an angle to increase its cutting force, takes the place of a driving weight. All executions are public but they take place at such an early hour in the morning, while the date is announced so short a time in advance, that the crowd in attendance is not always large, nor is the gory sight to be plainly witnessed. In case the condemned is a person who has gained notoriety, by a long course of crime, or by a peculiarly foul murder, and especially if he be an assassin, the number that crowd to the place of execution is very great, so large at times as to be beyond control of the authorities, and some disgraceful riots have occurred in consequence, but a common criminal is rarely accorded the distinction of a "big house."

Before daylight on the morning of execution, the condemned culprit is taken to a barber-shop within the prison, where his hair is cut short and the yoke of his shirt is trimmed so as to expose his entire neck. His hands are then tied behind his back, and without coat he is marched between two files of guards to the spot in the street where the guillotine has been set up the evening before. The process of decapitation is simple. The unfortunate is laid face down on a board that runs on a metal slide to a position that brings his neck squarely beneath the knife, which descends at a signal given by the proper officer, and the tragedy is ended by the dissevered head dropping into a basket.

A CARD GAME BETWEEN GUARDS AND A CONDEMNED PRISONER IN THE ROQUETTE.

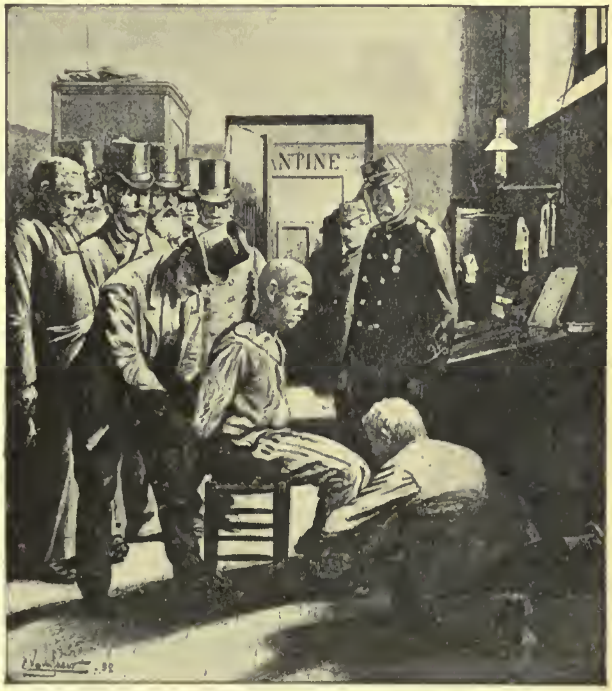
Gambling in Paris.

The French are great gamblers, but they are peculiar in confining their amusements of this kind to certain cities, apparently being ashamed to engage in such a vice within the locality of their residences. It must be for some such reason as this that there are so few gambling houses in Paris, while so many Frenchmen are to be seen pursuing fortune at the hells of Monte Carlo, Baden-Baden, and other European resorts. But there are a great many clubs in Paris, not a few of which are splendidly furnished, and as these provide a seclusion which, in their estimation, excuses any vices they may see proper to practice therein, a great deal of gambling is indulged under such covers. The games most generally played are *vingt-et-un* (twenty-one), *rouge-et-noir* (black and white), *trente-et-quarante* (thirty and forty), *baccarat*, *roulette*, and *poker*. This last game is an importation from America, but one to which the French take kindly, so that it has in recent years become as popular, almost, as any of the standard French games. None but members can enter any of these clubs, except upon introduction by card, and then only for a fortnight. If an extension of the privileges of the club is desired it may be obtained by request of a member, but unless it be a club where gambling is a feature, access to the rooms is not easily gained, and the visitor must have influential introductions. There are, of course, places in Paris where visitors who have money to risk are welcomed heartily, where gambling is almost constant, and the stakes are large. These are the resort of many swift young men from America, and I know of professionals who hail from this country who spend a greater part of their time contending with Frenchmen on the field of the green cloth of gold. But it cannot be said that gambling is a very popular vice in Paris, except at the race-courses, where it is a positive craze. There are, it seems, too many other more interesting forms of amusement that take money rapidly, for the distinctively sporting class to confine themselves indoors at a gambling table.


RELIGIOUS EXERCISES IN THE PRISON ROQUETTE.

Horse-Racing in Paris.

There is a wonderful amount of wealth in Paris. It is a haven and heaven for political refugees, who having robbed foreign countries escape by covert means and find safe asylum in France. About the billiard room and court of the Grand Hotel may be seen more ex-presidents of South American republics, and offshoots of deposed royalty, than in any other place of the world. Dom Pedro was exiled from Brazil, and, like others of his class, made his home in Paris, and was buried with kingly honors from the Madeleine. In Paris, Queen Isabella, of Spain, maintains her palace with all the accessories of a grand court. The sad face of the Empress Eugenie may be occasionally seen in a fine carriage on the Bois, while lesser royal luminaries, such as duchesses, marchionesses, countesses, dukes, vicomtes, and boroughless barons, are extremely common, so numerous that they attract no attention even when they roll along the boulevards in splendid equipages. But wealthy people of the aristocratic classes must have amusement of an exciting kind, and they manage to find it in great quantity at the race-courses of Longchamps and Chantilly.

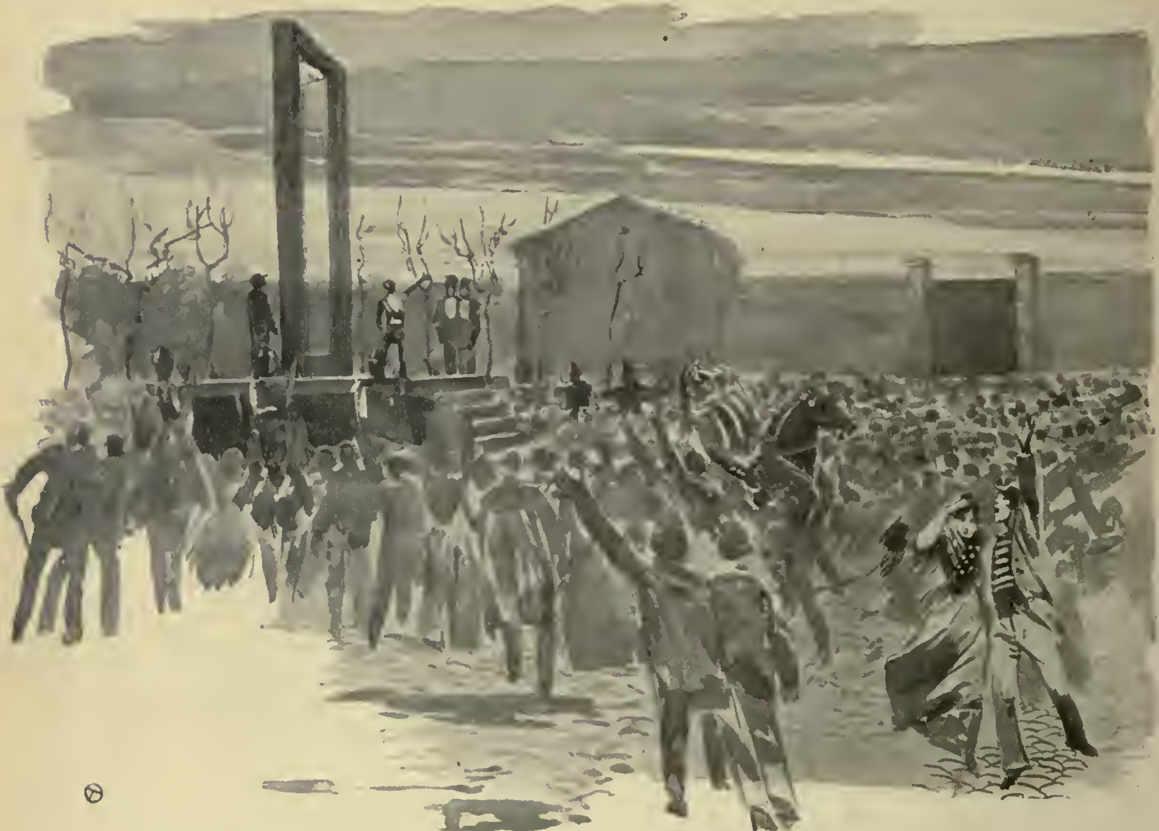


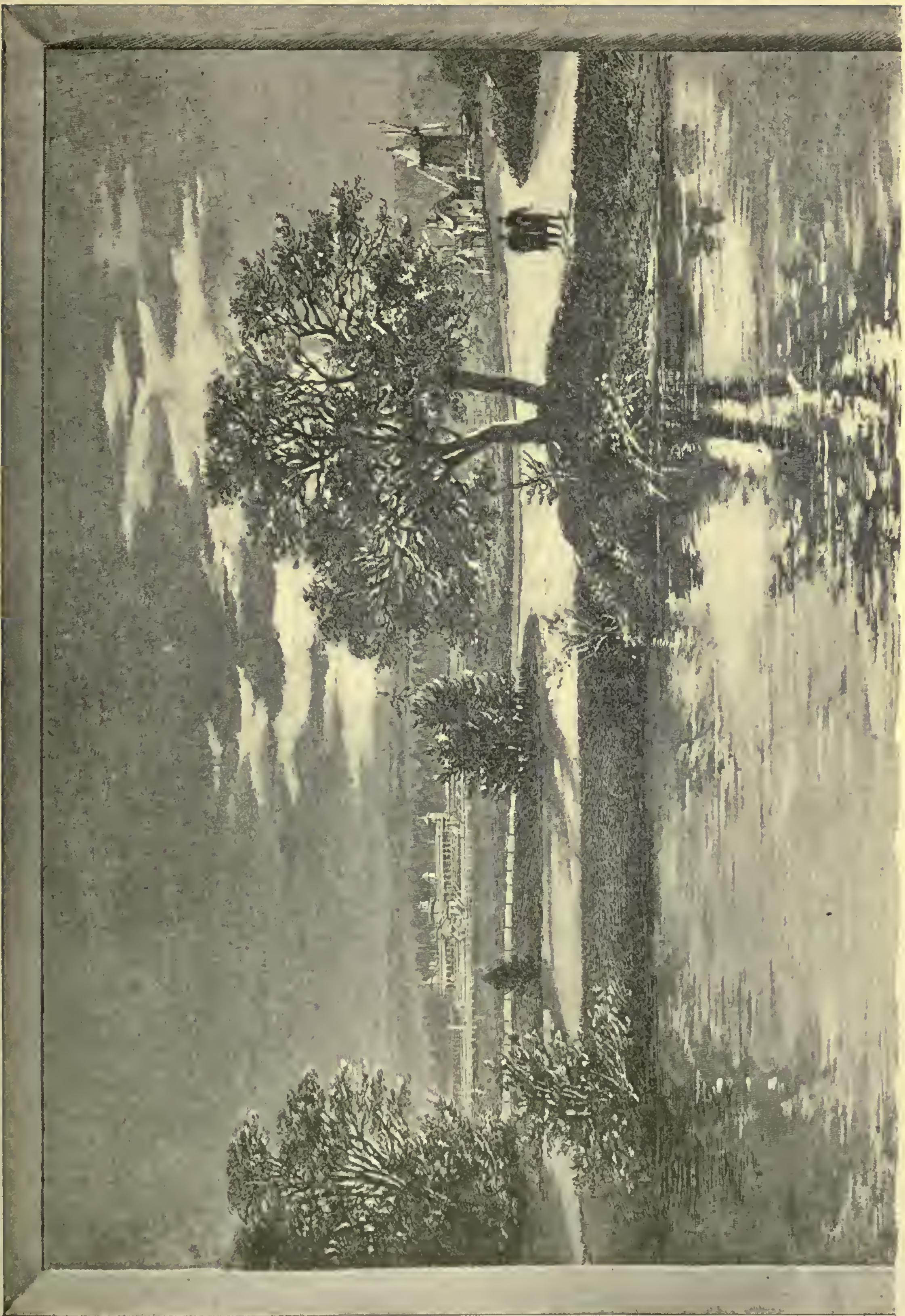
PREPARING A CRIMINAL FOR EXECUTION.

You who have never been in Paris will be astonished to find that horse-racing is conducted under municipal patronage, and is therefore made an institution of recognized respectability so far as the law can make it such. There are two associations that control all the racing in and about Paris, viz.: the Jockey Club, called the *Societie d'encouragement de la race chevaliere*; and the society of the steeple chase of France, known to the French as the *Circle de la rue royal.* The former conduct the races that are run every Sunday from spring to fall, inclusive, at Longchamps and Chantilly. The latter have the administration of the steeple and hurdle racing at Auteuil and St. Germain, which are run during the spring and fall, but not in midsummer.

French mutuals is the only method of betting that is allowed by law in Paris, but book-making is conducted quietly, though it has to be done in confidence, as open posting would subject book-makers to summary arrest. In conducting the mutuals, officers of the government are present to see that the winnings are justly distributed, because 7 per cent is deducted therefrom, 3 per cent of which is taken and applied to the fund for taking care of the Paris poor, and 4 per cent is allowed the administration. This largely increases the percentage against those who play the mutuals, but it does not seem to reduce the number who are fascinated by this form of gambling, as the combined business of all mutuals in the Paris races is said to amount to the enormous sum of $40,000,000 annually. It is not believed by Frenchmen that near 3 per cent of this amount ($1,200,000) is used to assist the poor.

The races, wherever held, are attended by great crowds, but the supreme events are the great meetings run at Chantilly thrice every year, in May, September, and October, and the Grand Prix, which is run on the Longchamps course early in June. Chantilly is a town of some 4000 inhabitants about eighteen miles from Paris, which became famous in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries as the residence of the Condes, whose magnificent fêtes, given to Louis XIV., are a part of French history that the people have not yet quit talking about. Opposite the station is a stately forest, to the left of which is the *Pelouse* (race-course), which occupies about 125 acres of beautifully rolled country that is perfectly adapted to the purpose for which it is now used. Near the forest is the grand-stand, capable of seating 20,000 persons, and on the left are extensive stables built by the Condes, which are well preserved and open to public inspection Thursdays and Saturdays.


AN EXECUTION BEFORE THE PRISON LA ROQUETTE.



GRAND STAND AT THE LONGCHAMP RACE COURSE.

There is a château of two main divisions, separated from the race-course by beautiful though small lakes, that is celebrated as the home of the Condes, and as might be expected it is a beautiful building. This splendid property passed by inheritance, as heir of the Condes, to the Duc d'Aumale, who became so offensive to the republicans, in the revolution of 1870, as a partisan of the Orleans princes, that he was banished from the country and his estates confiscated. Two years later, however, a decree passed the National Assembly restoring to him the property of which he had been deprived during the second empire, and he returned to France to largely improve the grounds, and afterward to present them as a gift to the city.

The Grand Prix, or French Derby.

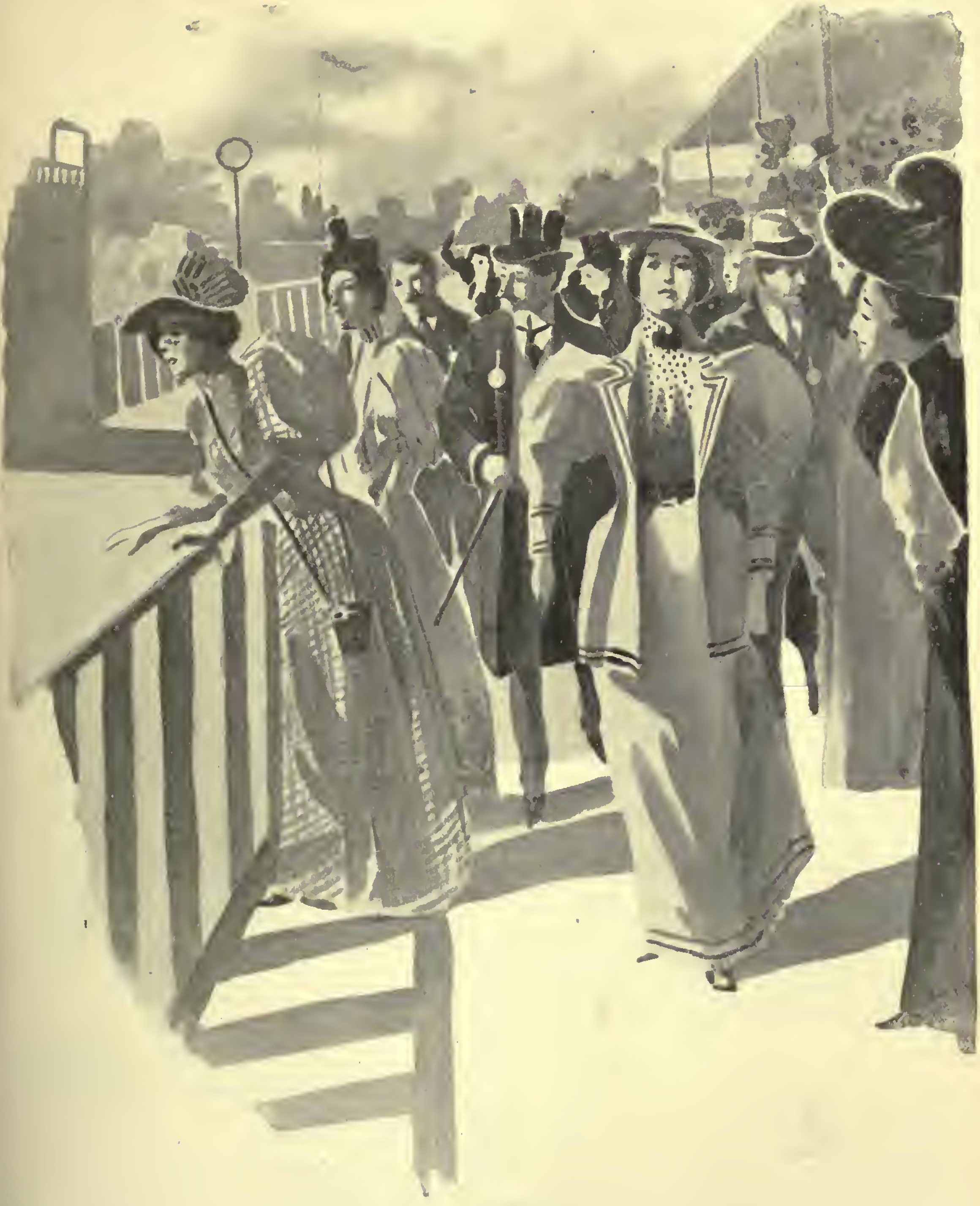
The Hippodrome de Longchamp takes its name from the ancient Abbey of Longchamp, the remains of which are still to be seen in the Moulin de la Galette, or biscuit mill, whose long arms are bared to the wind above the poplar trees that stand as sentries just west of the Pelouse. *Pelouse* in French means a green sward, but it is used to signify a race-course because all horse races in France, and the Derby of England, also, are run on the grass, instead of on a made track as in this country.

The race called Premiere de Longchamp is run at the beginning of April, and opens the spring season. It is a great event because the spring fashions then make their appearance, and the sight of fresh and exquisitely toileted women is a magnificent one in the extreme. The principal purse contended for at this opening season is the "Cadran," of $6000, but though the prize is a comparatively small one the opportunity for betting and making an exhibition of fine clothes is a very fine one, so that there is ample attraction for the immense crowds that attend.

The greatest sight is to be witnessed on Longchamp at the beginning of June, when the Grand Prix (great prize) of $20,000 is contested for, which affords the last chance for fashion to attend the races before fall, as immediately thereafter everybody who has the means to take a vacation leaves Paris to spend the remainder of the season at European summer resorts. The charge for a seat in the grandstand is $1.00, and for a carriage to take you to the course the cost is generally about $5.00, for on this great day, when all Paris is on wheels, cabmen may fix their own tariffs. If you take a carriage into the grounds you will be required to pay $3.00 for one horse, or $4.00 for two, nor can you occupy them without paying $1.00 extra. The expense, therefore, connected with a visit to Longchamps to witness the Grand Prix can never be small, but may be very great, dependent of course on your company and your luck.

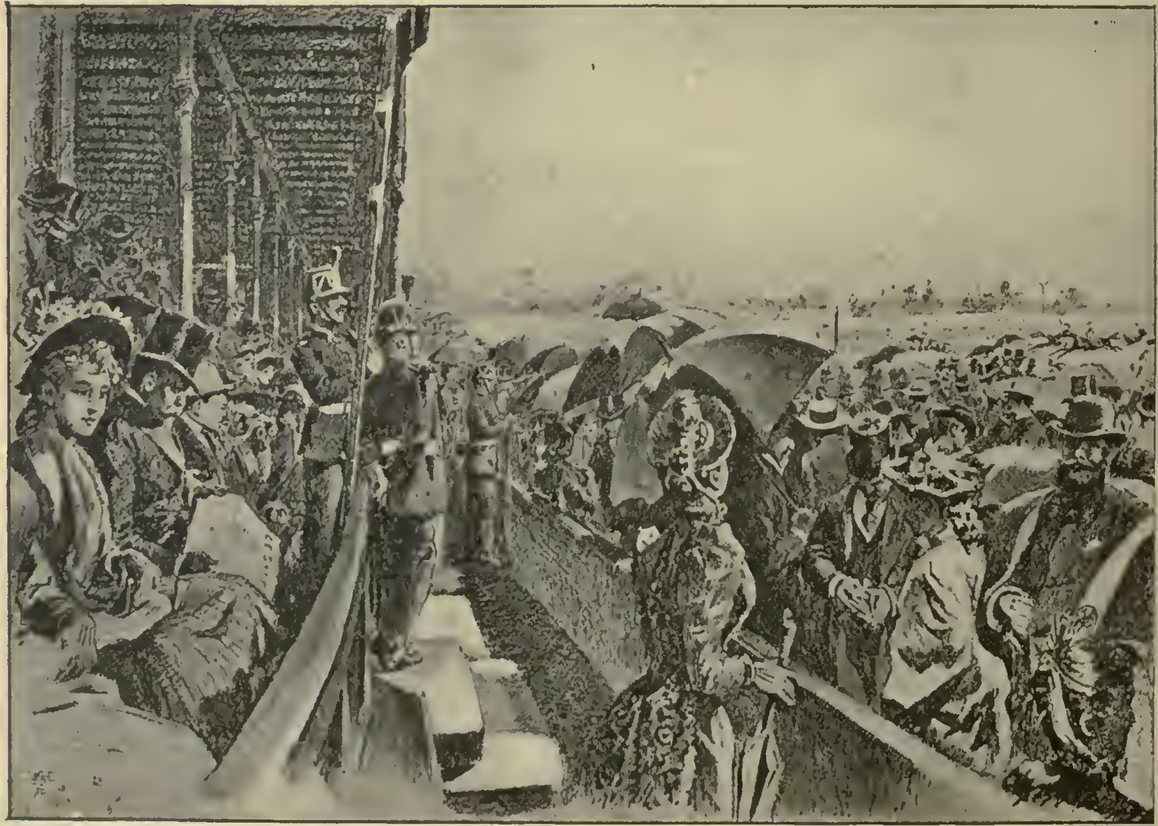
Gorgeous Dressers at the Races.

It is not an uncommon thing for as many as 250,000 persons to be in attendance upon this famous race, and the sight of the carriages passing out

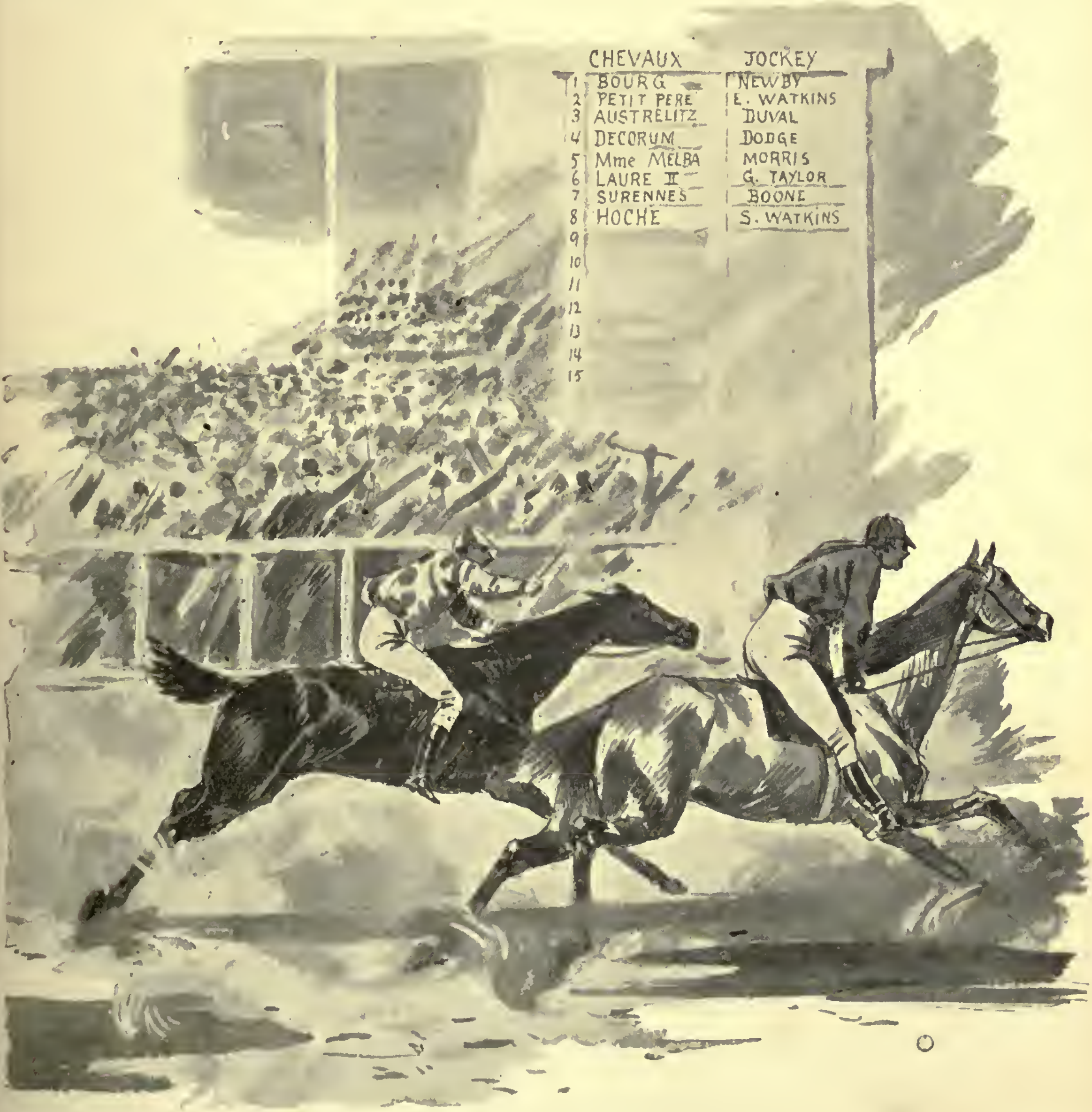


BEAUTY AT THE GRAND PRIX.

the Champs Elysées and Bois de Boulogne is one so impressively grand and kaleidoscopic that it can never fade from the mind of the beholder. Nearly all the carriages are of a high grade, and many are almost regal in their magnificence, drawn by horses that are groomed until they are bright as looking-glasses, comely as Pegasus, and covered with trappings that gleam with silver and gold. The occupants are dressed like the rainbow, and are radiant as the blush of morning, lounging in victorias, perched to advantage on traps, sitting prim in buggies, reclining negligently in barouches, jogging gracefully in pretty carts, looking like picnic belles on the top of coaches, the scene is a picture that changes from beauty to surprise, and from admiration to astonishment. But if the scene of going to the races be fascinating, what must a sight of the grand-stand be when the horses are brought up and the jockeys appear in their uniforms of many colors? There is a fair division of sex in attendance, but the women hide the men from view by profusion of finery and brilliancy of hue. French women rarely wear large hats, but they make up for lack of size by gorgeousness of colors, so that conspicuousness is preserved. Their dresses, too, are marvels of splendor, which are made with such exquisite taste and charming appropriateness that even the homeliest wearer in such apparel must appear


THE PREFECT OF POLICE AT THE RACES.

lovely. As the eye wanders over this scene of beauty, there succeeds the sensation of a heavenly trance, a vision golden with matchless glory seems to arise, and the entrancement does not expire until you are awakened by screams of exultation and excitement that set the air in commotion as the horses are sent away. That enormous bank of flowers is suddenly disturbed, and its rich colors gleam, and scintillate, and sparkle, as the crowd rises and sways to catch a view of the contestants as they fly away over the green, cross the second quarter at a slower pace, and finally come down the stretch like rockets, amid thunders of


CHEVAUX
JOCKEY
1 BOURG
NEWBY
2 PETIT PERE
E. WATKINS
3 AUSTRELITZ
DUVAL
4 DECORUM
DODGE
5 Mme MELBA
MORRIS
6 LAURE II
G. TAYLOR
7 SURENNES
BOONE
8 HOCHE
S. WATKINS
9
10
11
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15

FINISH OF A HORSE RACE AT AUTEUIL (SUBURB).

applause that fairly shake the earth, and which rise and fall, and are repeated again until the voice of echo becomes too hoarse to rise again.

Excitement at the Races.

No other people on earth are so excitable as the French. They live on excitement as much as they do upon sensations, and where else is this characteristic shown in the fullness of its supreme degree as at the Grand Prix! The betting is so animated that the bookkeepers are at times almost covered with money, thrown at them by crowds overrunning each other outside the mutual office in their anxiety to place their bets. And in this terrible jam, women who have no escorts, and they are numerous, enter the struggle and fight as eagerly for positions, and they are even more reckless than the men in backing their choices. But the culmination scene, which is when the horses pass the goal, is pandemonium itself, a bedlam, a riot, a revolution of uproar and confusion that runs like a swift infection through the vast assemblage until the whole attendance appears to be ravening with rage and lunacy. It is impossible for a stranger to understand the cause of such horrent display, and he imagines that a thousand persons are being crushed to death by a stampede. Here and there he will see a cane raised in threatening attitude and a fist sails through the air to reinforce hurtling invectives; women's parasols are reversed and men's high hats have the second story taken off them, but when the tangle begins slowly to unwind, and small clear places to appear, you look in vain for mangled remains on the ground, and in a little while the crowd moves toward awaiting vehicles, a sea of waving color, and to your astonishment there is no one hurt. Fights indeed are frequent, but the results are like those that attend duels with squirt guns, or between hens that are all fuss and feathers. When one Frenchman hits another it is with a gentle stroke such as might be given by a maiden to her lover when she reproves him for not being more ardent. One may knock another's hat into hopeless dismemberment, but he is careful to strike high so as not to harm a hair inside. And when fists are used it is only to fire blank cartridges, for the range is set too far for execution. But oh, my, the noise; the perturbation of air, and the battle cry of vituperation, and the cyclones of threatening! Then the clouds pass, the atmosphere is purified, and peace resumes her sway.

CHAPTER X.

THE MONUMENTS OF PARIS.

BEAUTIFUL things in art or nature claim our appreciation the more when viewed immediately after seeing the hideous. And so it is with pleasure, we turn from descriptions of the immoralities that are attached, like barnacles, to ships of states and municipalities; from looking at the diseases and deformities that afflict great cities, to consider the attractions and glories, the grandeur and moral greatness that distinguish them. Although Paris is, in many respects, a Babylon of iniquity, she is, despite her deliquencies, a city quite as remarkable for the magnificence of her monuments, which attest the imperishable splendor of her history, and the forever brilliant lustre of her achievements. Contrast the most beautiful and wealthiest city of the world as it stands to-day, the supreme municipal attraction of the earth, with the village of mud huts and barbarity of two thousand years ago, from which it sprung! Think, if you can, of a mother of depraved ignorance bringing forth a child whose glorious renown fills the world and illuminates, with the radiance of wonderful accomplishments, the grandest century of history, the splendid civilization of our own times. Let us therefore consider with broadest charity the vices that distort her otherwise fair face, and lose all thought of these in an honest admiration of her amazing charms of monumental embellishments. Persons are often great even when afflicted by evil habits; prominence of faults sometimes serve to emphasize the virtues that are wedded to them. If this be true of individuals, how manifest must it be of cities whose populations can never be wholly homogeneous, since nature makes them as diverse as are occupations!

I pray that my readers may find more interest in learning of the beauties of Paris, marking as they do the steps of her advancement—the sacrifices made by the noble sons of France, the fiery ordeals through which she has passed, the issues of blood that she has mastered—than in reading stories of her shame, as a Magdalene.

Place de la Concorde.

The central beauty-spot of Paris is a wreath of flowers laid upon the grave of revolution; a little child bowing above a mound under which reposes the relics of fratricide. Not a tribute to anarchy, but a monument commemorating events which by a sacrifice of thousands wrought liberty, equality, and fraternity.

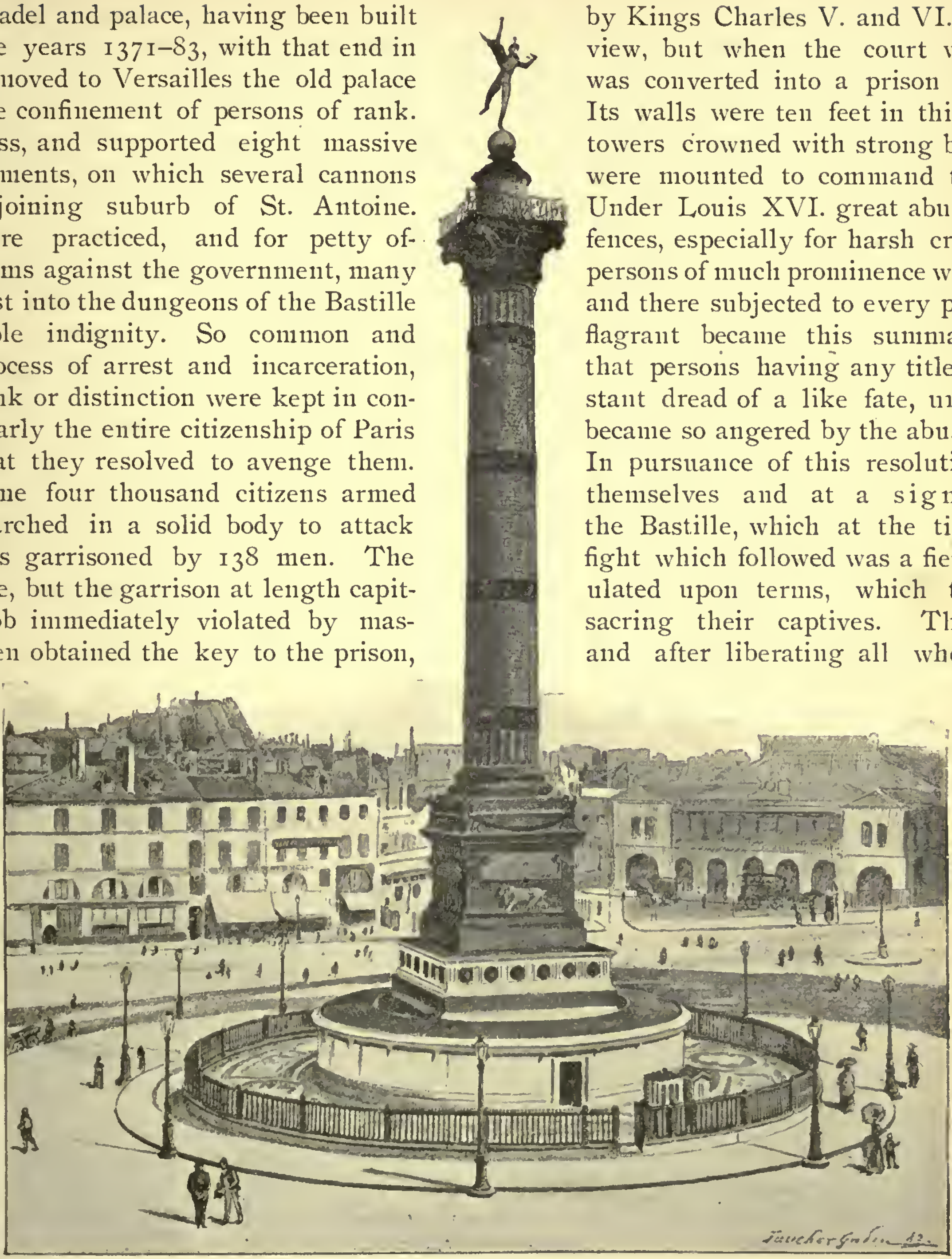
This glorious grave of discord is the Place de la Concorde, signifying place of harmony and reconciliation. It covers an area of 1170 feet in length by 705 feet in width surrounded by the Chamber of Deputies—The French Congress—on the south; the Champs Elysées Park and Avenue on the west; the Tuileries Garden on the east, and the Rue de Rivoli and Ministry of the Marine on the north. The Place was a public square two hundred years ago, but in 1763 the first effort was made to beautify it, at which time several fine statues were set up and it received the name Place de Louis XV. Seven years later (1770) the place received its first baptism of blood, when, during an exhibition of fireworks celebrating the marriage of the Dauphin (Louis XVI.) with Marie Antoinette, a panic ensued over the injury of a few persons by an exploding rocket, in which 1200 persons were trampled to death and 2000 others seriously injured. This shocking accident seemed to prepare the way for more terrible tragedies that were soon to be enacted on the spot.

The French Revolution, at the very mention of which people shudder to this day, had its bloodiest culmination in this place. The battles of Jacobins and Girondists raged in many parts of the city, and in the suburbs. Conflict after conflict occurred at the barricades thrown across streets, but the contest gravitated naturally toward this great centre until in 1793 the voracious guillotine was set up here and the sacrifice was begun. Here royalty was flung from its high estate by the execution of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette, followed by the decapitation of such historic characters as Charlotte Corday, Danton, Robespierre, Hebert, Desmoulins, the Duke of Orleans, and 2800 other persons who had distinguished themselves in the Revolution.

After the horrifying slaughter of 1793 the place was shunned as a field of blood, a spot hated for its tragedies, and haunted by spirits of murdered thousands. But these superstitious fears and prejudices finally abated and totally disappeared before a proposition to dedicate the place to the cause of liberty, a spot sacred for the sufferings and sacrifices that had been made upon it, such as had appalled the world. Accordingly a great obelisk, 3500 years old, weighing 240 tons, and standing seventy-six feet high, was brought from Egypt and set up in the centre, while around the square were grouped eight colossal stone figures representing as many great cities of France. These rich embellishments were completed in 1830, and the spot was newly dedicated, with becoming ceremonies, as the Place de la Concorde, whose magnificence is now as an eighth wonder of the world.

Column of July—Place de la Bastille.

An almost equally famous spot in Paris is marked by a magnificently imposing shaft called the Column of July, marking the site of the hated Bastille, whose destruction by citizens in 1789 was the first overt act of the revolutionists. The Bastille stood at what is now the west end of the Rue St. Antoine, which is a continuation of the Rue Rivoli. It originally served the double purpose of

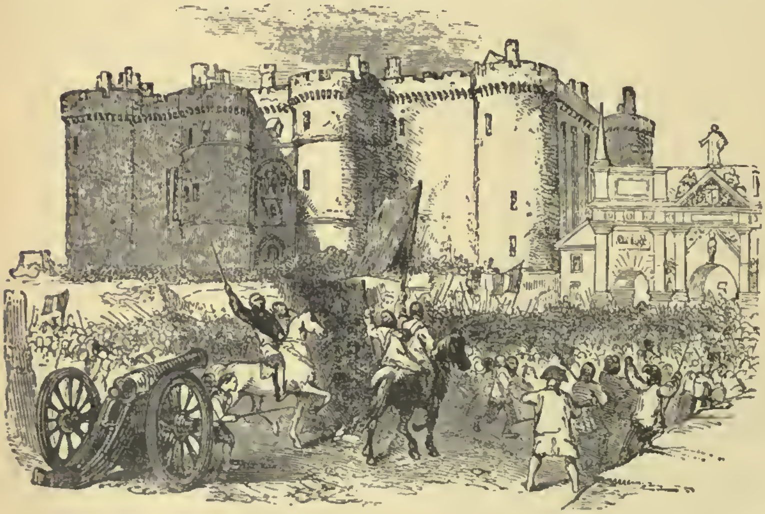


THE COLUMN OF JULY.

citadel and palace, having been built by Kings Charles V. and VI. in the years 1371–83, with that end in view, but when the court was removed to Versailles the old palace was converted into a prison for the confinement of persons of rank. Its walls were ten feet in thickness, and supported eight massive towers crowned with strong battlements, on which several cannons were mounted to command the adjoining suburb of St. Antoine. Under Louis XVI. great abuses were practiced, and for petty offences, especially for harsh criticisms against the government, many persons of much prominence were cast into the dungeons of the Bastille and there subjected to every possible indignity. So common and flagrant became this summary process of arrest and incarceration, that persons having any title to rank or distinction were kept in constant dread of a like fate, until nearly the entire citizenship of Paris became so angered by the abuses that they resolved to avenge them. In pursuance of this resolution some four thousand citizens armed themselves and at a signal marched in a solid body to attack the Bastille, which at the time was garrisoned by 138 men. The fight which followed was a fierce one, but the garrison at length capitulated upon terms, which the mob immediately violated by massacring their captives. They then obtained the key to the prison, and after liberating all whom they could find within its gloomy walls in savage fury they tore down the building, even though the labor of doing so was very great, and scattered the stones.

This capture and destruction of the Bastille took place on July 14, 1789, which has since been made the French day of independence, and is celebrated every year in a manner as enthusiastic as Americans observe the Fourth of July.

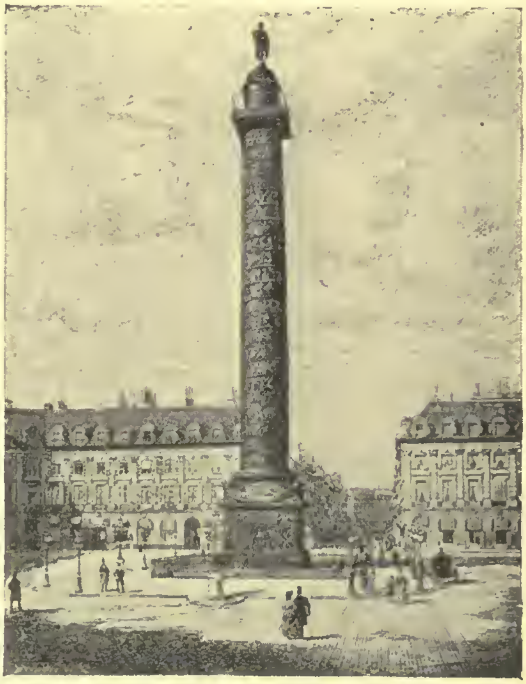
Napoleon undertook to mark the site with a unique monument in the form of a bronze elephant, which he intended should be seventy-eight feet in height, and actually carried this design so far into execution as to have the foundation laid, when the foolish, because most inappropriate, project was abandoned. But the national spirit was so strong in 1830 that, after embellishing and dedicating the Place de la Concorde, proposal was made to similarly consecrate the site of the Bastille with a splendid monument. The work of construction did not begin, however, until ten years later, when the design submitted by Alavoine was accepted. The column is thirteen feet thick, sheathed with bronze plates, and rises to a height of 154 feet, terminating in a capital, the crown of which is a winged figure of Liberty poised gracefully on a globe and bearing a torch in the right hand. It rests on a base of white marble, supporting a square plinth decorated with medallions that symbolize the virtues. The plinth and column are alike emblazoned with the names of a number of persons who distinguished themselves in the war of the great revolution. The interior is hollow, and a flight of 212 steps leads to the top of the balustraded capital, from which a beautiful and wide commanding view of Paris may be had.



SIEGE OF THE BASTILLE.

The Column Vendome.

Perhaps the greatest, probably the largest, and certainly the most splendid column to be seen in any part of the world is that which stands in the Place Vendome, which is a square through which passes the Rue de la Paix, one of the very fine streets of Paris noted for its shops. This stupendous memorial of the Napoleonic victories of 1805, over the Russians and Austrians, was erected by order of Napoleon in 1806–10 by three architects, named respectively Lepére, Denon, and Gondonin. The column, which is 13 feet thick and 142 feet in height, is composed of heavy masonry belted with plates of bronze, after designs by Bergeret, that form a spiral band 300 yards in length from the plinth to the capital. On the plates is stamped in relief a representation of battle scenes, covering the entire campaign from the march from Boulogne to the decisive battle of Austerlitz, most of the figures being three feet in height, and are portraits of all the leading officers of that memorable campaign, while on the apex of the column stands in towering grandeur a heroic bronze statue of Napoleon, by Dumont, garbed in imperial robes, replacing the original, which was designed by Chaudet. To obtain the immense quantity of bronze required to belt this gigantic column, and at the same time to make it a more fitting commemoration of the victories achieved in the greatest of Napoleon's campaigns, 1200 of the largest cannons captured from the Russians and Austrians were melted down, and all the metal recast in molds prepared for the purpose of making the plates.

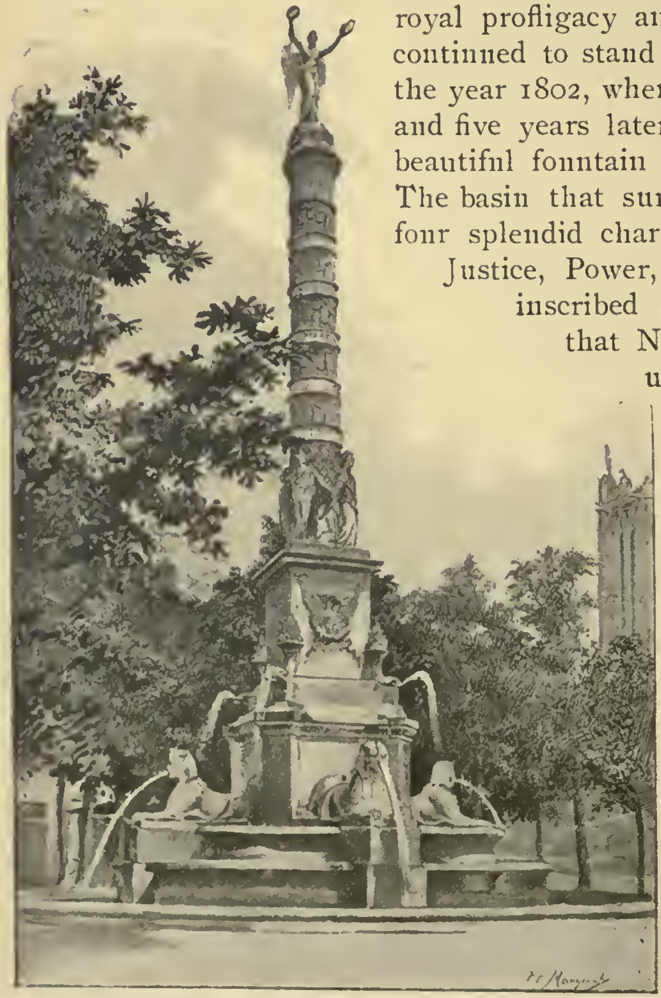

COLUMN VENDOME.

Since its erection the Column Vendome has been exposed to many vicissitudes that more than once threatened its annihilation, and reflects as well as anything can the inflammable, and often unreasonable, character of the French people. After Napoleon's banishment the Royalists, in 1814, violated the great memorial by taking down the statue of Napoleon and replacing it with a large *fleur de lis*—the national flower—which they surmounted with a white flag, at the same time melting down the statue and using the metal so obtained to cast the equestrian statue of Henry IV., which now stands at a point of the Ile de la Cité. In 1831 Louis Philippe ordered another statue of the famous emperor to be made, which was also of bronze, and represented him in a greatcoat, such as Napoleon wore in the Russian campaign, a costume that was further observed by fitting the head of the figure with a three-cornered hat. This clumsy statue was set upon the column, but it was permitted to remain only two years, when Napoleon III. having succeeded to the emperorship, he had it taken down and replaced by the one which now crowns it.

During the reign of the Commune in May, 1871, the column was pulled down at the instigation of a rabid painter named Courbet, whose fame has survived like that of the youth who fired the Ephesian dome, but all the broken pieces were soon afterward gathered together and carefully preserved, including those of the broken statue, and in 1875 it was re-erected. It is a grander column than that of Trajan at Rome, of which it is an imitation, and reflects great honor upon France, but it will probably be an object of revenge to vandals of the next French revolution.

Monument du Chatelet.

At the south end of the Boulevard de Sébastopol is a graceful monument and Fountain of Victory designed by Bosio and erected in 1807 to commemorate the early victories of Napoleon I. This site was selected as a specially appropriate one as a recognition of the liberties obtained by the people as well as of triumphs achieved by the most illustrious commander of modern times, for in this place once stood the infamous châtelet prison where so many noble persons groaned their lives out for having raised their voices in protests against royal profligacy and kingly oppression. The prison continued to stand as a bitter reproach to France until the year 1802, when the dreadful walls were torn down, and five years later there was erected in its place the beautiful fountain and column that Bosio designed. The basin that surrounds the column is adorned with four splendid character figures, that typify Fidelity, Justice, Power, and Vigilance, and the column is inscribed with the names of fifteen battles that Napoleon won prior to his entering upon the Russian campaign. The construction of the Boulevard de Sébastopol in 1855, at the conclusion of the Crimean war, necessitated a removal of the basin and column which was accomplished without injury, and the place in which it now stands, near the Seine, made one of the most beautiful in Paris. The column is of bronze, fifty feet high, and is crowned with a gilded figure of Victory that gleams in the sunlight a conspicuous object from the river, in front of the *Pont au Change* (Bridge of the Exchange), and of the Théâter du Châtelet.



THE FOUNTAIN PALMIER, PLACE DU CHATELET.

The Arch of Triumph.

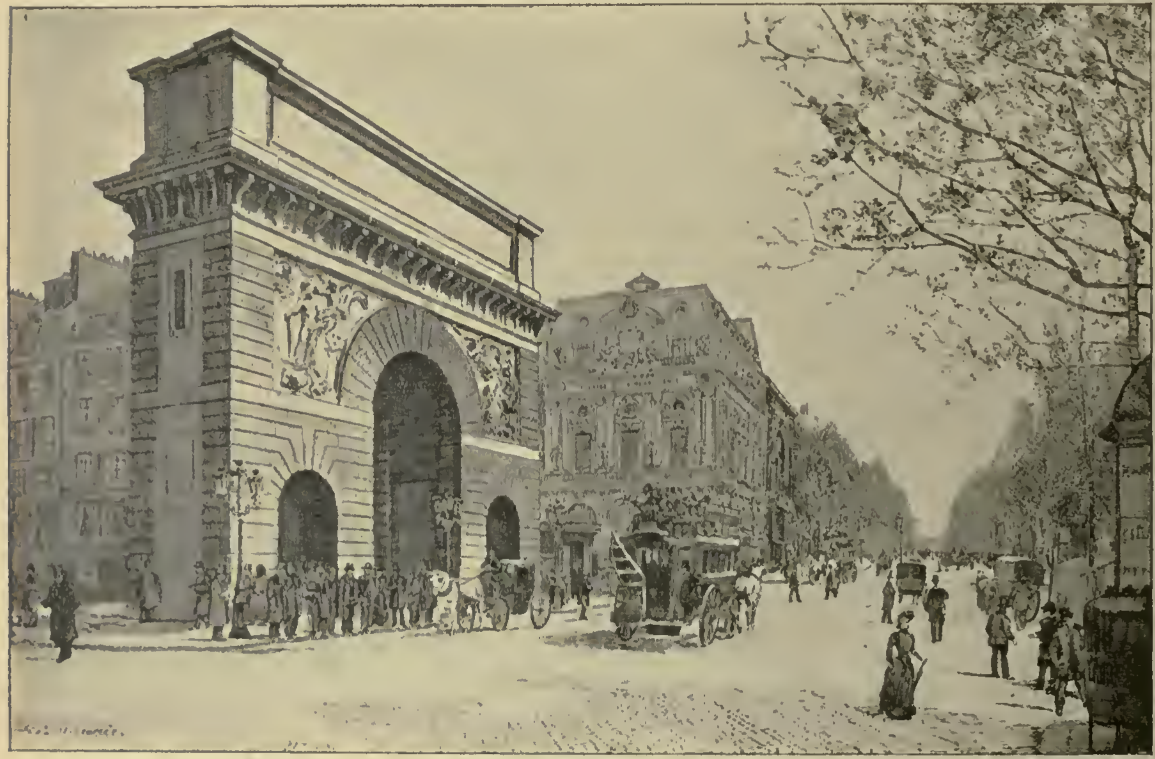
Every one has heard and read of the famous Arch of Triumph, the supreme monumental feature of Paris, greater than the Arch of Titus, grander than that of Constantine, and more magnificent than any ever erected by Greeks or Romans to celebrate victory or to honor their gods. It was one of Napoleon's most eloquent efforts to aggrandize himself and glorify his power. But it does more than this, for its beauty, wrought in stone, its gracefully harmonious magnitude in sculpture of pillars, arch, and crown, glorifies France and apotheosizes Paris. It is called Arc de l'Etoile, Arch of the Star, because it marks a centre from which radiate in every direction twelve beautiful streets, and while occupying the highest point in the city—excepting Montmartre—it is in the most fashionable section, by which passes the grandest drive in the world, from the Place de la Concorde to the Bois de Boulogne and Longchamps.

This superb monument was begun by Napoleon, after designs by Chalgrin, in 1806, but the undertaking was such a great one, that the arch was not finished (under Louis Philippe) until 1836, at a cost exceeding $2,000,000. It was Napoleon's boast, at the time he conceived the idea, that some time he would march the whole German army through the arch as his prisoners of war. It was an unfortunate prophecy, for he did not live to see it completed, and since it was erected portions of the German army have twice marched through or by it carrying banners of victory (1814 and 1871).

The dimensions of this distinctively grand and famously beautiful structure are: The extreme height is 160 feet, its width is 146 feet, and depth 72 feet. The arch rises 67 feet above the ground and is 47 feet wide. There are also transverse arches about one-half the size of the main arch, designed to relieve the barren and heavy appearance from a north and south view, which it would otherwise have. The most magnificent adornments of the arch are in the form of four colossal groups carved on the four pillars, two looking eastward, facing the Champs Elysées, and two facing the Avenue of the Grand Army, on the west. The subjects of these magnificent groups and of the corresponding sculptures on the façade, immediately above, are as follows: Departure of the troops for the frontier, in 1792, by Rude; above this is a representation of the death-bed scene of General Marceau, by Lemaire. On the other pillar facing the east, is a symbolic group, typifying the triumph of Napoleon in the Austrian campaign, and the peace treaty signed at Vienna, by Cortot. Above this group on the façade, is a smaller one illustrating the surrender of Pasha Mustapha to Murat, at the battle of Aboukir, by Seurre. The frieze is also richly adorned with bas-relief figures that extend entirely around the arch, representing the departure of troops in the exuberance of patriotic devotion and their return bearing trophies of victory.

On the west pillars are colossal groups, symbolizing resistance of the French to the invading allied armies of England, Germany, and Austria in 1814, by Etex, and above this group, on the façade, is a smaller one illustrating the passage of the bridge of Arcola (1796) and the death of Muiron, Napoleon's brave adjutant, by Feuchères. On the left is a group that symbolizes the Blessings of Peace (1815), and above it is the taking of Alexandria (1798), by Chaponnière.

Besides the large groups on the east and west fronts of the arch, there are reliefs on the north and south sides, the one on the former being a representation of the battle of Austerlitz (1805), by Gechter, and the one on the south, the battle of Jemappes (1792), by Marochetti. Above these, on the façades, over the transverse arches, are winged figures of Victory by Pradier, while on the cornice, above the entablature, are a series of engraved shields, thirty in number, inscribed with the names of as many victories, and on the vaulting of the main arch are graven the names of 142 battles in which the French army have engaged to the honor of themselves and the glory of France. The vaulting of the transverse arches is similarly adorned by a record of the names of officers of the Empire and the Republic who had distinguished themselves, beside which noble list is deeply engraven the names of all the generals who have fallen in battle in sustaining the honor of France, 656 in number.



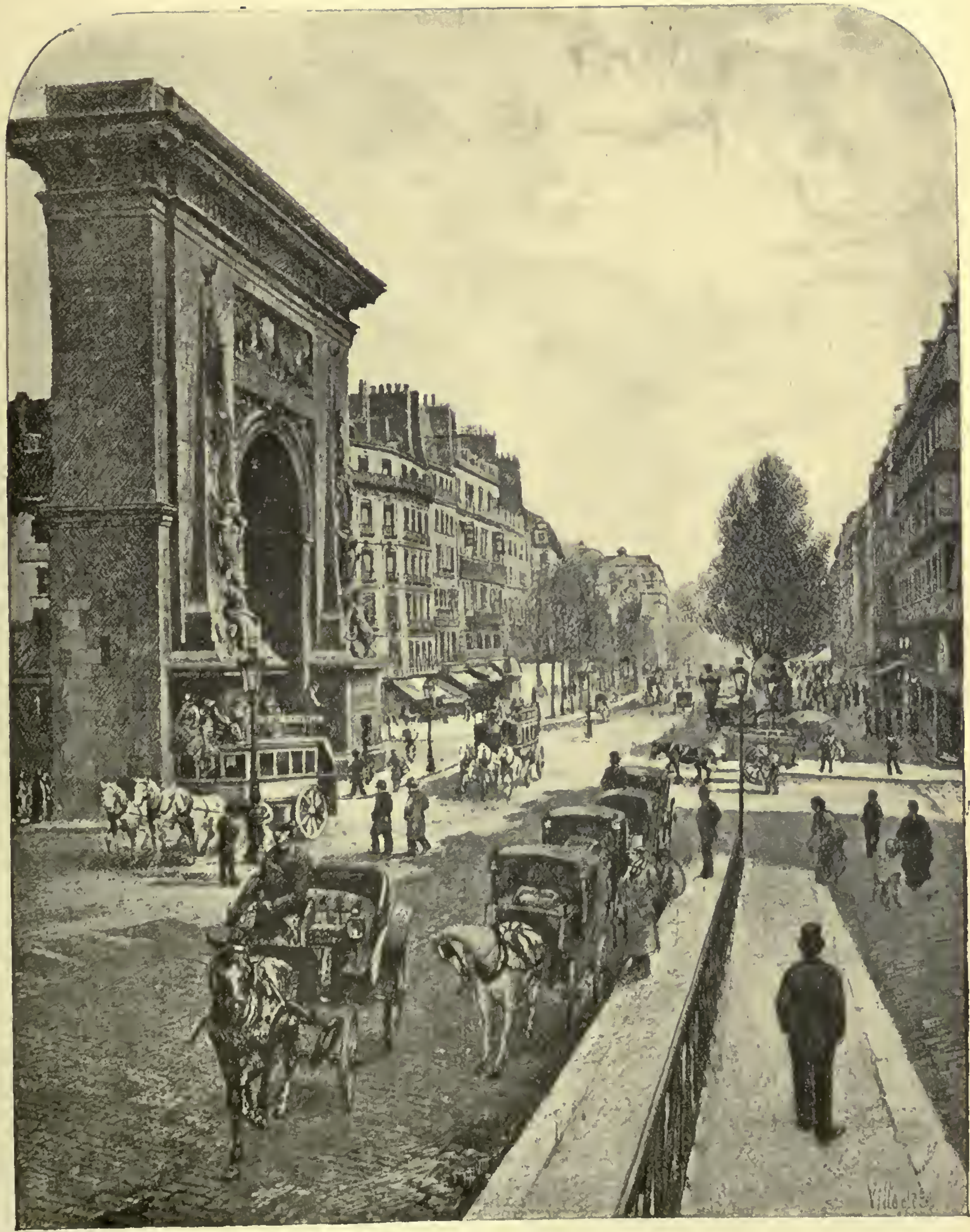
PORTE SAINT-MARTIN.

From the base of the pillar on the north, a spiral staircase of 261 steps ascends to the top of the arch, from which a glorious panorama of Paris is obtained.

Portes St. Denis and St. Martin.

A feature of Paris rarely to be seen elsewhere are arches, called portes, which have been erected at street intersections as memorials of victories or in honor of the emperors of France. Examples of this form of monumental honor are to be found in the Portes St. Martin and St. Denis, both of which are passed on the boulevard thoroughfare leading from the Madeleine to the Place of the Republic.

The Porte St. Martin is a triumphal arch fifty-seven feet in height and the same in breadth, which gives it a rather dumpy appearance, and its thickness is fourteen feet. It was designed by Bellet and erected in 1674 in honor of Louis



PORTE SAINT DENIS.

XIV., all the inscriptions and reliefs being commemorative of the victories of that monarch. The figures on the south side, which are well carved, represent the storming and capture of Besançon, and a symbolization of the Triple Alliance, by Dujardin and Marsy. On the north side is a representation of the capture of Limbourg, and of a defeat of the Germans, by Le Hongre and Legros.

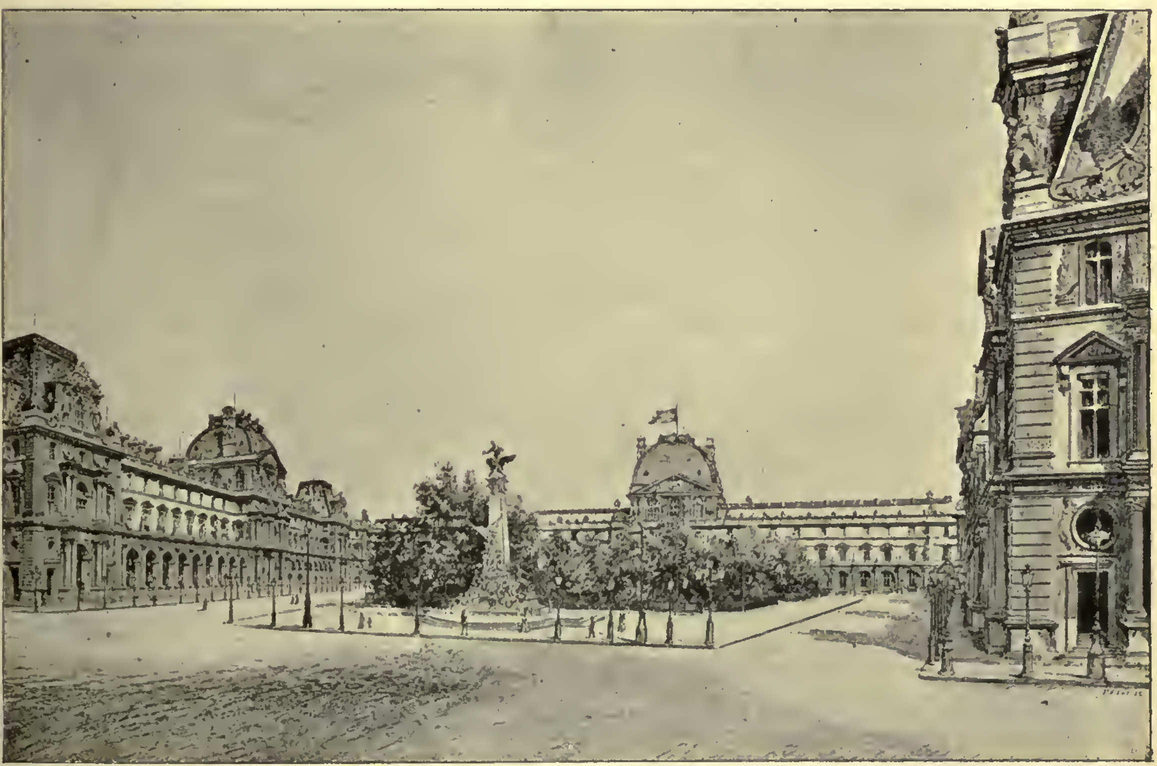
When the allied German and Russian forces captured Paris in 1814, they marched through the Porte St. Martin, down the boulevards that lead to the Rue Royale, and thence to the Place de la Concorde, out the Champs Elysées, through the Arch of Triumph to the Bois, and thence outside the city, where they went into camp beyond Longchamps.

The Porte St. Denis is another triumphal arch, designed by Blondel, which while a handsome memorial is not nearly so imposing as that of St. Martin though much larger. It was erected in 1672 as was that of St. Martin, as a tribute to Louis XIV., in commemoration of his successful campaign in Holland and the Lower Rhine. Its dimensions are, 81 feet high, 82 feet wide, and 26 feet thick. The two pillars, which support an archway 50 feet high and 26 feet wide, are adorned with two obelisks carved in high relief, and covered with military trophies. Near the base of the two pillars, much defaced, no doubt by vandals, are figures representing respectively the conquest of Holland, and an allegoric representation of the river-god of the Rhine. The sculpture was so badly disfigured that a thorough restoration was made in 1886–87, but they are already in need of attention again. Both of these arches have been the scene of savage and sanguinary encounters that occurred almost under their shadows in the memorable years of 1830, 1848, and 1871, when Paris was in the hands of the murderous Commune.

Arch of the Carrousel.

Another very beautiful arch in Paris, next to that of the Arch of Triumph, is the Carrousel, which separates the Gardens of the Tuileries from those of the Louvre. At the time of the Revolution the space between the palace of the Tuileries and the Louvre Museum was a labyrinth of narrow and foul streets, which became so offensive to the eyes and nostrils of royalty that, by order of Louis Philippe, the miserable buildings were torn down to give room for extensive improvements which that monarch had resolved to make. This work had only fairly begun, however, when Napoleon III. came to the throne, who carried out the purposes of his predecessor, and by this act immeasurably relieved the Arc de Triomphe du Carrousel, which had before risen up in a wealth of splendor to emphasize the squalor of its surroundings.

Napoleon I., who was ever seeking the means of aggrandizing himself, not content entirely with the honor which the Column Vendome gave him by way of commemorating his victories of 1805–06, directed his architects, Fontaine and Percier, to erect on the spot which it now occupies the Arch Carrousel, in imitation of the Arch of Severus at Rome, by way of preserving to future generations remembrance of the victories he won over Russia and Austria. The place had obtained the name which it still bears,—the *Carrousel*,—from a memorable equestrian ball that was given in the then unoccupied space, in 1662, by Louis XIV. The structure was built to form a principal entrance to the Tuileries, destroyed by the Commune in 1871, but leaving the arch intact. The dimensions of the Arc de Triomphe du Carrousel are, 48 feet in height, 63½ feet in width, and 21 feet in thickness. It is perforated by three arcades and embellished with four superb Corinthian columns of red marble, the bases and capitals of which are bronze, supporting marble statues representing soldiers of the empire. The structure is also splendidly adorned with pieces of sculpture as fine in their execution, though not nearly so large, as those of the Arch of Triumph. In front, on the right, is a relief representation of the battle of Austerlitz, and at the left a corresponding group illustrating the capitulation of General Mack at Ulm. On the reverse side are two other groups of the same size, one of which represents the conclusion of peace in the treaty made at Tilsit, and the other, entrance of the French army into Munich. The end of the arch is also similarly and equally richly adorned with figures of the entry of Napoleon into Vienna after the battle of Wagram, and of the peace treaty at Pressburg.



THE LOUVRE AND PLACE DU CARROUSEL

When the Arch of the Carrousel was first constructed it was crowned with an ancient quadriga ravaged by Napoleon from the portal of St. Mark's in Venice during his conquest of Italy. It was afterward sent back, together with other trophies, when Italy acknowledged his supremacy and became his own to govern. The Carrousel remained without a crown decoration until Louis XVIII. (1818) ordered Bosio to design a quadriga representing the Restoration. This order was executed and the quadriga was promptly set upon the arch, where it still remains.

Statues of Paris.

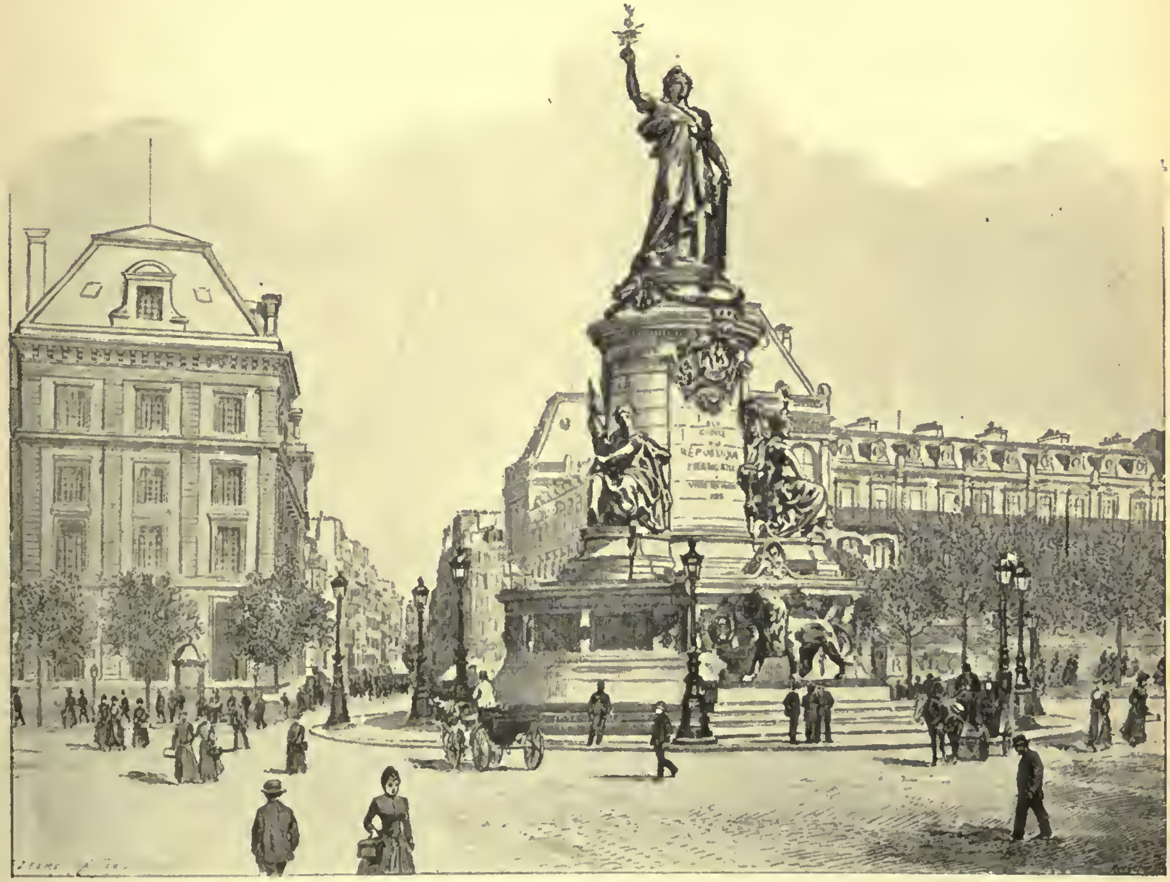
The history of Paris is very largely a history of France, to a greater extent certainly than is the history of any other city the annals of the country of which it is a part. Paris has been the centre, the heart, of all the great struggles in which France has ever been engaged. She has supplied the wealth, the directive force, and the men, greater, perhaps, than her just proportion; but more than this, she has stood at every breech, and in fighting back the enemies of France she has received the deepest wounds and suffered the severest losses. It is therefore natural, because most appropriate, that the heroes of France, whose services to the nation deserve perpetual remembrance, should be honored by the setting up of commemorative statues in Paris, where nearly half the civilized world visit to see the attractions of that justly famous city.

The French people are intensely patriotic, even though they have so often been involved in internecine strife while under the fire of a common enemy. They are peculiar also for their sudden development of temper under the influence of passionate harangues, by reason of which inflammatory disposition they not infrequently destroy in frenzy what they have erected in pride, and thus the hero of to-day may be to them the tyrant of to-morrow. But notwithstanding this Protean character, which, indeed, is observable to an extent among the peoples of all nations, the French are as patriotic as they are brave, and manifest their gratitude in more noble ways than any other people. Having a taste for the beautiful, they do not grudgingly contribute, direct or by tax, to the erection of the grandest and costliest monuments ever raised to represent a principle or to exalt a man. Statues and monuments are therefore very numerous in Paris, reared at the intersections of many of the prominent thoroughfares, while others occupy squares that have been made especially to receive them. It would require a large volume to describe all the statues, monuments, and places of Paris, even if the institutions erected for similar purposes were omitted, but some are of such splendid character, and are remembrances of such heroic events, that I shall ask the reader to give careful attention to the following, of which, to my regret, only a very brief notice can be made here:

Place of the Republic.

One of the finest squares in Paris, 900 feet long, is at the end of the Boulevard du Temple, formerly called the *Place du Château d'Eau* (place of the Fountain), but latterly known as the Place de la République. The boulevard takes its name from a kind of stronghold which was erected thereon near the fountain by Knights

Templar, in the year 1212. This famous order, which kept chivalry alive, and fought under the banner of St. Fernando against the Moors, was suppressed in 1312 and their temple building was seized by Philip IV. and used by him and some of his successors as a royal treasury. During the Revolution, in 1792–93, the tower of the temple became notorious as the prison in which were confined Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette. The large section thereabout is historic ground, and the place of the fountain was accordingly chosen whereon to erect a statue that should symbolize the nation. Accordingly, the Morice brothers designed a heroic bronze figure of the Republic, which was finished and reared in the centre of the place in 1883. The statue is a characteristic female figure of Liberty, thirty-two feet high, holding an olive branch in the right hand and standing in a firmly erect position, facing toward the east. It is set upon a stone pedestal which is fifty feet in height, around which are three seated bronze figures, representing respectively Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity—the national motto. On the base, which is twenty feet in diameter, there are twelve bronze bas-reliefs, all by Dalou, that illustrate as many great events in the history of France, viz: Capture of the Bastille, Taking the Oath in the Tennis Court at Versailles,



PLACE DE LA REPUBLIQUE.

Renunciation of Privileges, Meeting of the Constituent Assembly, Festival of the Federation, Enrollment of Volunteers, The Battle of Valmy, Vengeance, Resumption of the Tri-color in 1830, The Provisional Government of 1848, Establishment of the Republic (September 4, 1870), Celebration of the National Fete, 1880. In addition to these splendid adornments, in front of the base, on a pedestal of its own, is a gigantic bronze lion, in alert attitude, as if watching and defying any attempt to assault liberty, for whose protection he stands on guard.

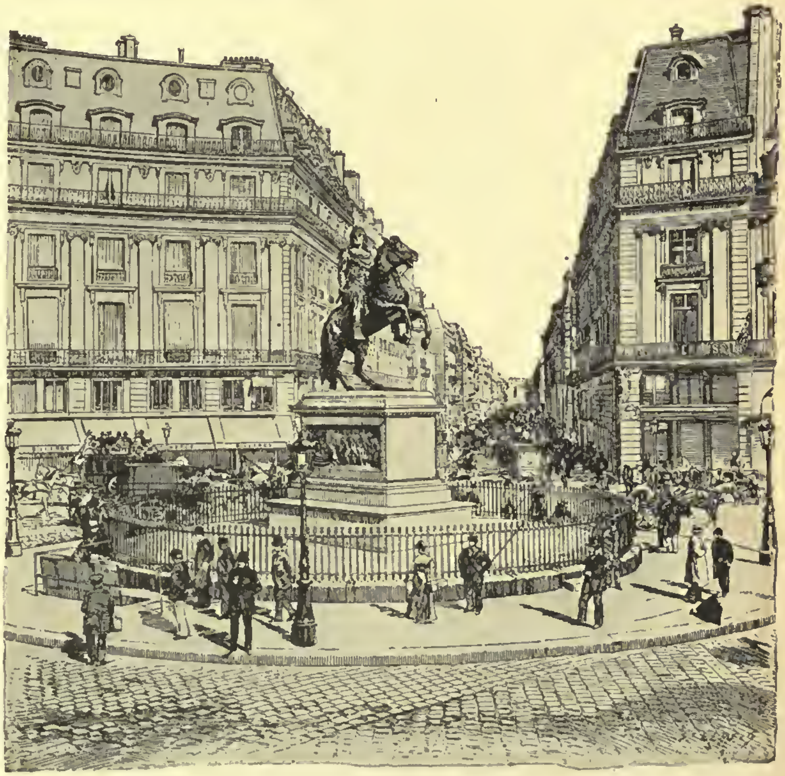
Gambetta's Monument.

In front of the Square of the Carrousel, within the line formed by the two long ells of the Louvre, is Gambetta's monument, a marble pyramid nearly seventy feet high and as richly decorated by relief figure work and by inscriptions as the hand of genius and the tribute of a grateful country can pay to self-sacrifice and heroic accomplishment. On the sides of the monument there are graceful and beautiful female figures representing Truth and Power, both by Aubé, while the top is crowned with a superb image of a maid seated on a winged lion, which represents Democracy. The shaft is covered with tributes to Gambetta, and with quotations from the speeches he delivered as organizer of the national defence and as the fearless denunciator of the arbitrary measures adopted by Louis Napoleon which led to the downfall of the monarchy. Gambetta was a Genoese Jew by birth, but a patriotic Frenchman by attachment and impulse, and his power as an orator quickly won the affections of the French people, who elected him to every position he was willing to stand for, until he became the greatest political power in the Republic. In 1868 he boldly attacked the Emperor with charges of oppression and illegal acts, and in 1870 he was the first statesman in France to assail the authority that had sent Rochefort to prison. But these were acts of courage more than of statesmanship, though the effects of the challenges which he thus gave to a wrong, to tyranny, were of the most wide-reaching character, preparing as they did the way for the re-establishment of the nation as a republic. But he was both a forerunner and a saviour, whose fearlessness was reinforced by state-craft, who created conditions, and made opportunities, so that when he proclaimed the Republic, September 4, 1870, instead of the guillotine to behead, there were laurel wreaths to crown; instead of a prison to confine, there was universal shout to approve, and a liberty that had no bounds. Gambetta's remains rest now beneath a pyramid of stone that is kept hidden from view by wreaths that are laid upon it by the grateful people whose independence he achieved; his body lies in the little cemetery at Nice, but his patriotic spirit is with the French people, an inspiration to their political liberties, and their Republican fealty.

The Place of Victory.

Near the Bank of France, at the end of a narrow side street leading therefrom, is a square a little less than one hundred yards in diameter, laid out by Mansart and constructed in 1685. Originally this square was called Place of

Louis XIV., a name derived from a gilded statue of that monarch set up in 1686, with an inscription on the base, *viro immortali* (immortal life), as a recognition of his piety. This monument was destroyed in the riots of 1792, but three years later was replaced by a pyramid on which was graven a list of the victories gained by the republicans over the royalists. It was a place, however, doomed to many vicissitudes, and so in 1806 the pyramid gave place to a statue of General Desaix, who was a great man in life, but the memory of his deeds was so soon forgotten after his death that in 1814 his statue was melted down and thrown in with baser metal to make material for the statue of Henry IV. on the Pont Neuf (new bridge, but which is in fact the oldest bridge in Paris).

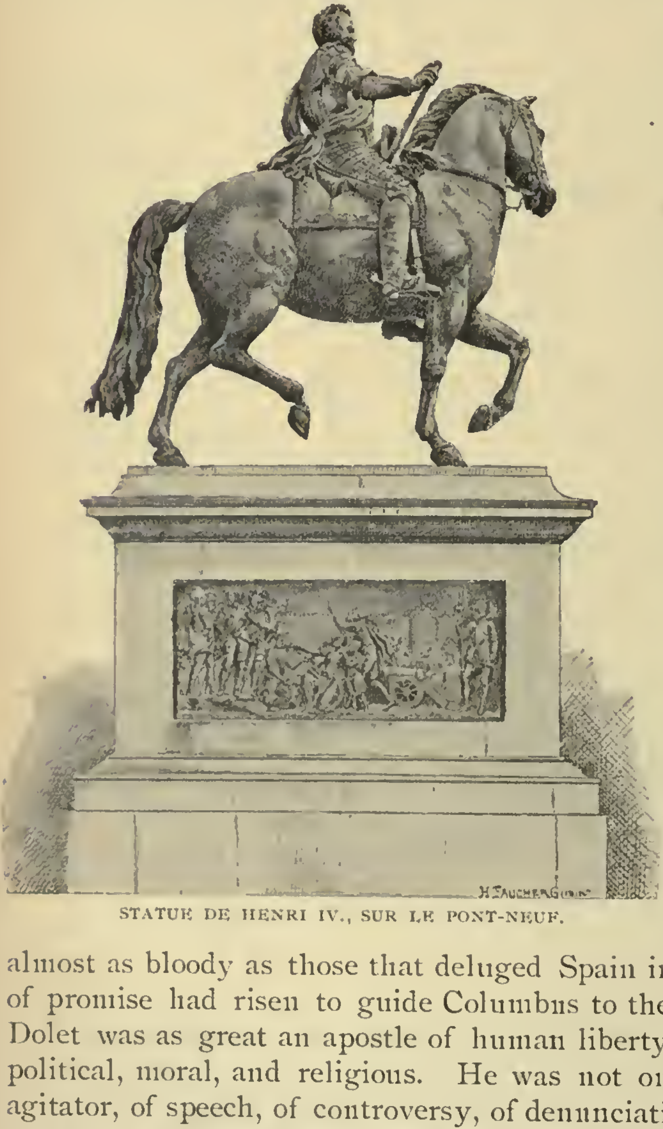

PLACE DES VICTORIES.

The place was not allowed to remain long without some kind of monumental decoration, for in 1822 Bosio designed an equestrian statue of Louis XIV., which was promptly cast in bronze and set up in the centre of the circle, which since 1792 has been called Place des Victories, notwithstanding its former name would now be more appropriate. The figure of Louis is represented in the costume of a Roman general, seated upon a rearing horse. On the pedestal are reliefs illustrating the king's passage of the Rhine, and a distribution by him of military honors.

The Place des Vosges.

At the end of the Rue des Francs-Bourgeois (street of free and honest citizens), just beyond the Musée Carnavalet, is the Place des Vosges, so called, about 1794, in honor of a department of France bearing that name, which was the first to send contributions to Paris in support of the Revolution. Prior to its rechristening it was called Place Royale. There is a garden in the centre, planted with lime and plane trees, within which, enclosed by an iron railing, is a marble equestrian statue of Louis XIII., by Dupaty and Cortot, erected in 1829 on the site of a statue set up by Richelieu in 1639 and destroyed by the revolutionists in 1792. The angles of the square are adorned with fountains that play constantly and serve to set off and greatly beautify the place.

The Place des Vosges is historic ground, being the site of the Palace des Tournelles (small towers), where the tournament took place in which Henry II. was accidentally killed, in 1565, by a lance thrust given him in a tilt with one of his captains of the guard. Catherine de Médicis, queen of Henry II., caused the palace to be demolished, and the place remained unimproved until Henry IV. laid the square that marks the palace site. While it is not without much beauty, the place has a melancholy air about it which even the military band that plays there on Thursday afternoons of summer does not relieve. In the time of Louis XIII. this section of Paris was occupied by fine residences and the most aristocratic people of the city, but to-day it is a secluded quarter in which respectable people of small means live in a quietude that is very country-like.

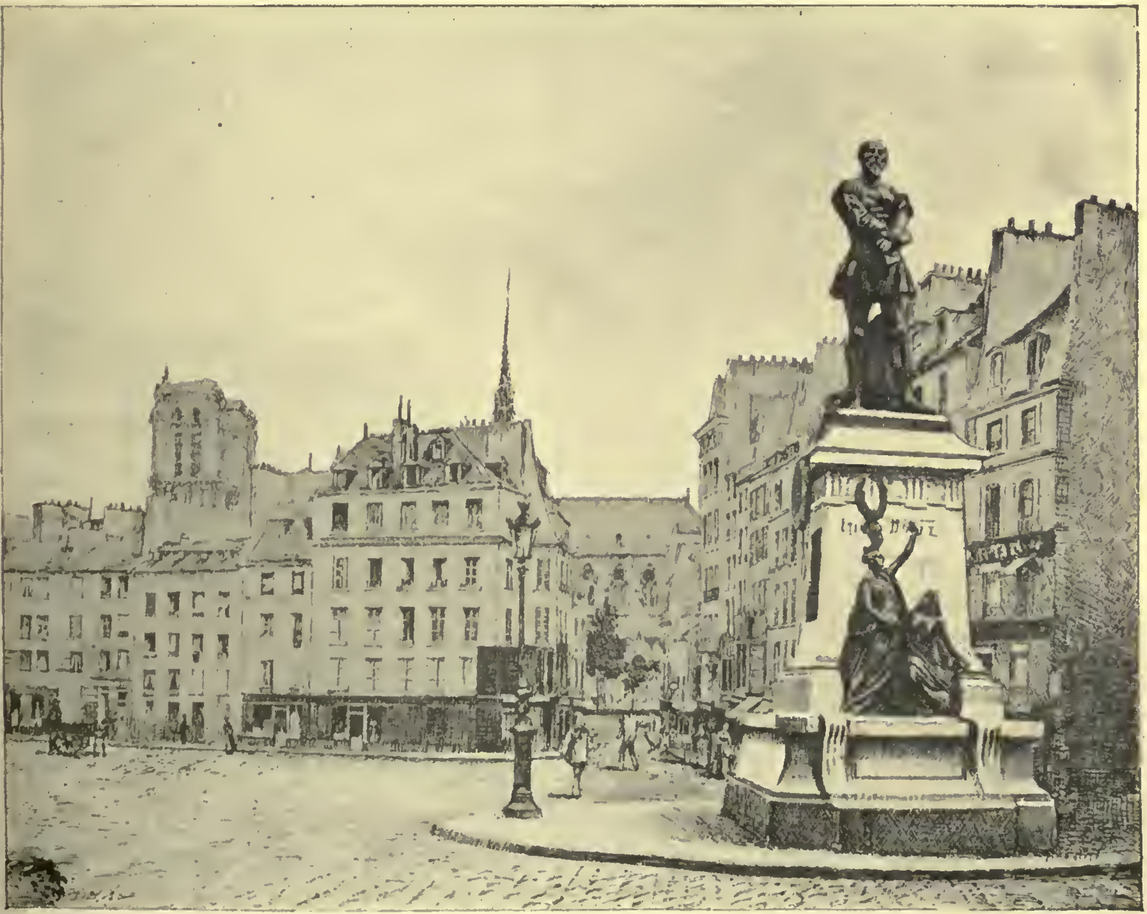


STATUE DE HENRI IV., SUR LE PONT-NEUF.

Statue of Etienne Dolet.

In the history of France the name of Etienne Dolet is prominent, bearing, as he did, a relation to Francis I. that Cervetus did to John Calvin. Religious thought in France is as free as conscience now, but it has gained liberty by sailing through seas of persecution almost as bloody as those that deluged Spain in the Middle Ages, before the star of promise had risen to guide Columbus to the manger of a new world. Etienne Dolet was as great an apostle of human liberty as he was of freedom of thought. political, moral, and religious. He was not only an apostle of example, but an agitator, of speech, of controversy, of denunciation. Threats could not daunt him, growls of ravening beasts and the proximity of flames failed of their effect to arrest his courageous crusade, and so the bigots of 1546 seized upon him like so many vultures, and brought him to bar charged with "impiety and atheism." Francis I. was in full sympathy with the movement for the suppressing of heretics, having inherited his religious prejudices from his father, Henry II., who gloried in the persecution of Protestants, and he encouraged the accusers of Dolet in bringing about his arrest and conviction, which was quickly accomplished. Dolet never flinched when sentence was pronounced, and his defiance was unabated as he marched to martyrdom, and his body was given to the flames.

The memory of Dolet remained, as it does to-day, fresh in the minds of the French people, but no effort was made to embalm his name and represent his courageous figure in statue until 1889, when Guilbert designed a memorial which was cast in bronze and set up in the Place Maubert. It is a splendid creation of a great artist-architect, probably the most lifelike and effective statue that is to be found in Paris. Around the base are two strong relief figures, representing Paris exalting Freedom of Thought; and the Arrest and Execution of Dolet.



STATUE OF ETIENNE DOLET.

Statue of Charlemagne and Fountain Notre Dame.

The Place du Parvis Notre Dame (signifying the space in front of the church) is large in extent, and not suitably beautified, for it stands out conspicuously as a great barren badly in need of embellishment. In all this immense space, there is only one statue, an equestrian figure of Charlemagne, in bronze, after a design by Rochet, upon a simple pedestal that was designed by Viollet-le-Duc. In front of the Cathedral Notre Dame is a most appropriate spot for a statue of the conqueror who established Christianity, but there is small credit in the erection of one so inferior to nearly every other statue occupying prominent places in Paris. In the rear of Notre Dame, where statuary adornment would be much less expected, is a square on which, a long while ago, stood the archiepiscopal palace. When the building became dangerous from age, it was torn down, and on the site was erected, in 1845, from designs by Vigoureux, the beautiful fountain of Notre Dame. The composition is a most charming one, and allegoric, as the water first issues from the mouths of dragons that are in subjection to angels, above which groups is a canopy, supported by columns, under which is a statue of the Virgin and Child.

Statue of Joan of Arc.

The inspired maid of Orleans will soon be beatified, by which long deferred act, when performed, we must almost believe that the judges who condemned her to the stake at Rouen, as a witch, must now step out of the estates of the blessed and bid her enter, while they go down below for a change of climate. The French people are not ungrateful by nature, but that they are influenced by ignoble instructors is evidenced by their neglect of the memory of Joan of Arc. To her more than to any other character does France owe the greatest tributes that gratitude can bring to the tomb of love and appreciation. She wrested the nation from the grip of England, she restored Charles to his throne, she saved the nation, for which unexampled service, for the wounds she received, for the sufferings she endured, for the glorious deeds she performed to the imperishable glory of her own and her nation's name, she was persecuted by the Church while the State looked ignobly on and watched, with indifferent eyes a lot of savage priests burn her at the stake. But the Church itself now condemns that damnable deed with voice of reprobation as loud as can be raised, and will in humbleness and shame wipe out the stain by ceremony of consecration. All praise, all honor, to the Church for resolving to do so praiseworthy a thing, to redress an evil, to efface a wrong with justice even though it has been long delayed.

To the discredit of France, to the shame of Paris, there is only one statue of Joan of Arc in the city, and this poor memorial is just large enough to provoke abuse, while the prominence of its position, in the Place Rue Rivoli, is an accentuation of the unpardonable neglect with which her memory has been regarded. The equestrian statue is a bronze of natural size, mounted on a pedestal of stone, and surrounded by a strong iron railing. The figure represents the intrepid maid on her war charger as she appeared before the walls of Orleans in the memorable siege of May, 1429, bearing aloft her consecrated banner, which she carried to many victories. The statue was not unveiled until February, 1873, since which time it is annually decorated (on the 14th of July) with flowers as offerings of a generation that admires her virtues, appreciates her patriotic deeds, and condemns the appalling crime of her execution.

Place of the Nation.

Nearly five miles southeast of the Arch of Triumph, at the eastern extremity of the city, on the highway to Vincennes, is the Place de la Nation, formerly called Place of the Throne, which is marked by a large basin and bronze group by Dalou, representing the Triumph of the Republic. There are also two lofty, fluted Doric columns, one on each side of the thoroughfare leading from the fountain, erected on the site of the old barrier, begun in 1788, but not completed until 1847. These beautiful columns are adorned with bas-reliefs, after designs by Desboeufs and Simart, representing Commerce and Industry, and Victory and Peace, and are surmounted by bronze statues of St. Louis, by Etex, and Philippe the elegant, by Dumont.

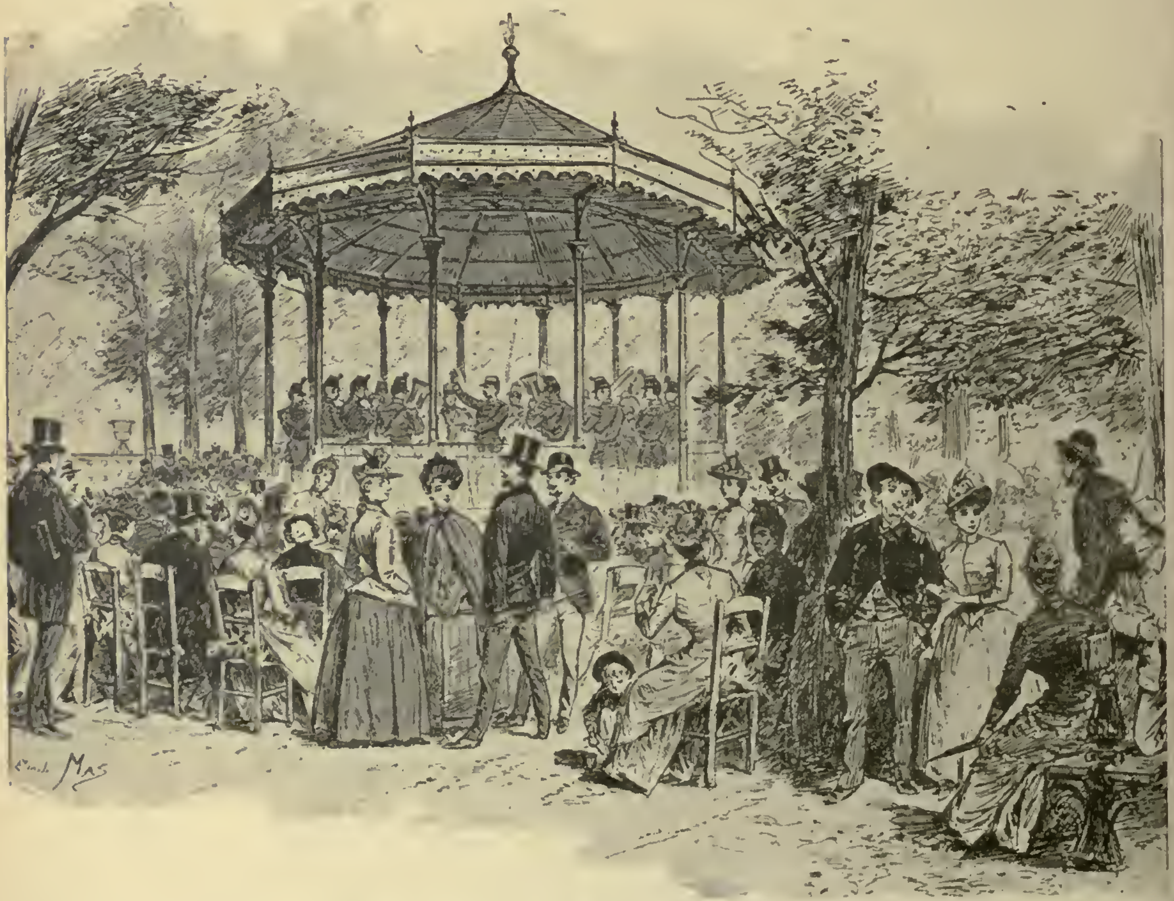
The name, Place of the Throne, was obtained from an incident which occurred here upon the return of Louis XIV. after his successful war with Spain. At the conclusion of the Peace of the Pyrenees (1660) the people of Paris desired to pay homage to their king, and with this end in view erected a magnificent throne on this site, which Louis was persuaded to occupy while his patriotic subjects filed before him and made their profound obeisances.

Place de Clichy and Statue of Moncey.

A splendid monument adorns the Place de Clichy, as a memorial of one of the bravest and most distinguished soldiers that ever took up arms in defence of his country. This magnificent mark of national pride is in the form of a colossal group in bronze by Doublemard, nineteen feet in height, on a pedestal twenty-six feet, which is beautifully and appropriately adorned with bronze bas-reliefs. The monument was set up in 1869 and represents Adrien Moncey, as major-general of the National Guard, defending the walls of Paris in 1814 against the Russo-German allies. A dying soldier is beside him, typifying the danger point he occupies while urging his men to battle. Moncey campaigned successfully in Spain and Italy, and was made one of Napoleon's marshals in 1804. After the "hundred days" he refused to preside at the council of war appointed to try Marshal Ney, for which generous act he was imprisoned in the fortress of Havre for three months, and expelled from the Chamber of Peers. He was afterwards not only readmitted but made Governor of the Hotel des Invalides, in which capacity he received the remains of Napoleon in 1840. It is thus that the French people often defame their heroes to glorify their names the more.

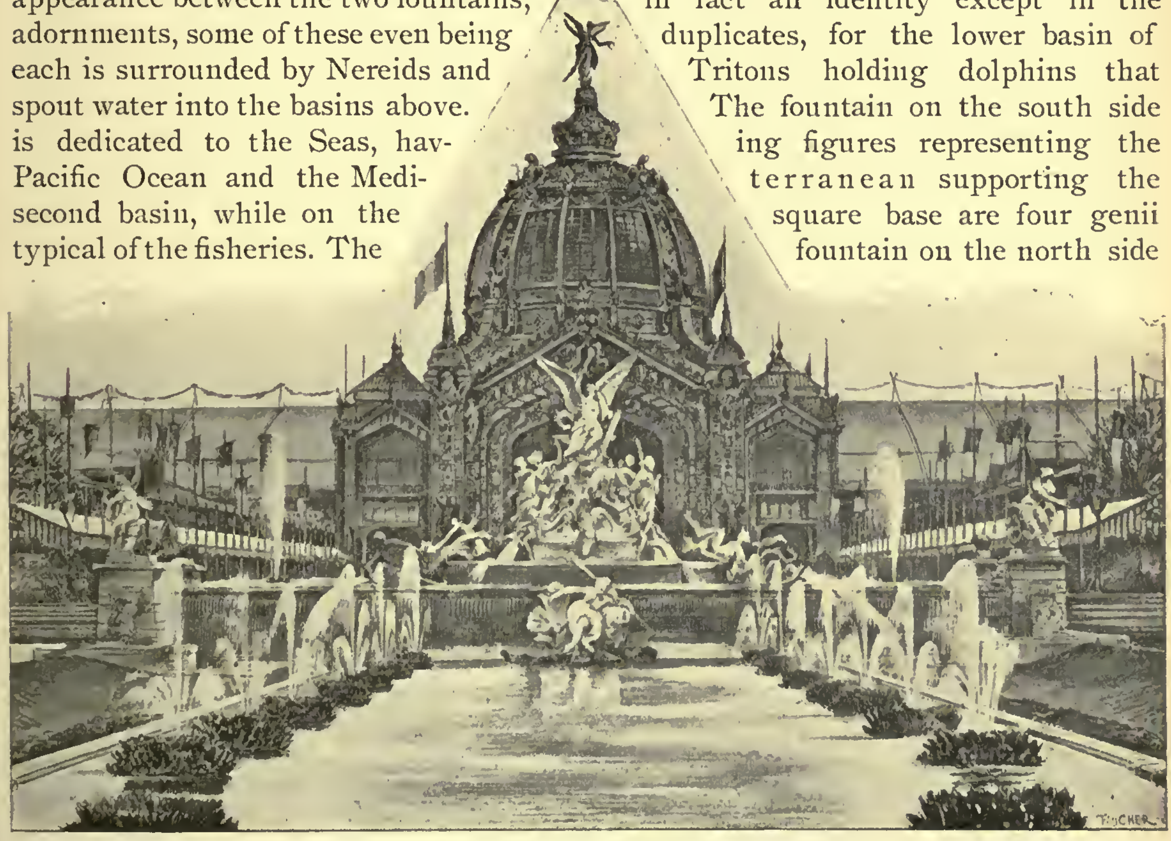
Fountains of Paris.

Paris is adorned with fountains as she is with arches, monuments, and statues; fountains, too, of the most splendid kind throwing immense streams on high to cool the air, pouring deluges from the gaping mouths of sea monsters, or leaping down cascades, into pools and basins in wild disportment. The largest fountains in the world are those at Versailles; which play only a few times each year, because they throw such a quantity of water as makes them very expensive. While those at Versailles are very much the largest, the two that play almost constantly in the Place de la Concorde are among the most beautiful in the world. As early as 1796 a proposal was made to erect a large fountain on the spot where the bloody guillotine had stood a short while before, but the strong opposition of Châteaubriand defeated the project, who inveighed against it with the forceful declaration that all the water in the world would not suffice to wash out the blood stains that cursed the place.



MILITARY CONCERT IN THE LUXEMBOURG GARDEN.

The sentiment which was supported by such persons as Châteaubriand ally died out however, and when the scheme of decoration on a lavish scale was proposed in 1830 it was heartily received and generous appropriations were made for its prompt execution. Included in this plan was the erection of two giant fountains, consisting of basins fifty-three feet in diameter, having two smaller basins above, with a pipe in the centre through which water was to be thrown to a height of twenty-eight feet. This plan was duly carried into effect, and the two fountains were erected on a line with each other facing the bridge and Chamber of Deputies, but two hundred yards apart. There is a similarity in appearance between the two fountains, in fact an identity except in the adornments, some of these even being duplicates, for the lower basin of each is surrounded by Nereids and Tritons holding dolphins that spout water into the basins above. The fountain on the south side is dedicated to the Seas, having figures representing the Pacific Ocean and the Mediterranean supporting the second basin, while on the square base are four genii typical of the fisheries. The fountain on the north side is dedicated to the Rivers, and has for its principal figures representations of the Seine and the Rhone, while on the base are genii symbolizing four chief products of France, viz.: wheat, wine, fruit, and flowers. The lower basins of each are stone, but the figures and upper basins are made of bronze.



THE FOUNTAIN OF PROGRESS.

Fountains of the Luxembourg.

The Garden of the Luxembourg is one of the most beautiful in the world, and its richest adornments are statues and fountains, of which latter there are four that rank among the finest in Europe. At the south end of the main promenade, a conspicuous object, though not of great height, is the Fontaine de l'Observatoire, so named from its proximity to the Astronomic Observatory of

France, and the allegoric figures which form a part of it. This splendid example of Frémiet's artistic designs, seen so often in Paris, was erected in 1874 to relieve the monotonous appearance of that end of the garden. It consists of a basin some thirty feet in diameter, out of which rises eight fiery sea-horses, and four allegorical figures that support an armillary sphere, after a design by Carpeaux. Besides these superior adornments there are disposed about and within the basin spouting dolphins and turtles, that present a remarkable naturalness and appearance of great animation.

The Fontaine de Médicis is near the entrance gate to the garden, and is of much beauty. Debrosse, who was architect of the Luxembourg Palace, designed this fountain, which is Doric in style, and is exquisitely embellished with imitations of stalactites, between which the water plays in a very charming manner; but the greatest adornments are the creations of Ottin, whose splendid pieces of sculpture are placed, in admirable disposition, in niches between the stalactitic pillars, with a large central group that represents the monster Polyphemus surprising the nymphs Galatea and Acis, a splendid composition.

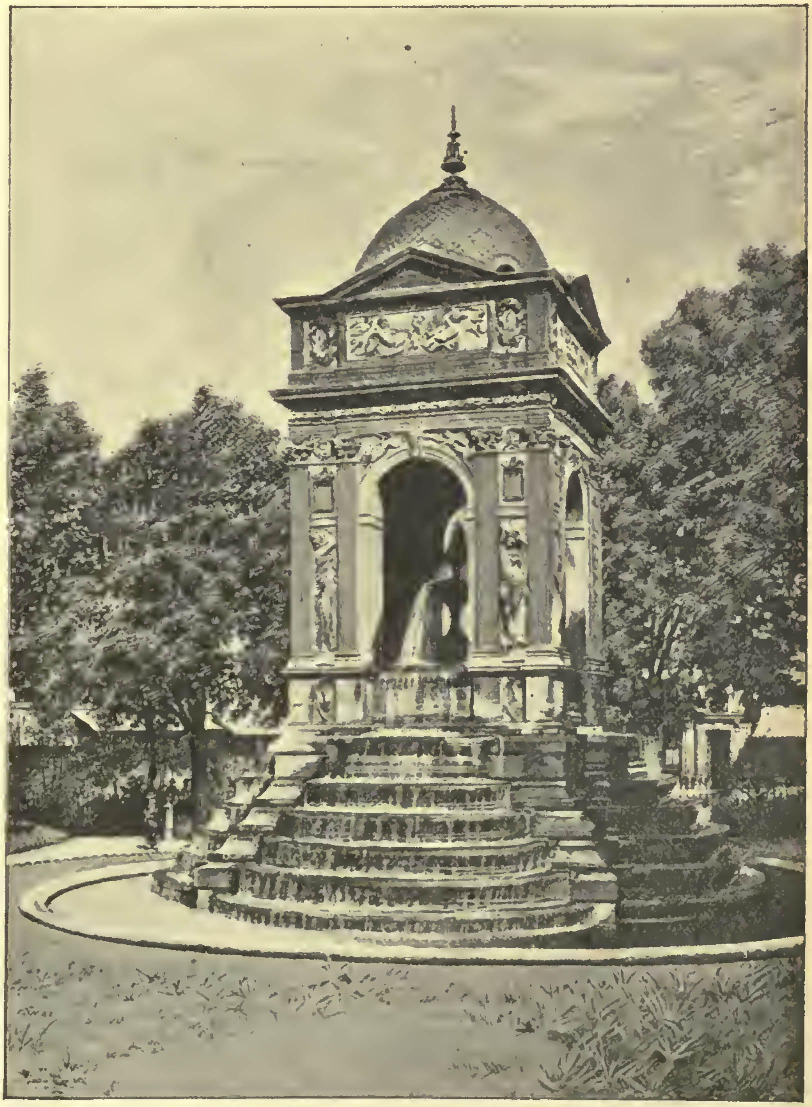
Behind the Fountain of Médicis is the Leda Fountain, in which Leda and the swan are made the subject of adornment. The basin of this fountain is a long one, whose sides are embellished with several very fine statues and marble groups. Another and even more beautiful fountain occupies a large space in the centre of the garden, opposite the palace. The basin is surrounded by a flower-bed, and from its centre, on a stone base, is a charming group of children, and on either side are columns of variegated Italian marble, one of which supports a figure of David, and the other a nymph. Near by is a statue of the Disc Thrower, and copies of the Borghese gladiator, and of the Diana of Versailles.

The Fountain of Grenelle and of Progress.

Near the intersection of the Boulevard St. Germain and the Rue de Grenelle is the beautiful Fontaine de Grenelle erected in 1739, after designs by Bouchardon.

It is conceded to be one of the finest in Paris, and in some respects it is decidedly the most artistic and attractive. It is built in the form of a crescent, a most unusual shape, thirty-one yards, taken by the circle, in diameter, and towers gracefully to a height of thirty-eight feet. The centre is an Ionic portico embellished with an allegoric group in purest white marble, representing the city of Paris and the rivers Seine and Marne, charming conceptions delightfully executed. Set in the sides are Doric pilasters, between which are niches in which rest statues that symbolize the seasons, and beautiful relief work appears at proper intervals around the portico to increase the pleasing appearance and wonderful harmony of design of the whole construction.

In the garden that extends southward from the Eiffel Tower is the Fontaine du Progrès and the *Fontaines Lumineuses* (illuminated fountain), designed by Coutan as a part of the embellishment of the exhibition grounds of 1889. The large basin of the former is a superb work of art, adorned as it is with a colossal ship that typifies Progress, with the Republic of France at the helm, passing through the calm seas of science, commerce, art, and agriculture, and in the foreground below is a statue of the Seine. From both fountains jets of water issue in every direction, from cornucupias, dolphins, urns, and flowering plants, and in the latter is a cascade 120 feet broad, which falls from the large upper basin in volume that is grand at all times, and magnificently beautiful when illuminated on Sunday evenings, during the summer, by electric lights cast through colored glass concealed in subterranean galleries.

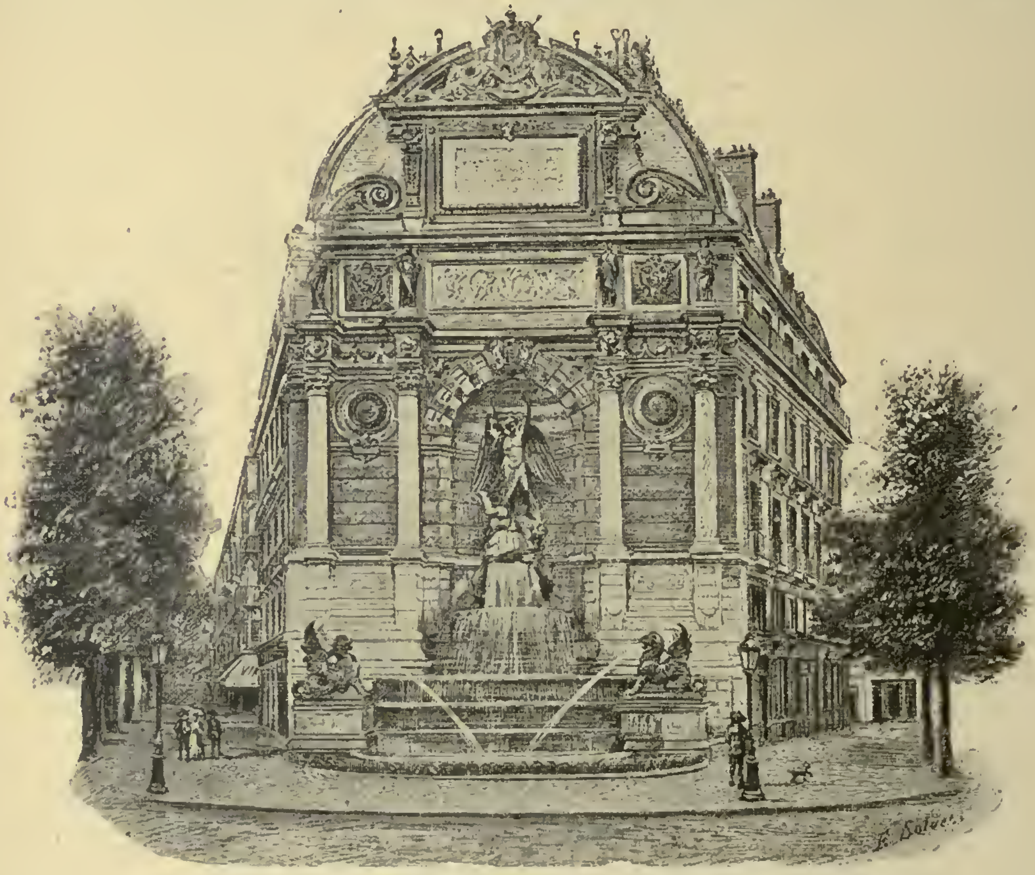

FOUNTAIN OF THE INNOCENTS.

Fountains of the Innocents and of Molier.

By the Halles Centrales (market house) is a tasteful piece of Renaissance work in the form of a fountain, by Lescot, that takes its name from the Church of the Innocents which stood on the site until its demolition in 1783. The fountain occupies the centre of a large square now, but before the destruction of several buildings that surrounded and shut in the fountain, it was almost hidden from view. It is in the form of a square pavilion, and is adorned with many statues of a mythologic character, chiefly of naiads, by the great architect Goujon.

On the corner of the Rue Molière, where it enters the Grand boulevards, near the Palais Royal, is the Fontaine Molière, erected in 1844 to the memory of the famous French dramatist and director of the Théâtre Français, who died in 1673 in the house opposite. This monumental fountain, Renaissance in style, is fifty-one feet high and twenty-one feet wide, surmounted by a statue of Molière, by Seurre, and surrounded, on the lower basin, by figures of the muses of Comedy, after designs by Pradier.

Not far from the Fountain Molière and directly opposite the principal entrance of the National Library, in the small Square Richelieu, is the Fontaine Richelieu, a fine piece of bronze work, by Visconti, embellished by Klagmann with figures representing the rivers Seine, Loir, Garonne, and Saône, the largest streams in France. This fountain occupies the site of the old Grand Opera House, on leaving which the Duc de Berry was assassinated in 1820, and which was torn down in consequence. A chapel was to have been erected on the spot in memory of the duke, but the plan was abandoned after the July Revolution of 1830, and Cardinal Richeliu was commemorated instead.



FOUNTAIN SAINT-MICHEL.

The Fountain of St. Michel.

The Boulevard St. Michel is the main artery of traffic on the left bank of the Seine, being a continuation of the Boulevards Strasbourg and Sebastopol from the west bank. It is a famous thoroughfare and beautiful as well, a broad street well paved, lined with fine buildings and decorated at intervals with monuments commemorative of great men and mighty events in the history of France.

The most pretentious embellishment of the street is the Fontaine St. Michel, which is eighty-four feet high and forty-eight feet wide, constructed in 1860 as a tribute to the religious sentiment of Paris, which was at that time in the ascendent. The fountain is set in a recess that is made to represent, in form, a Roman triumphal arch. Beneath this arch is a colossal group representing St. Michael's Conquest of the Dragon, placed on a rock from which large streams of water issue and fall into three basins far below, that are flanked by griffins. At the sides of the recess that contains the group are large pillars of red marble, supporting bronze figures of Truth, Justice, Wisdom, and Power. The effect is very beautiful and impressive.

CHAPTER XI.

THE GREAT EDUCATIONAL INSTITUTIONS OF PARIS.

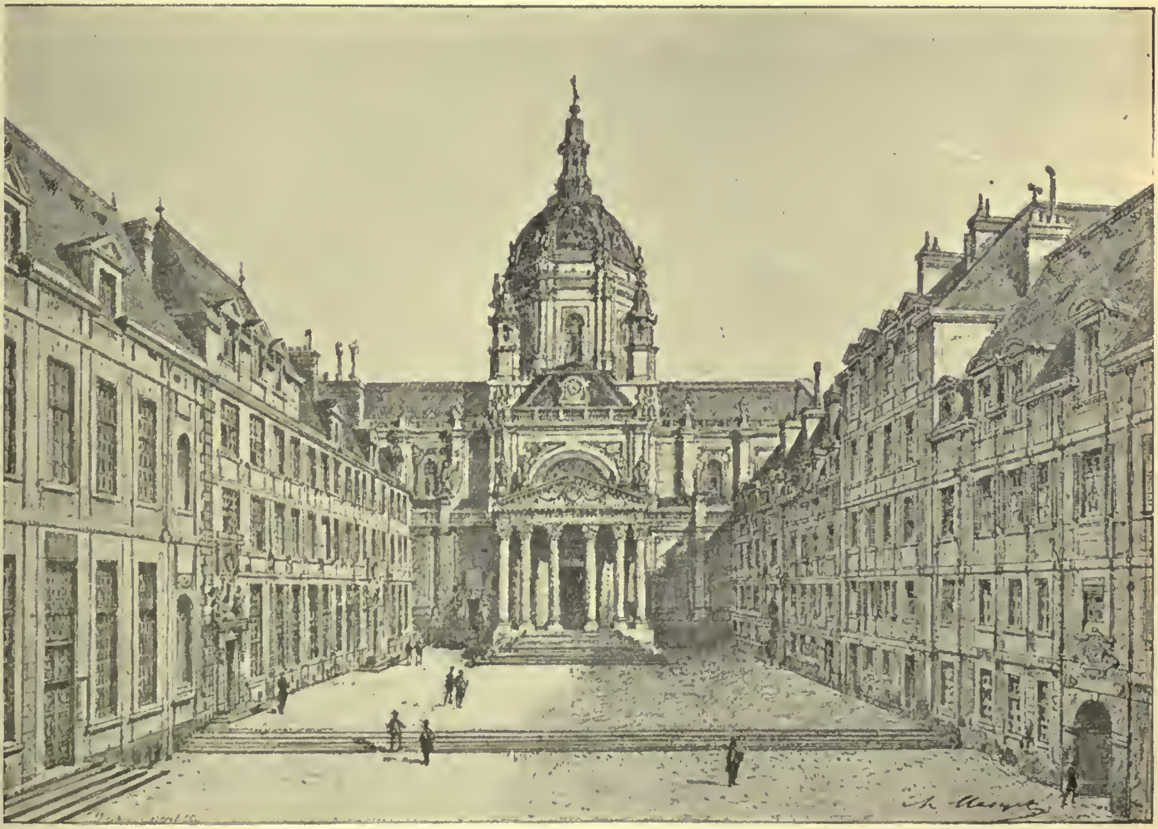
MOST unexpected, thus proving the paradoxical contrasts so common to the French, is to find a city that leads the world in certain forms of immorality, occupying the front position in the procession of arts, sciences, schools, and churches; but Paris presents this anomalous phase. She is a queer commixture of Babylon and Jerusalem, a composite of the good and bad that almost defies analysis. I have seen more sensualism in Paris than may be found in any other city of the earth; of a kind, too, which makes no distinction of rank, and which to the superficial observer, engrossed with the idea of female dishonesty, may appear to be all-pervading, an impure leaven that has affected the whole lump. But I have, on the other hand, seen more religious sentiment, more reverence, more obedience to the divine impulse in Paris than is to be observed in any other large place I ever visited. Paris is as much entitled to the name of being a city of churches as is Brooklyn; perhaps better, since she supports a larger number, and infinitely finer churches of all faiths, than any other metropolis that I can recall.

Paris is also a city of splendid institutions, of colleges, lyceums, museums, salons, art schools, and of such establishments as promote, by instruction and example, the culture and highest aspirations of mankind; so famous, in fact, for these that the world seems to be almost dependent upon her. You must be interested in such noble institutions, which are the supports and the motive power of civilization, and will be glad of an opportunity to learn what they are and something about them. I regret that lack of space will not allow me to describe them with the elaboration they deserve, and that of necessity I can briefly notice only a few of the larger and more representative educational establishments upon which so much of the fame of Paris rests.

College of the Sorbonne.

The greatest school in the world is the Sorbonne, erected in 1629 by Cardinal Richelieu for the Theological Faculty of the University of Paris, but whose scope has been since enlarged to include the Faculty of Letters and the Sciences. The Sorbonne was founded in 1253 by Robert de Sorbon, confessor of St. Louis (Louis IX.), for the education in theology of poor students, and as opportunities of the kind were so few at the time the school almost immediately acquired a great fame and became at a bound the centre of scholastic theology. The college, however, met-with many reverses through controversies with the Jesuits, and with members of the Reformation as well, while it was so bitterly assailed by the philosophers of the eighteenth century that it was abolished by the Revolution.

Napoleon I., who was mindful of the necessity of having a potent educational force behind him while leading the flower of France into campaigns of glory that vanishes almost as quickly as the smoke of battle, re-established the Sorbonne in 1808 and re-created the three faculties of Theology, Letters, and Sciences, that had originally controlled it, and turned the institution over again to their superintendency. Subsequently two other faculties, Medicine and Jurisprudence, were added to the faculty, though they occupy separate buildings, and now it is the universal school of France



COURT OF THE COLLEGE OF THE SORBONNE.

The New Sorbonne, erected in 1885-89, after Nénot's plans, is a gigantic building, capable of accommodating 15,000 students, besides the immense space devoted to lecture halls, laboratories, museums, clinics, etc., but still the extension of room and facilities continues. The total average attendance of students in its several departments exceeds 10,500, a number that will be increased when the buildings now under construction are finished, principally for the faculty of the sciences. The decorations of the Sorbonne are on a style of great magnificence, in harmony with the splendid character of the building. The ceilings are beautifully frescoed and the façade, halls, and chambers are embellished with hundreds of superb statues of great men of history, and with figures that symbolize the arts and sciences. The large amphitheatre has a seating capacity of 3000 persons, in which lectures are given that are free to the public; ladies, however, are not admitted. The library contains 170,000 volumes, and the public is also allowed the free use of these for reference or for reading within the library room.

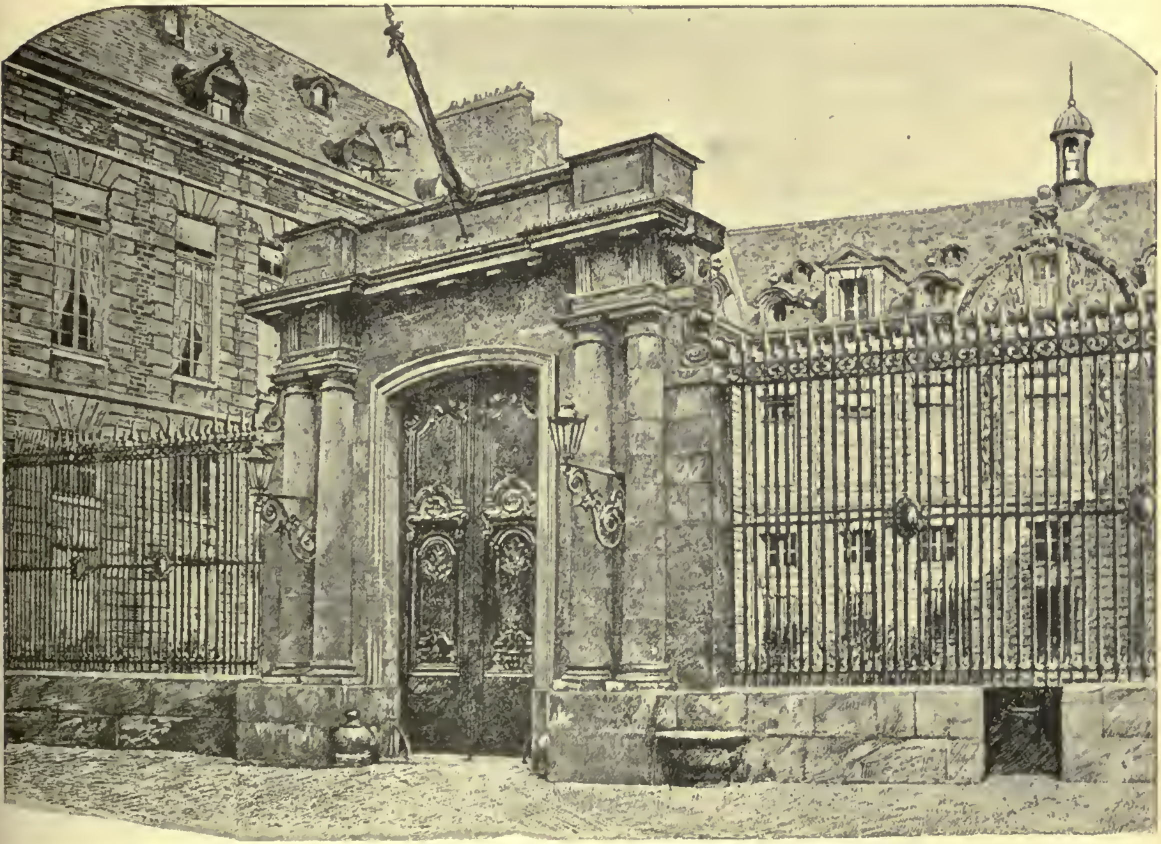
The College of France.

Beyond the Sorbonne, in the Latin Quarter, is another great school known as the College de France, founded in 1530 by Francis I., but entirely rebuilt at different times, between 1611 and 1774, and largely extended in 1831. When first established it was called *Collège des trois langues* (or college of three languages), as it was designed for the instruction of youths from different provinces of France who used a dissimilar speech. Above the entrance was the inscription "*Docet omnia*," indicating its sphere to educate in all branches, which legend is verified by the thirty-nine chairs that compose the college faculty. There is a large lecture hall in the institution where popular addresses are delivered to which ladies are admitted as well as men and no charge is made. The college is not connected directly with the university, but is under the management of the Minister of Public Instruction. Statues of Bernard, the physiologist, and of Budé, one of the founders, and of Dante, are set up in front of or near the institution.

The Institute of France.

Next in usefulness and fame to the Sorbonne, is the Institute of France, a dome-covered building on the south bank of the Seine, opposite the Louvre. This great educational establishment was founded by Cardinal Mazarin and the building was erected some time in the latter half of the seventeenth century. The original design of the founder was to educate youths of the newly acquired provinces of Alsace, Flanders, Roussillon, and Pignerol, by which design it came to be called College of the Four Nations. Tradition relates that the college was erected on the site of the Hôtel de Nesle, to which an evil repute attached as being the place where Margaret of Burgundy, wife of Louis X., enticed young men for her pleasure and then had them strangled and thrown into the Seine; for this, it is said, the old building was destroyed, but the one that replaced it did not at once serve the noble purpose for which it was designed, as during the Revolution it was used as a prison. In 1795, however, it was ceded by the Convention to the Academies, which the societies of scientists were called, but now known as Academecians, who for want of a building had been holding their meetings in the Louvre. After this the name of the institution was changed to the Palais de l'Institut, by which it is almost as well known as by the national title, Institut de France.

The departments of the Institute embrace the French language, belles lettres, sciences, the arts, and moral and political science. The department of language, consisting of a faculty of forty members, is mainly concerned with the publication of a dictionary of the French language, which requires great labor to complete its revision every year. It has charge also of the examinations of contestants for the several prizes which are distributed by it, one of which, known as the "Prix Montyon," of $4500, annually, was bequeathed by a philanthropist of that name as an award to the poor man who should be judged to have done the most meritorious deed of the year. There was so much rivalry among claimants of this prize, and so wide difference of opinion as to the deserving ones, that the money is now annually divided among several who, by an examination, prove their worthiness to receive it. Another prize of nearly the same amount is distributed every year by the faculty composing this department to the author who shall be adjudged to have produced within the year the most useful work in the cause of public morality.



ENTRANCE TO THE NATIONAL LIBRARY.

The faculty of inscriptions and belles lettres has a membership of forty active instructors, ten honorary members, eight foreign associates, fifty corresponding members, and two secretaries. It is chiefly occupied with archæological research, a study of the extinct languages, and the publication of its memoirs periodically,

The faculty of the sciences promotes a study of mathematics and the natural sciences, and has a membership of sixty-six instructors, eight foreign associates, and ninety-two correspondents, and issues an annual publication.

The faculty of art cultivates painting, sculpture, architecture, and musical composition, with a membership as large as that of the languages, and publishes a history every year of the progress of art.

The faculty of moral and political science is appointed to instruct in philosophy, history, and political economy, and is composed of forty ordinary and six honorary members, nine foreign associates, and forty-seven correspondents, and it also publishes an annual report.

Thus it will be seen that the institute numbers two hundred and twenty-six regular and about three hundred honorary and corresponding members, the salaries of the former being $240 per year and of the latter nothing; yet the honor of a membership is so greatly esteemed as to be the highest ambition sought by every literary and scientific Frenchman. Vacancies, when they occur, are filled by votes of the members, subject to approval by the government, which of course very rarely, if ever, interferes with the body in any of its actions, and we cannot be surprised at the charge, which is frequently made, that room is often found for the undeserving while the manifestly worthy are excluded. But if this accusation be a true one it has failed to impair the usefulness of the institute, or to affect the very high honor in which a membership is held throughout the world.

The institute is not a school, but a body of savants occupied with research in the various channels of learning, who advance the sciences which they represent by publications setting forth, periodically, the results of their investigations.

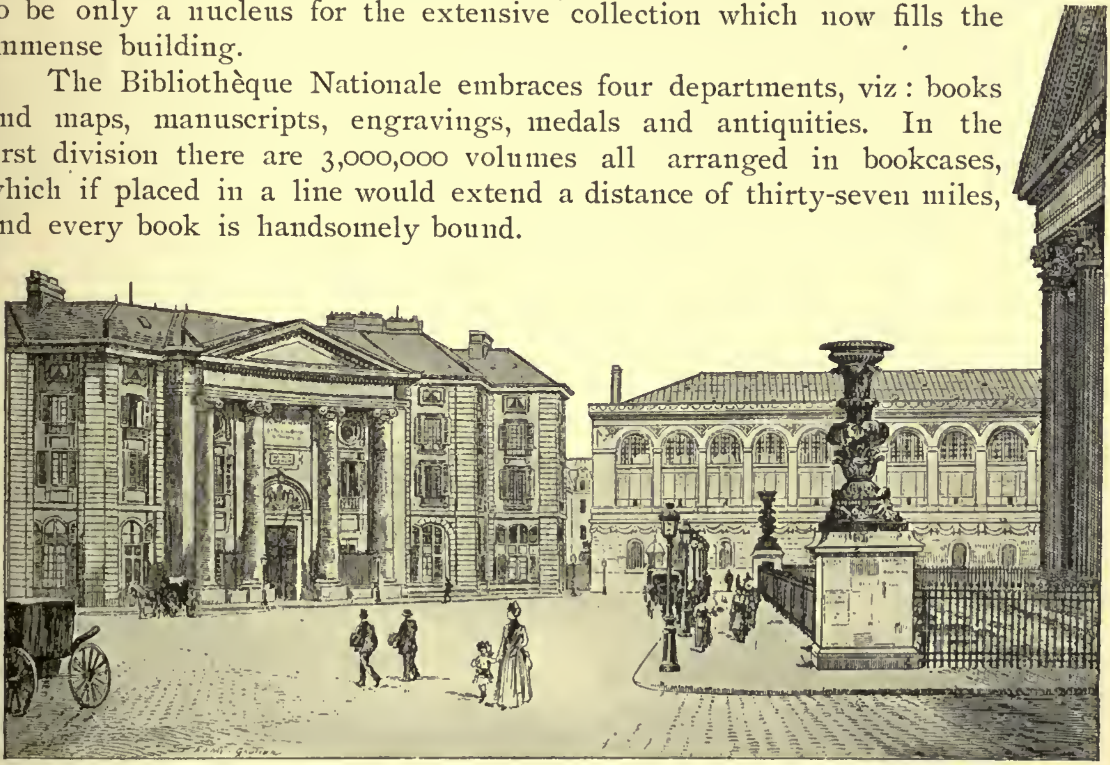
The National Library.

Paris may, in the pride of her heart, the splendor of her reputation as an art and educational centre, boast the largest library in the world. This colossal institution, now called the Bibliothèque Nationale, occupies an entire square, bounded by the Rues Richelieu, Colbert, Vivienne, and des Petits-Champs. The building was erected in 1724 on the site of the palace of Cardinal Mazarin, the great minister of Louis XIII. and Louis XIV., a large portion of which was used for some time for library purposes, until extensions and alterations that were found to be necessary caused nearly the last vestiges of the palace to be removed.

The origin of this wonderful library is cotemporary with the time of Francis I., who in 1536 decreed that one copy of every book printed in France should be donated to the royal library, which was then at Fontainebleau. Twenty years later this decree was supplemented by an order of Henry II. that all the books thus furnished should be printed on vellum and handsomely bound. This order was very soon afterward changed so as to require the donation of two copies of all books so issued, but allowing the publisher to print them on ordinary paper.

When the Jesuits were expelled from France, Henry IV. transferred the library to Clermont, and confiscated all the riches of the order, a large portion of which he employed in adding to the collection and encasing the books in beautiful bindings. Upon the return of the Jesuits, in 1604, the library was again removed, and for a third and a fourth time, until in 1724, at the suggestion of the custodian, Abbé Bignon, it was transferred to the Hotel Mazarin, which was rebuilt and extended to accommodate it. At that time the library comprised 40,000 printed books and 1100 manuscripts, considered very large then, but which proved to be only a nucleus for the extensive collection which now fills the immense building.

The Bibliothèque Nationale embraces four departments, viz: books and maps, manuscripts, engravings, medals and antiquities. In the first division there are 3,000,000 volumes all arranged in bookcases, which if placed in a line would extend a distance of thirty-seven miles, and every book is handsomely bound.



LIBRARY OF STE. GENEVIEVE.

The principal room in this great library building, opened in 1868, is called the *Salle de Travail* (work-room), a lofty hall containing 12,600 square feet, the ceiling of which is supported by sixteen cast-iron pillars thirty-three feet high, and lighted from nine cupolas made of porcelain.

The department of engravings contains 2,500,000 plates, bound in volumes; the department of manuscripts comprises 100,000, and that of medals and antiquities 400,000, among the latter being a wonderful collection of gems, intaglios, cameos, glasses, vases, etc. In the grand gallery of antiquities are to be seen the greatest treasures that have been gathered from the nations of the past, among which are especially to be noted the chamber of Karnak; cylinders, cuneiform inscriptions, and cut gems from Assyria, Chaldea, and Persia; historical intaglios of ancient, mediæval, and modern times; a goblet of sardonyx, known as cup of the Ptolemies; cup of Chosroes I., king of Persia, who died 575, composed of medallions of rock-crystal and glass, with a figure of Chosroes enthroned in the centre; Julia, daughter of Titus, in aqua marine; apotheosis of Augustus, the largest cameo in existence, consisting of a sardonyx one foot in height, graven with twenty-six figures of distinguished rulers; a medal of Eucratides, the Greek king of Bactriana, weighing six ounces, the largest ever found, and hundreds of articles of equal worth and curiosity, the whole composing a collection that is incomparably the greatest and most valuable in the world.

The Library of Ste. Genevieve.

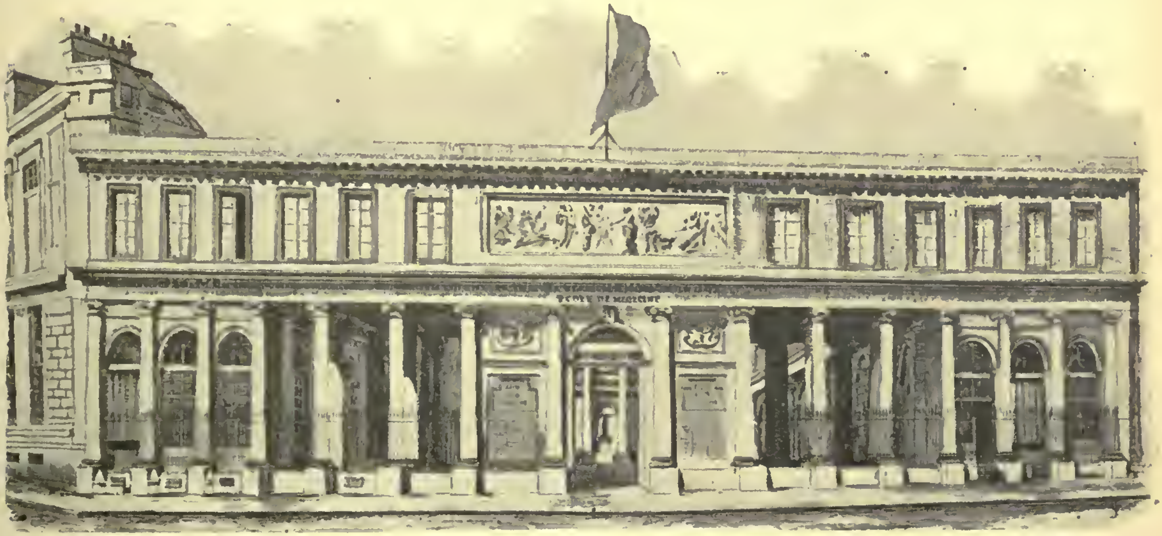
Next in importance to the national library is the Bibliothèque Ste. Geneviève, housed in a long building beside the Pantheon, constructed by Labrouste in 1843–50, though founded by Cardinal de la Rochefoucauld in the Abbey of Ste. Geneviéve as early as 1624. The building is severely plain from an exterior view, but is admirably arranged for the purpose it subserves. The library, which was greatly augmented by that of Le Tellier, archbishop of Rheims, in 1710, now comprises 35,000 manuscripts, from the eleventh to the seventeenth centuries, many of which are superbly illuminated with exquisite miniatures. There are also shown many specimens of the earliest printing, from 1457 to 1520, and some 6000 engravings. The printed books number 120,000 volumes. The *Salle de Lecture* (reading-room), which is on the first floor, is 330 feet long by 66 feet wide, and 42 feet high, with a vaulting that is supported by seventeen iron girders resting on sixteen slender pillars. The tables with which this room is provided will accommodate 420 readers at one time. There is no attempt at adornment except in the vestibule, which contains several busts of distinguished French authors, and on the staircase is one of Gering, who in 1469 set up in the Sorbonne the first printing press used in Paris. Above the landing is a copy, by Balze, of Raphael's "School of Athens," the original of which is in the Vatican. This same artist also embellished a piece of Gobelins tapestry with a scene representing "Study Surprised by Night," an admirable composition that hangs by the entrance to the hall.

The School of Medicine.

In the Latin Quarter, on the Boulevard St. Germain, is the Ecole de Médecine, an ancient looking structure looking out grimly if not grimy upon the bustle of that fine modern street. The appearance from the outside, especially the front, is anything but pleasing, but the interior, or court view, is very attractive, flanked as it is by an Ionic colonnade, opposite which is a bronze statue of Bichat, the great anatomist, set up here in 1857. The building, though erected nearly one hundred and fifty years ago, is still in good preservation and well adapted to the purpose in use. It has an amphitheatre for lectures and clinics that comfortably seats 1400 persons, and the library comprises 90,000 volumes. It also has a large Museum of Comparative Anatomy, founded by Orfila, and a valuable pathological-anatomical collection, which, however, for lack of room in the college building, is established in the refectory of an old Franciscan monastery near by. Just west of the school in an open space is a bronze statue of Danton, commemorating his acts as one of the chief organizers of the national defence, but there are no other adornments in or near the building, in which respect it differs from all the other colleges, of consequence, in Paris.

Conservatory of the Arts and Industries.

You must not visit Paris without examining the interesting exhibition of industries which may always be seen at the Conservatoire des Arts et Métiers, which occupies a space between the Rues St. Martin and Vaucanson. There is a square in front of the building, from the centre of which rises a lofty column, surmounted by a figure of Victory, by Crauk, and with a pedestal on which is inscribed the victories gained by France in the Crimea. On each side of the column are small fountains embellished with figures of Agriculture and Industry, and Commerce and Art. On the south side of the square is the Gaiety Theatre.



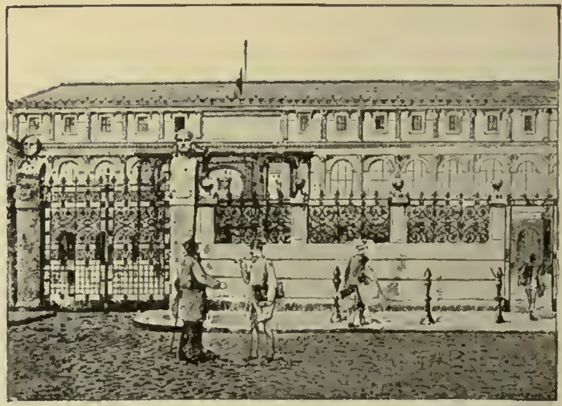
SCHOOL OF MEDICINE.

These marks will serve to indicate the place to you, even if in the magnitude of the building you should fail to understand its purpose. It is open every day, but the machinery is in motion only on Sundays.

The edifice was erected so long ago that its age is impossible to now determine, but it was once the Benedictine abbey of *St. Martin des Champs* (of the field or country) supposed to have been founded in 1060, and so remained until it was secularized in 1789, at the beginning of the Revolution, when everything of a religious character was subverted in Paris. The foundation of the Conservatoire was established by decree of the Convention in 1794, but was not transferred to this building, to become a reality, until 1798. It is now the greatest industrial institute in France, probably the largest in the world. The exhibition rooms contain almost every conceivable kind of machinery and scientific instruments, used in agriculture, surveying, architecture, timber-working, hydraulics, working in stone, mining, bridge building, railroading, gas making, textile fabrics, culinary art, woven fabrics, paper making, chemical apparatus, modeling, porcelains, etc. Every mechanical art seems to be represented. The institution has a library of 30,000 volumes, though it is open to students only, but the lectures delivered every week, and devoted to subjects of industrial activity, are free to all artisans, thousands of whom avail themselves of the opportunity.

School of the Fine Arts.

On the Rue Bonaparte, near the Institute of France, is a large and rather showy building called the Palais des Beaux-Arts, founded in 1648, as a school of painting, sculpture, engraving, and gem cutting. It is a famous institution, with a faculty of fifty professors, and an average attendance of 1100 students of different nationalities. The management of the school stimulates its pupils to their utmost by offering prizes in the first departments, those awarded the highest honors for their productions being entitled to a four-year course of study at Rome at government expense. There is such a contest for this prize that an annual exhibition is held here in summer of the works of the pupils in competition, which never fails to draw large numbers of visitors.


SCHOOL OF FINE ARTS

The building, occupying the site of the Convent of the Little Augustins, is of modern construction, having been erected in 1820–38, and remodeled in 1860–62, at which time a new wing was added, and the old Hotel Chimay, was subsequently acquired (1885) for the workshops. The first court contains many examples of architecture, from the Gallo-Roman period to the sixteenth century, chiefly of churches. On the left of the court is a splendid fresco, painted on a sheet of lava, by the Balze brothers, and on the right is the magnificent portal of the Château d'Anet, which was erected in 1548, by order of Henry II., for his mistress, Diana of Poitiers (the duchess of Valentinos), and which now forms the entrance to the old abbey chapel. The vestibule contains copies of Pompeian paintings and casts of sculptures of the Parthenon and temple of Minerva in Egina. Passing to the inner court, which is roofed with glass, the visitor perceives many casts from antiques of Rome and Greece, and restored columns and entablature from the Parthenon, while opposite the entrance is the amphitheatre, adorned with a very celebrated encaustic painting, by Delaroche, representing, by seventy-five colossal figures, twenty-three feet in height, distinguished artists of all ages. This great painting cost Delaroche nearly four years of constant work, for which the government paid him the sum of $16,000. A companion, or opposite picture to Delaroche's masterpiece, is a large painting by Ingres, which represents the victory of Romulus over Acron, king of the Sabines, a very fine piece of work.

Ascending by a broad stairs to the second floor, the visitor's attention is attracted by one of Pinturicchio's splendid fresco copies on the staircase wall, illustrating the betrothal of Emperor Frederick III., to Eleanor, of Portugal, and the sides of the glass-roofed court are galleries embellished with sixty-two copies of Raphael's paintings in the loggia of the Vatican. In the Salon of Models, on the second floor, are a large number of beautiful drawings, small antiques, cork models of Roman buildings, and copies of the masterpieces of every important school. In the grand salon of paintings, which is a supplemental gallery or chapel to the main building, on the ground floor, is a grand exhibition of hundreds of sublime productions, though copies, comprising frescoes, casts, and mural decorations, and beyond this hall, in the *Cour du Murier* (court of the mulberry tree), are galleries containing sculptures executed at Rome by former pupils, and casts of ancient bas-reliefs, at one end of which is a monument, honoring the memory of Regnault, the painter, and other pupils of the school; who perished in the defence of Paris in 1871.

Another beautiful gallery of the institution is the *Salle de Melpomène* (salon of the goddess of tragedy), which is used as an exhibition room for competitive works, in which are to be seen, as permanent embellishments, a large number of copies of famous paintings, beyond which are three rooms in which are shown all the prize works produced by pupils of the school since the end of the seventeenth century, but these may only be viewed by special permit from the custodian.

The Conservatory of Music.

Another one of the great national institutions of France is the Conservatoire de Musique et de Déclamation, which was established in 1784 for the purpose of training singers, musicians, and actors for the national stage. Its staff of instructors number seventy-three, and the enrollment of pupils averages 600, who are admitted by competition and receive their training at the expense of the government. The building is situated in the Rue Faubourg Poissonnière, and is spacious without pretense to beauty or imposing appearance, but is excellently adapted to the purpose for which it is used.

The fine taste and splendid culture of the French people is well shown by the founding and maintenance of an institution of this character. Other nations support schools for the education of the youth of both sexes in the indispensable branches of knowledge, but the French system of education also includes training in the arts that beautify, that charm, and amuse, to which almost as much attention is paid as to that of the necessary branches.

The management of the conservatory is vested in a directory, the members of which are appointed by the State, and the honor of an appointment is esteemed as being almost equal to that of a membership in the Institute of France. Every year the graduating pupils are in competition for the grand prize, the fortunate winner of which is awarded a pension of $600 for a period of four years, which is made as an expense allowance to enable him to perfect his studies in the music centres of Italy and Germany. Instruction in opera composition is a special branch of the institution, and after the examinations, which take place in May, the pupil who is adjudged to have written the best score, is entitled to have any one of his subsequent productions, that he may nominate, produced at the Grand Opera, or Opera Comique, at the expense of the management. It is optional with the management, however, to give one or more representations of the operas which the law compels them to produce.

The conservatory has a large collection of musical instruments and a valuable library, open to visitors on Thursdays, and concerts are given in the main hall every Sunday from January to April, and three sacred concerts during Passion and Easter week, at all of which the highest order of classical music is rendered, but the privilege of attendance is limited to subscribers.

CHAPTER XII.

THE GREAT MUSEUMS OF PARIS.

NO other city possesses so many and such great museums as Paris. They have been founded and fostered by nearly all the monarchs of France, and some of them have been national institutions of world renown for centuries. When the kings of France went upon campaigns against other countries they brought back as trophies not only spoils of wealth by levies of tribute, but violated sanctuaries, pillaged courts, plundered salons, ravaged institutions, and thus possessing themselves of the most valuable specimens of art, the most splendid works of genius, the most magnificent examples of architecture, brought them back as contributions to the museums they had established. This passion for making collections of the beautiful and wonderful things of the world, has been so prominently present as to become almost a characteristic of the French people; but it has proven not only beneficent to themselves but to the whole civilized world as well, for in her museums may now be found objects which illustrate the progress of civilization in every part of the earth, and its reverses and overthrows as shown by resurrections from kingdoms of the sands. The greatest public building in Paris, whether considered for size or contents, is the splendid palace, known as the

Museum of the Louvre.

A building that occupies a vast space of ground, and contains the richest treasures that have ever been gathered by the pride and industry of art loving collectors, by antiquarians, by monarchs, and by a nation which during centuries of varied activity in war, construction, and commercial extension, has never abated its enthusiasm to establish the greatest museums of the earth.

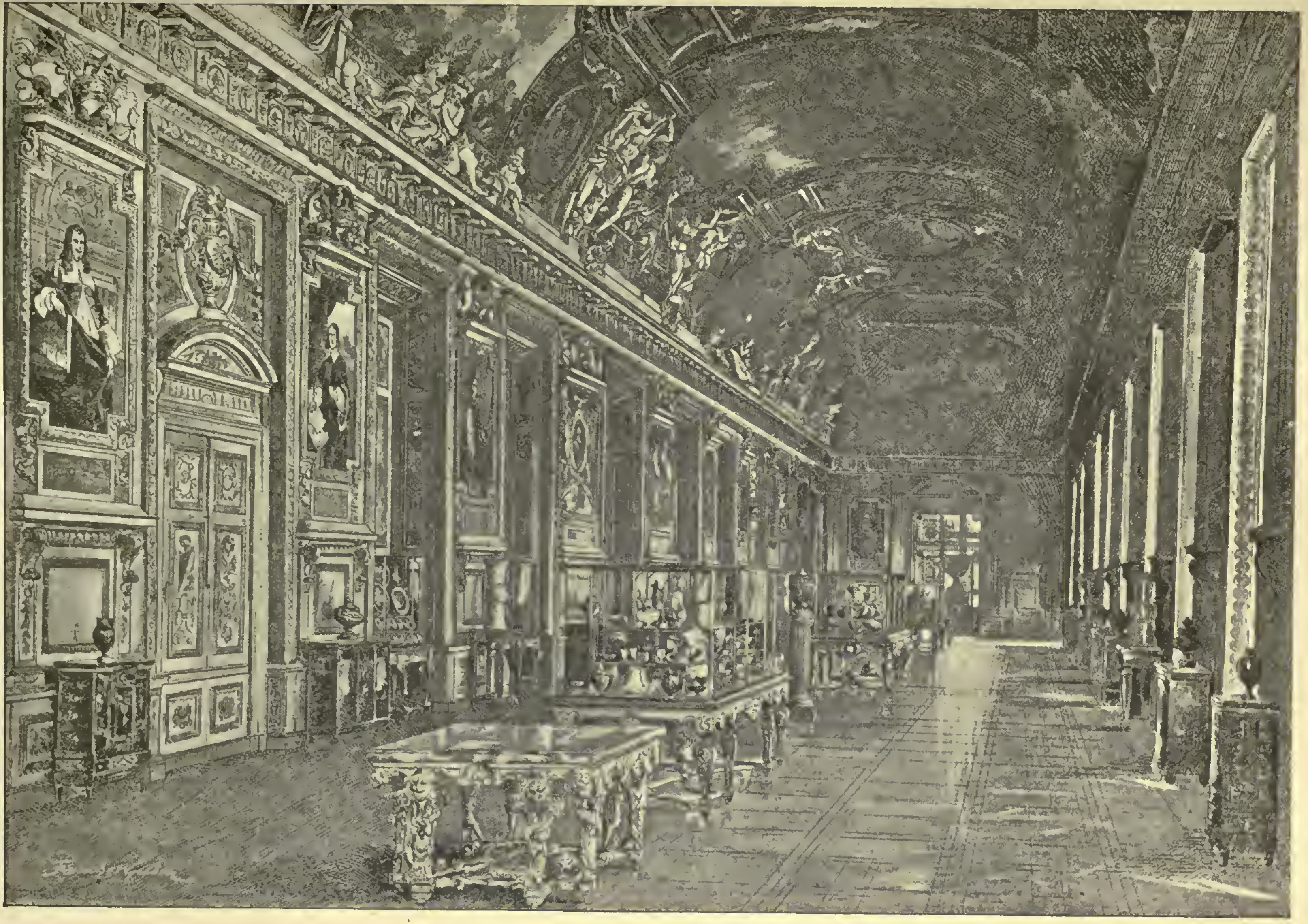
The Palace of the Louvre does not need locating in a book, for it is one of the world's institutions that every person knows of, and which every one who goes to Paris must see. The site of the Louvre was, some six hundred years ago, a forest in which there were coverts so dense as to afford a secure hiding place for the wild animals that therein abounded. Wolves were especially numerous within these woods, and people living in the outskirts of the city of that time suffered much from their depredations. Wolf-hunting was a popular sport, engaged in by monarchs and members of their courts, who found the game which they sought so plentiful in the woods then adjoining the city, that they built a hunter's château, or club house, in the midst of it which they called the Louverie, from which is derived the name of the palace, which signifies place of the wolf.

The first effort to reduce the heavy woods and improve it as a suburb of Paris, which was at the time just outside the city walls, was made by Philip Augustus, early in the thirteenth century, who erected on the site of the hunter's château a strong castle consisting of four sides enclosing a large quadrangular court, entrance to which was by a heavy portcullis gate, and within the square was a donjon which was capable of accommodating a thousand of his soldiers in case of emergency. There is no evidence that Augustus lived here, but one hundred and fifty years later Charles V. fitted up the building as a royal residence, who extended the city walls so as to enclose the house and grounds, and lived here for a while.

The Palace of the Louvre was conceived by Francis I., who began its construction in 1541 on the site of the hunters' club, and of the residence of Charles V., which latter was torn down to give place for the great museum building. Construction of the building proceeded very slowly, for it was not until 1546 that an architect was engaged, in the person of Pierre Lescot, one of the masters of early French Renaissance. In the following year (1547), Francis died, but work was more energetically prosecuted by his successor, Henry II., and when he died, in 1578, his widow, Catherine de Médicis, persuaded her sons, Francis II. and Henry III., rulers in succession, to continue the construction on a splendid scale, while she turned her own attention to the erection of the palace of the Tuileries, which was destined to be connected with the Louvre by a great gallery extending along the bank of the Seine.

While the palace was being built, and subsequently, the place has been the scene of many shocking tragedies, and memorable historical events. It was in the palace, August 19, 1572, that the marriage of Margaret of Valois with the king of Navarre, afterward Henry IV., of France, was celebrated, attended by a large number of Huguenot chiefs who came as a mark of honor to Henry, who was a Protestant, and as an evidence of reconciliation which appeared to have been established with the Catholics, through the mediatory influence of Charles IX. Five days later, however, an attempt upon the life of Admiral Coligny so inflamed the Catholics that at daybreak of St. Bartholomew's Day the matin bells of St. Germain l'Auxerrois, opposite the palace, tolled the signal for beginning a slaughter that shocks the civilized world's remembrance. It has been said that Charles himself fired the first shot from a window in the south wing of the palace and the stone sill was accordingly inscribed, but it is now known that this part of the building was not erected until about the year 1600, in the reign of Henry IV. The slaughter of Huguenots was not confined to Paris, for there was a bloody uprising against them throughout France which did not subside until 20,000 had been slain, half of which number were murdered in the streets of Paris.

Despite the tragedy of St. Bartholomew's Day, work on the Louvre continued without much interruption by succeeding monarchs, until the accession of Louis XIII., who was so occupied with building the Palais Royal, the establishing of the



MUSEE DU LOUVRE, GALERIE D'APOLLON.

French Academy, and projecting the Jardin des Plantes, that he suspended work on the Louvre for several years. In 1624, however, he commenced it again by engaging Lemercier as the architect, Lescot having died in 1571, by whose designs the building was made four times larger than the original plans had provided. and the work was carried on rapidly until the death of Louis XIV. (1715), as his successors, Louis XV. and Louis XVI. refused to live in the Louvre, preferring the palaces at St. Germain, the Tuileries, and Versailles. The building was neglected, and had fallen into a sorry condition when Napoleon I., in 1805, set resolutely about its restoration, and the construction of a gallery connecting the Tuileries with the Louvre on the north side. This latter work had proceeded so far as the Pavillon de Rohan when the downfall of Napoleon again suspended operations on the building, which were not revived until after the election of Louis Napoleon, as president of the Republic founded in 1848, who proceeded to complete the north gallery, which was accomplished in 1857 at a total cost of $15,000,000. The building, with the Tuileries, includes an area of forty-eight acres of ground space, enclosing three splendid courts sumptuously embellished, while the palace is as richly adorned with statues and carved symbols as genius and infinite labor can make it.

The Palace of the Louvre, as its title indicates, was designed as a royal residence, but it was never popular for this purpose, and in 1793 the old portion of the building was given over and prepared for a national museum, but the north wing is occupied by offices of the Minister of Finance.

On May 24, 1871, a desperate effort was made by the Communists to destroy the whole building, together with its priceless collection of treasures, which, to the regret of the world, was partially accomplished. The destruction would have been complete but for the arrival of a large body of troops from Versailles, who besides beating back the incendiary mob, by heroic battling confined the flames to that portion where they had already gained such headway as to render extinguishment impossible. That part of the gallery connecting the Louvre with the Tuileries was consumed together with the library of 90,000 volumes which it contained, which portion has not been restored.

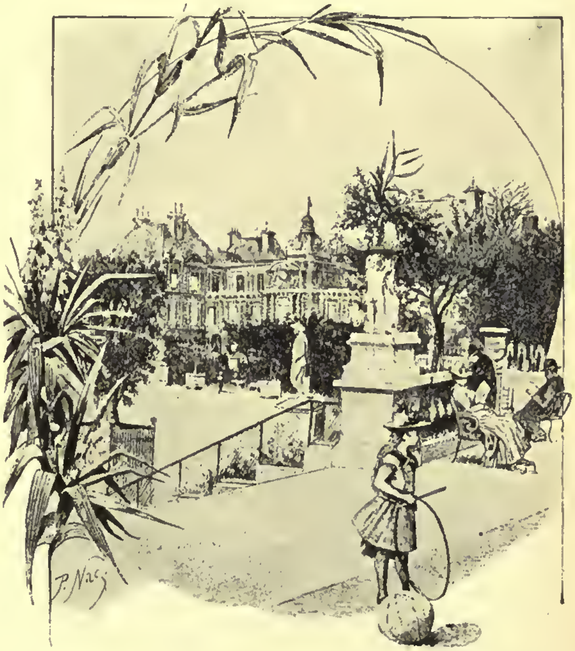
It would require a large volume to catalogue all the things that are on exhibition in the Louvre, for its halls cover miles in extent, and every foot of space is occupied. It is the greatest art gallery in the world, and contains the largest and most valuable collection of statuary, both ancient and mod rn, that was ever made. The visitor is confronted, and his interest and admiration excited to the utmost, by the splendid relics and art treasures that the most ancient nations produced; and he may well fancy himself set down in the great galleries of Assyria, India, Egypt, Greece, Rome, and other antique monarchies that have long since disappeared, but leaving monuments in sculpture, and wealth in a thousand forms to attest the grandeur of their former existence and the splendid power which they once exerted.

Palace and Museum of the Luxembourg.

Next in extent and value to the Louvre as a national museum is the Palace of the Luxembourg, which was erected in the year 1615–20 for Marie de Médicis by Debrosse, one of the most famous of French architects, who died the year following the completion of the building. The site was formerly occupied by the Hôtel de Luxembourg, a mansion of much prominence, but the property of a private gentleman, from which the palace derives its name.

The front, toward the Rue Vaugirard, is 300 feet in width, and comprises three connecting pavilions adorned with pillars, but neither imposing nor specially attractive, for signs of age and disintegration are present to mar the original beauty of its appearance. The façade that faces the garden was restored by Louis Philippe in 1836–44, who employed Gisors to do the work and saw that it was not neglected, the result being a reconstruction that exhibits the harmony and pleasing features of the original.

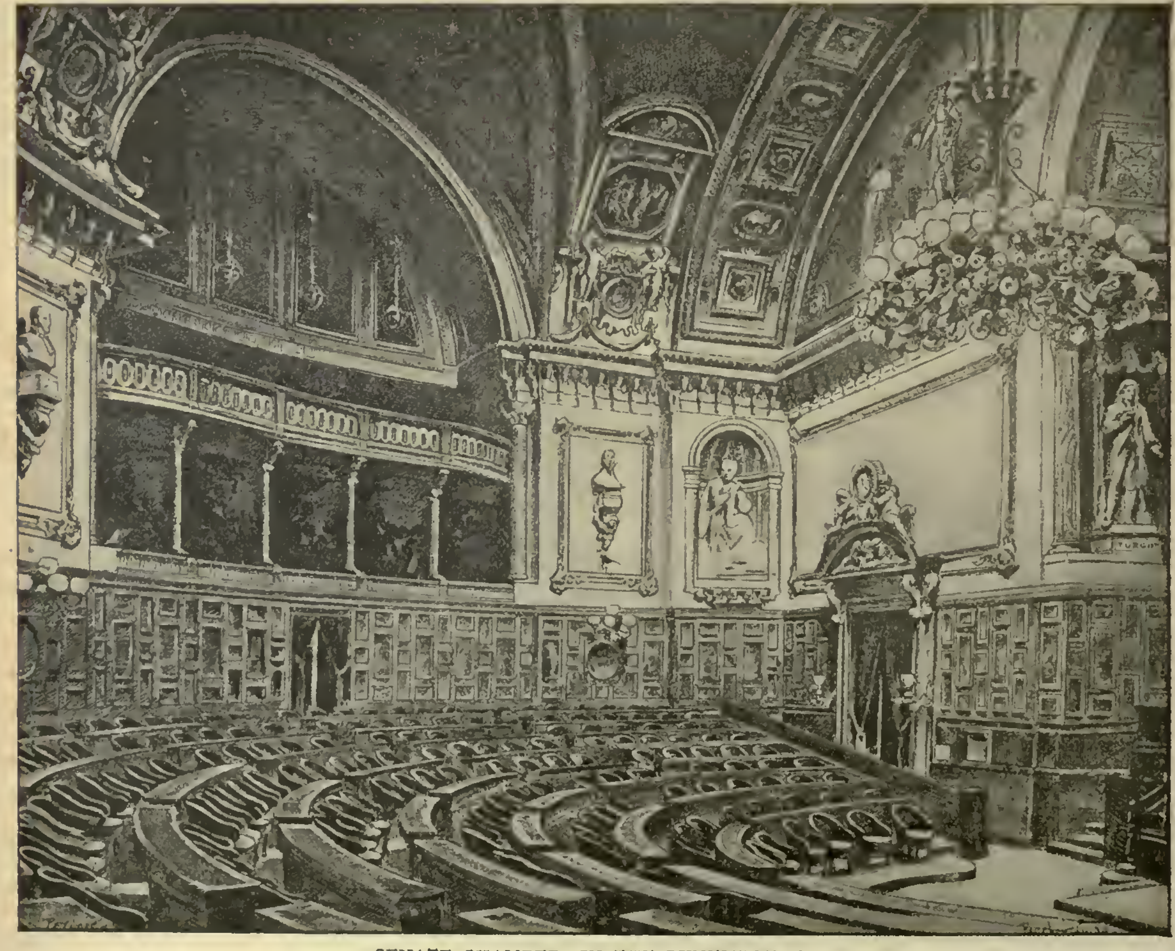
The palace has had many vicissitudes, in common with all the other great buildings of Paris. Marie de Médicis made it her residence and it continued to be used as the home of royalty until the Revolution of 1792, its last occupant being the Count of Provence, afterward Louis XVIII., by whom it was abandoned when the Convention converted the palace into a prison. In 1795 it received the name of Palais de Directoire, by reason of its occupation by the Directory, and in 1799 the building became the residence of Napoleon I., when it was called Palais du Consulat, but before a year expired, or early in the year 1800, Napoleon removed to the Tuileries.



PALAIS DU LUXEMBOURG.

Subsequently, or during the first empire, the palace was occupied by the Senate, and after the Restoration, under Louis Philippe, it was the meeting place of the Chamber of Peers. From 1852 until 1870 it again became the Senate house, of the second empire, and was then occupied by the Prefect of the Seine after the destruction of the Hôtel de Ville by the Commune. In 1879, however, upon the return of the chamber from Versailles, to Paris, it, for a third time, became the meeting place of that body and so continues to be to this time, as it is the residence of the president of the Senate, who occupies the wing to the right of the principal front, called the *Petit* (small) Luxembourg.

A considerable part of the palace (since the Revolution), on the second floor, is occupied by the Musée du Luxembourg, which is open to the public daily except on Sundays and during sittings of the Senate. These rooms are extremely interesting, devoted as they are to meetings of committees and of the chamber, and are embellished in a style of magnificence really wonderful to behold. On each side of the president's seat is a painting by Blondel, one of which illustrates the offering of the crown to Philip by the Peers, and the other, conferring on Louis XII. the title of "Father of the People" by the Estates of Tours, while at the beginning of the semi-circle of seats are statues of Charlemagne and St. Louis. From the Senate chamber the visitor is conducted to the "Gallery of Busts," and to the room once occupied by Napoleon I., which are splendidly adorned with marble and bronze busts, and famous paintings. Other chambers are the *Salle des Pas-perdus* (salon of the fatal step), the Grand Gallery, which was formerly occupied by the museum, the chamber of Marie de Médicis and the chapel, every one of which is superbly illuminated with paintings by the greatest masters of the time.



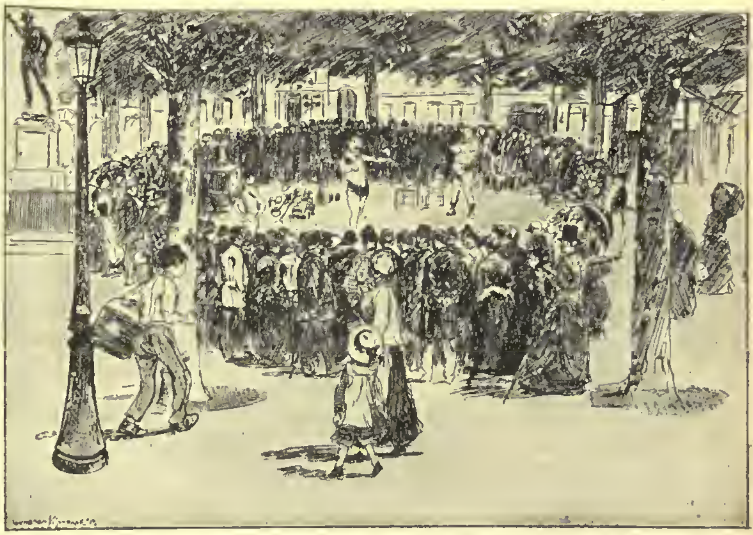
SENATE CHAMBER, IN THE LUXEMBOURG.

The Museum of the Luxembourg, erected in 1886, is now in a new building a little west of the Petit Luxembourg, and is devoted to a public exhibition of the productions of living artists only. The collection is a large one and consists of paintings, sculpture, drawings, and engravings. As soon as an artist dies, all of his works on view at the Luxembourg are transferred to the Louvre, where they permanently remain, so that frequent changes of the exhibits make it impossible to furnish a catalogue of the works on view that is always satisfactory. The collection is one of the largest in Europe, and a great number of beautiful paintings and statuary are exhibited, before which even connoisseurs often pause to study and ask themselves seriously if modern artists do not favorably compare with, if they do not exceed in their imitations of nature, the old masters before whom we bow in adulation.

The Hotel, or Musee Cluny.

In French, the word *hotel* is used to signify any large house—a mansion, a city hall, a hospital, or lodging place,—and is not so commonly employed to express an inn as it is a public building. This fact should be kept in mind because of the frequent occurrence of the word in this as in all books appertaining to France.

The Cluny Museum is an old structure erected upon the ruins of what was manifestly a Roman palace, believed to have been built by the Emperor Constantius Chlorus, who resided in France from the year 292 until 306 A. D. It is certainly known that in this ancient palace Julian was proclaimed emperor by his soldiers in 360, and that here the early Frankish monarchs had their residence until they removed to the *Ile de la Cité* (City Isle), during their long wars with the northern barbarians, when they required a greater security than the old palace afforded. Nothing remains of this ancient royal residence but ruins of the baths and dungeons connected with it, whose grimy adobe walls loom up in strange disfigurement among the trees that lean out over the busy boulevard of St. Michel. These ruins came into the possession of the Benedictine Abbey of Cluny in the latter part of the fifteenth century, who a few years later built upon the site a small monastery which came to be known as the Hotel Cluny. This building retains all of its original features to this day, and is a


ACROBATS IN THE PLACE DE L'OBSERVATORY, LUXEMBOURG.

striking mediæval structure of Gothic style let down as it were into the midst of modern surroundings and nineteenth century activities.

The abbots of Cluny visited Paris so seldom that it can scarcely be said they ever occupied the monastery, and to protect it from possible vandalism they placed it at the disposal of the kings of France, and during the Revolution, when so much church property was destroyed and confiscated, it was seized as national property. In 1833 Alexander du Sommerard, a wealthy antiquarian of great distinction, acquired the property by purchase from the government, and made the building a repository for the immense collection of relics which he had gathered during many years of indefatigable research and acquisition. After his death, in 1842, it was found that by his will the collection had been left to the city, which thereupon purchased the building and has ever since been increasing the museum and enlarging its usefulness. The number of mediæval objects of art and products of industry here exhibited exceeds 11,000, while every year many additions are made, though the proper capacity of the building has long been exceeded, until now there is more or less piling up and a threatening of confusion.

The Musee Carnavalet.

The Museum of Carnavalet takes its name from a lady, Kernevalec, who was once proprietor of the building, and is located on the Rue Sévigné, which was the name of another lady who lived in the mansion from 1677 to 1698. The building was erected some time in the sixteenth century and continued as a private place until 1869, when it was purchased by the government, which put it in thorough repair at large expense and adapted it to the purpose of storing, for permanent exhibition, a collection of Paris antiquities and for the new municipal library. The institution is now properly called the *Musée Historique de la Ville* (The City Historical Museum), but the old title clings to it with popular pertinacity.

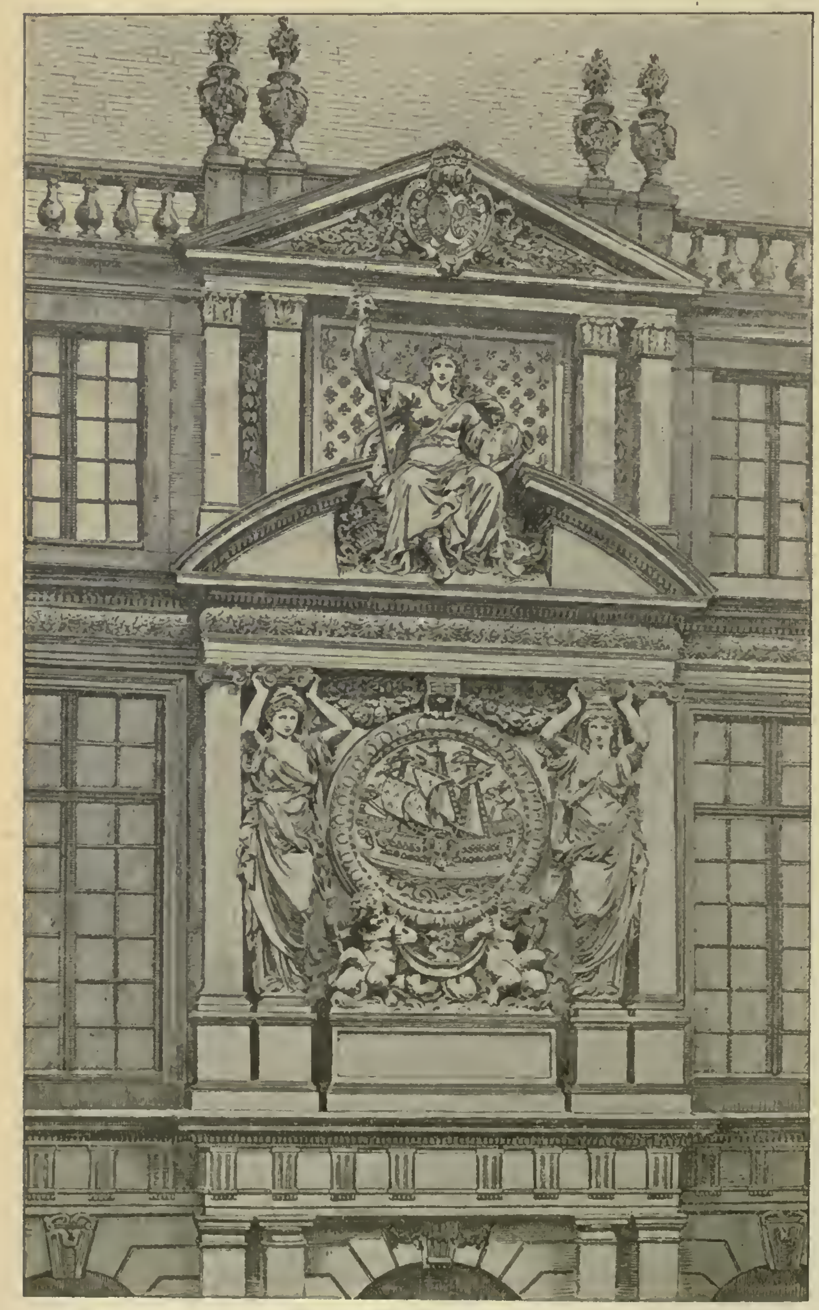
The museum occupies fourteen large rooms on the ground floor, part of the basement, a gallery in the garden, and seven rooms on the second floor, the whole being a space of some 30,000 square feet for exhibition purposes. In the basement, among other curious things, are plaster casts of skeletons found in the Rue Monge Arena, which we may fancy were bodies of Christians torn to pieces and devoured by hungry beasts, or of gladiators who fought to the death to make a spectacle for a Roman holiday. In the rooms of the ground floor are stones from the Rue Monge, and of other Roman buildings whose relics are of the time when Roman emperors had their summer palaces in Paris, and pursued the cruel sports which were peculiar to those bloody minded people. On the second floor are articles which are gruesome reminders of revolutions that have torn and desolated France, among which may be mentioned the Constitution of 1793 bound in human skin. Imagine, if you will, the constitution of the nation bound with the skins of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette; here may also be seen the identical bolts that were used for fastening the dungeon doors of the Conciergerie, and *lettres de cachet*, those sealed messages of death that came to so many unfortunates in 1792; and there are the most cruel instruments of torture and of death, hellish conceptions of infernal brains, to wring confessions from minds distempered by the rack. But yet there are no chambers of horrors, for relics such as these are few and the suggestion of their infamous uses is almost destroyed by their association with beautiful things that tell of the progress, peace, industry, commerce, charity, and splendid democracy of the French people, whose history is behind them, and whose destinies they face with confidence. With such dreadful examples always before their eyes, let us ask—Will France be dismembered again by revolution?

The Palace of Industry.

TERRACE OF THE LUXEMBOURG PALACE.

On one side of the Champs Elysées, nearly midway between the Place de la Concorde and the Arch of Triumph, is the large and well-lighted building known as the Palais de l'Industrie, erected in 1855 for the great exposition that was held in Paris that year. The dimensions of this splendid structure are, 810 feet in length, 354 feet in width, and 342 feet in height, one of the largest edifices of the world devoted wholly to fostering the fine arts, of which Paris is concededly the greatest centre. The principal entrance is under an arcade that is 98 feet high and 48 feet wide, flanked by Corinthian columns and crowned by an attic adorned with a bas-relief representing Industry and the Arts bringing their contributions to the exhibition. The summit is beautified by an allegoric group by Regnault, showing France awarding honors to Art and Manufacture, while the frieze is adorned with numerous medallion portraits of men who have distinguished themselves in pursuit of art, commerce, science, and agriculture. Running along the centre of the building is a glass-roofed hall 630 feet long, the full width of the structure, and 153 feet high, which is the main gallery for the exhibition of paintings, which are on the second floor, and of the statuary, on the first floor.

The Palace of Industry is used for different exhibitions, but its chief purpose now is for making an annual display of paintings and statuary, which is known as the Salon Exhibition, usually opening May 1st, and closing June 1st. It is for this exhibition, most frequently called the Salon of the Champs Elysées, that ambitious artists exert their talents and influence to secure entrance for the products of their brushes and chisels, always buoyant with the hope of securing a prize. It is not difficult to have pictures of even the smallest merit admitted, for at every exhibition the walls are sprinkled with very poor creations. But the struggle for prizes is a desperate one, and disappointments are sometimes so great as to provoke to suicide. The exhibition is attended by nearly every person in Paris, and on fashionable days, when the price of admission is raised to one dollar to keep out the poor classes, the crowd is enormous and the costumes of lady visitors are gorgeous. These special days are the opening, and every Friday.



MUSEE CARNAVALET.

The Museum Guimet.

In the Place d'Iéna is a handsome, classical building, though not strikingly large, known as the Musée Guimet, named for the founder, Em. Guimet, of Lyons, who, in 1886, presented to the State his extensive collection of objects chiefly appertaining to the religions of India and China. The most attractive exterior feature of the building is a rotunda, rising over one of the angles and surmounted by a colonnade and cupola. Since the presentation of M. Guimet's collection the museum has been increased by the acquisition, partly by donation, and partly by purchase, of a large amount of oriental pottery and antiquities, and a considerable library of books that treat of the civilization and religions of the Orient. It is a really excellent museum, the largest of its kind, probably, in the world, but the number of visitors is not great, as compared with the crowds that pour through the galleries of other even less interesting museums in France, though among the gathering may nearly always be seen men of learning, and distinction, for its galleries are great study rooms of ethnologists and professors of theology.

Museum of Natural History.

In the *Jardin des Plantes* (Garden of Plants), which embraces a quadrilateral area of seventy-five acres, on the left bank of the Seine opposite the Louvre, is concentrated most of the institutions of Paris that are connected with the natural sciences. The garden was founded by Labrosse in 1635, who secured the ground for the growing and exhibition of medicinal plants, but the enterprise was so badly mismanaged and for other reasons was so unpopular that it gained scarcely any public attention until the great Buffon of natural history fame was appointed director of the property in 1732. Perceiving the hopelessness of making the garden an institution of much usefulness if confined to the purpose of merely raising medicinal plants, he enlarged its scope by establishing collections in every department of the natural sciences, and changed the title to that of the *Jardin du Roi* (Garden of the King). Under his management the place attained great popularity which was further increased by his successor, Saint-Pierre, who enlarged its attractions by adding several valuable features, such as transferring hither the royal menagerie of Versailles, in 1793, and the founding of a library in 1794, after which additions it became known as the *Muséum d'Histoire Naturelle* (Museum of Natural History), which designation it still retains. Napoleon I. considerably enlarged the collections of nearly all departments, and in 1805 Humboldt immeasurably enriched it by a contribution of 4500 tropical plants from Central and South America, 3000 of which were of species not known before in Europe.

The menagerie was yearly increased by gift and purchase of animals from all parts of the world until at the time of the last revolution it was exceeded by only one other collection, that of the Zoological Garden of London. But during the siege of Paris by the Prussians in 1870–71 the garden was seriously damaged by the bombardment, and when the populace was driven to the last extremities by famine, the authorities yielding to the loud voice of demand ordered that a large number of the animals be sold to the city butchers for food. From these despoilments the garden has never recovered, nor has any effort, apparently, been made to increase the collection of animals, which is now quite small and confined almost wholly to species of carnivora, and quadrumana, while the garden itself is in a condition of neglect, so that few persons visit it once, and rarely a second time.

The surviving attractions of the Jardin des Plantes are the galleries and hothouses, wherein are shown the most extensive collection of plants in existence, and the galleries that contain the Museum of Natural Sciences. The arrangement comprises a Museum of Comparative Anatomy, founded by Cuvier, occupying three rooms on the first or ground floor, and eleven on the second. Among the splendid specimens in this collection is the complete skeleton of a colossal whale, and also of several large quadrupeds.

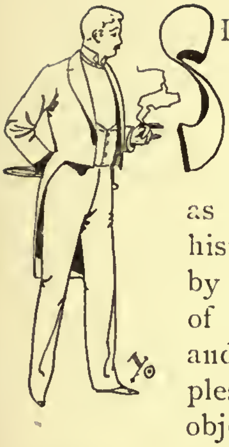
The Gallery of Anthropology is confined to thirteen rooms on the ground floor, and contains casts, portraits, and mummies of every variety of the human species. Among the specimens are many of a curiously interesting character, such as the skeleton of King Stanislaus' dwarf, twenty-seven inches in height; heads of notorious criminals; skeleton of el-Halebi, the assassin of General Kléber, who was condemned to have his right hand burned and his body impaled; and a Hottentot Venus.

In the court is the Museum of Paleontology, where is exhibited the fossilized skeletons of extinct monsters, such as the megatherium, dinornis, glyptodon, dinosaur, pterodactyl, mastodon, Irish elk, etc.

The Museum of Zoölogy has been a large one for nearly one hundred years, and constantly increasing until the authorities found it necessary, in 1889, to construct a separate handsome, spacious new building to contain it, a desirable location being found on the west side of the Botanical Garden. The main central hall is 180 feet long by 85 feet wide, flanked by wings 25 feet wide, with a large gallery on the second floor. The ground floor is occupied by an exhibit of mammals, reptiles, and fishes, of every species; in the central hall is the museum of large mammalia and dried specimens of fish in glass cases. On the second floor is the large exhibition of birds, reptiles, batrachians, molluscs, and zoöphytes. A wing of the second floor is devoted to insects and crustacea, preserved in alcohol, as is also the third floor, where many exceedingly curious specimens are to be seen. The building also contains a Museum of Geology and Mineralogy, admirably arranged to facilitate a study of those branches of natural science, and in a building next to the menagerie is a library of 80,000 volumes and a valuable collection of original manuscripts.

CHAPTER XIII.

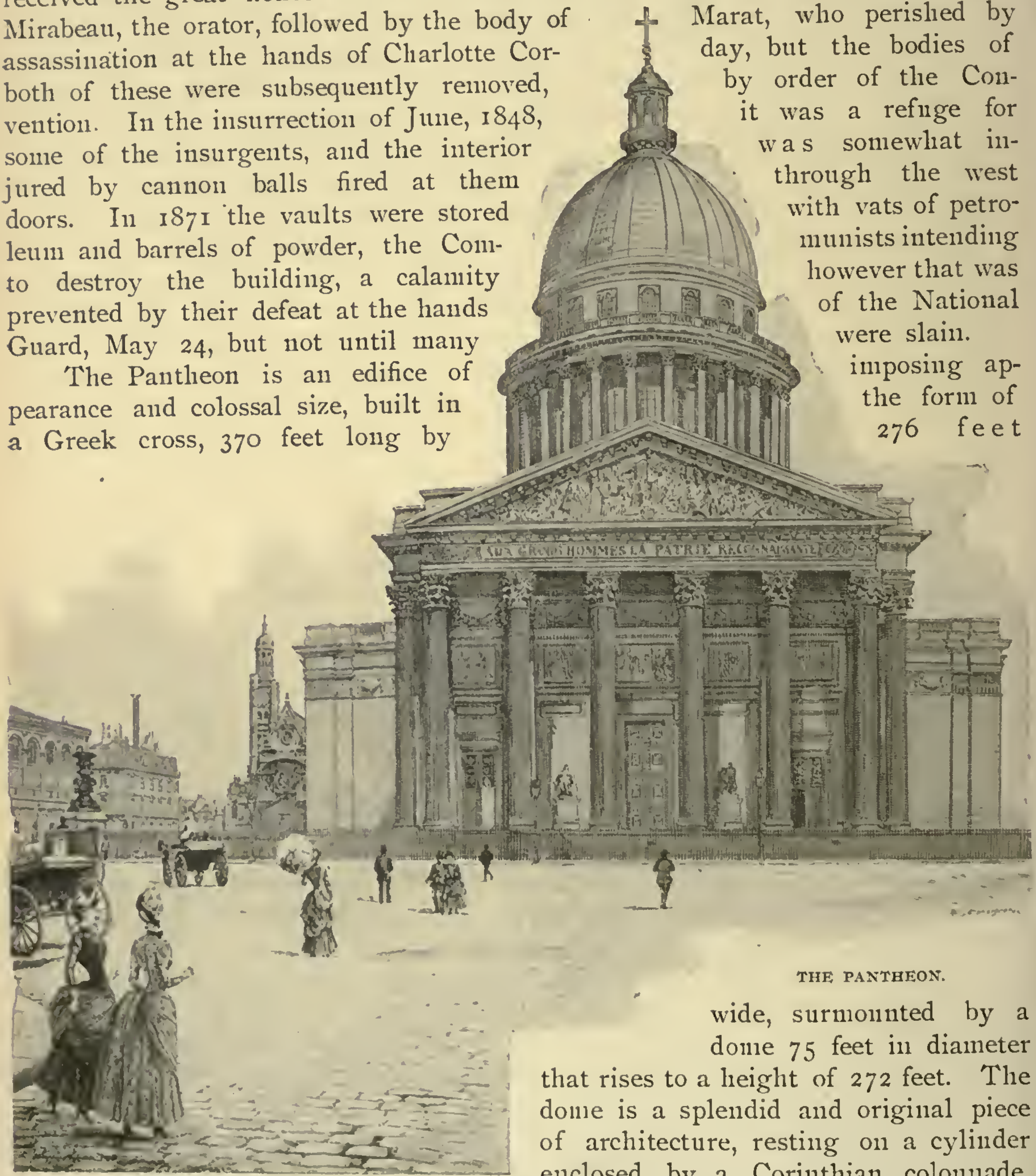
GREAT PUBLIC BUILDINGS OF PARIS.



SINCE every city possesses some distinctive feature, it follows that only the mammoth or the most remarkable can win great popular attention; while fulfilling this requirement it may be truthfully said that no metropolis of our times, if we except Rome, can justly claim so many famous structures as Paris. Fame does not rest so much upon magnificence as upon historic association; not so much upon use as upon consecration by events, and these elements of renown are conspicuous in many of the structures that stand as monuments to the glory of Paris and the nation. First in consequence among these historic temples of fame is the Pantheon, a magnificent and colossal pile, an object of reverent pride and exultation to the French people, that occupies an eminence, on the highest ground within the city south of the Seine. It is historic in its location, as well as famous as the repository of the semi-deified heroes of France, occupying as it does the site of what legend tells us was the tomb of Ste. Geneviève, who was the patron saint of Paris, she having been beatified and consecrated for saving the city on two occasions, once from famine, by miracle, and once from destruction threatened by the Huns, by the earnestness of her prayers and imploration before Attila. When she died, in the year 512, her body was, with many ceremonies and solemn rites, buried here and a splendid chapel tomb erected above it. A hundred years later a fine church was built on the site, to commemorate her name, which stood defiant of time until the middle of the last century, when it fell into decay and was removed. Earlier history, or tradition, respecting the site, relates that Clovis, who was the founder of the French monarchy (467–511 A. D.), built a church on this same spot and dedicated it to SS. Peter and Paul; that it was converted into an abbey before the year 500, in which Ste. Geneviève was a nun, who upon her death was honored with a burial-place beneath the floor.

The present edifice was suggested to Louis XV. by his mistress, Mme. Pompadour, the erection of which was begun in 1760, after plans by Soufflot, and completed in 1790. It was built as a church and dedicated to Ste. Geneviève, but in 1791 the Convention by resolution converted it into a memorial temple, which, in imitation of that at Rome, was called the Pantheon, over the entrance of which was placed an inscription which reads, "*Aux grands hommes la patrie reconnaissante*" (the nation's gratitude to her noble sons). It was restored to religious uses in 1806, and so continued until the July revolution of 1830 converted it again into a temple of fame; but for the third time (in 1851) the building was made a church, and again for the third time (1885) it was secularized, for the reception of the body of Victor Hugo. The first person, however, who received the great honor of burial under the floor of the Pantheon was Mirabeau, the orator, followed by the body of Marat, who perished by assassination at the hands of Charlotte Corday, but the bodies of both of these were subsequently removed, by order of the Convention. In the insurrection of June, 1848, it was a refuge for some of the insurgents, and the interior was somewhat injured by cannon balls fired at them through the west doors. In 1871 the vaults were stored with vats of petroleum and barrels of powder, the Communists intending to destroy the building, a calamity however that was prevented by their defeat at the hands of the National Guard, May 24, but not until many were slain.

The Pantheon is an edifice of imposing appearance and colossal size, built in the form of a Greek cross, 370 feet long by 276 feet wide, surmounted by a dome 75 feet in diameter that rises to a height of 272 feet. The dome is a splendid and original piece of architecture, resting on a cylinder enclosed by a Corinthian colonnade, and crowned with a lantern. This is a splendid feature, though hardly so magnificent as the approach and entrance, which are formed by a great colonnade


AUX GRANDS HOMMES LA PATRIE RECONNAISSANTE

THE PANTHEON.

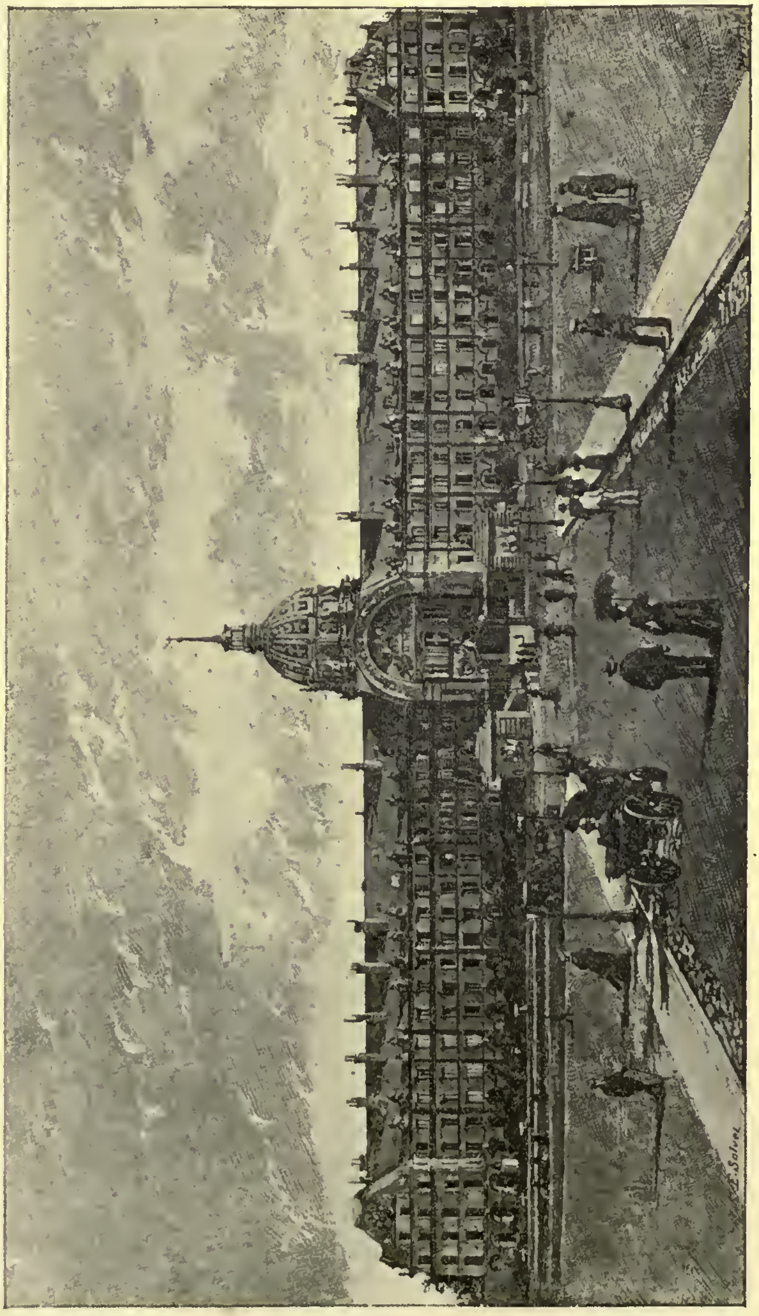
of twenty-two Corinthian columns, 81 feet in height, which form the portico, that is reached by a flight of eleven steps. The pediment is 117 feet long and 23 feet high in the centre, richly adorned with sculptures, by d'Angers, illustrating the inscription over the portico.

The principal figure in the group represents France distributing wreaths to her sons on each side of her. Other adornments of the exterior are figures of many illustrious men under the Ægis of Liberty, such as Carnot, Fénelon, Monge, Mirabeau, Manuel, and Malesherbes, great orators and campaigners; and scientists such as Laplace, Berthollet, Cuvier; and of patriots, Voltaire, Lafayette, and Rousseau, while Napoleon is represented as standing in the midst of soldiers of the Republic with the drummer boy of Arcola, who did not know how to beat a retreat, as the type of youthful bravery. Just beneath the portico are two groups in marble, one of which represents Ste. Geneviève in the act of imploring Attila to spare the city, and the other the Baptism of Clovis by St. Remigius.

The exterior of the Pantheon is imposing, grand, splendid, in its perfect harmony, consistency, and embellishment, but its interior is magnificent, beautiful, inspiring. Three great bronze doors form the entrance, adorned with wrought figures in relief, that open directly to colonnaded aisles leading to a circular nave which rises to the height of the dome, relieved, though, by a gallery that traverses the great circle some fifty feet above the floor. As your eyes wander about this spacious and exquisite rotunda, they are arrested time after time by majestic outlines, architectural effects, beautiful designs, and, more than all else, by the superb frescoes and mural decorations, some of which paintings are so great, and so well illustrate mighty events in the history of France that I must tell you the subjects of a few of the most prominent. One of these represents the Battle of Tolbiac, which forms the adornment of the right arm of the transept, the work of Joseph Blanc. There is a corresponding illumination of the left arm of the transept by the same artist, entitled "The Vow of Clovis." Clovis was the founder of the Frankish monarchy about the year 500 A. D. His father was Childeric, a good man, but so unsuccessful in his wars with neighboring nations that when he died he left a miserable little kingdom, sparsely settled, and his subjects in destitution, to his fifteen year old son who knew little of the affairs of state, but whose valor and energy were destined to make him one of the greatest rulers of Gaul, the founder of a monarchy that endured for centuries. Scarcely had the sceptre passed into his hands when he took the field against the Romans and won victory after victory over these the best soldiers of the world. His greatest battle was fought with Syagrius, whom he defeated with such rout that the shattered Roman army was compelled to seek refuge with the Visigoths at Toulouse. His conquests were so continuous and decisive and his power so rapidly increasing and absolute that the Catholic bishops courted his influence and finally persuaded him to marry Clotilde, the only Catholic princess in Gaul. The bishops hoped that she would win over her husband to Christianity, but all the pleadings and promises by which she sought to induce him to espouse the faith were without avail. At length the Alemanni, a branch of the Huns, crossed the Rhine and resolved to settle in the rich valley of the Seine, and to spread themselves over the plains of Gaul, thinking to make themselves masters of the whole country. Clovis, with a greatly inferior army, boldly marched out and met the invaders at a town called Tolbiac, in the year 469, whereupon occurred the fiercest battle that ever took place on French soil, as the chroniclers record. Clovis was so sore pressed that he was upon the point of yielding, having cried in vain to the gods whom he worshiped for assistance. When in the last extremity he thought of the assurances of Clotilde whose prayers were to the Lord of hosts, and he at once made appeal for help to Christ, whereupon the tide of battle was immediately turned and he vanquished the Huns with terrific slaughter, whose king was slain. Clovis was converted by this miracle and, after receiving the rites of baptism, he went to war with the Visigoths, whom he vanquished, and slew Aleric, their king. After his death the body of Clovis was deposited in the Basilica of the Holy Apostles, which had been built by Clotilde. The two great paintings in the Pantheon represent, respectively, the "Battle of Tolbiac," and the "Prayer of Clovis."

There are more than fifty great paintings in the Pantheon, the work of master artists, so that in some respects the naves resemble a splendid picture gallery, largely illustrating the history of France. The dome is reached by a winding stairway of 331 steps, broken by a landing at the second section where is to be seen to excellent advantage the colossal composition of Gros, which covers 352 square yards of canvas, and includes the following subjects: Ste. Geneviève being received by Clovis; and portraits of Charlemagne, St. Louis, Louis XVI., Louis XVII., Louis XVIII., Marie Antoinette, and Madame Elizabeth, the latter two and Louis XVI. being victims of the Revolution. The last flight of ninety-four steps leads to the lantern from which a view may be had of Paris that is second only to that afforded from the Eiffel Tower.

The vaults, where greatness lies entombed, are reached by descending a stairs that are at the end of the building to the left, all visitors being conducted by a custodian who receives a fee. The vaults are gloomy crypts, divided by pillars of heavy masonry, and supported by twenty pillars, but despite the sepulchral gloom of the place a visit to this nation's shrine is very interesting. Indeed there is something attractive about all places of the dead; there is a witchery about even the country graveyard, with its ghostly stones engraved with touching tributes gleaned from books of verse, and recording the birth, the death, and the age in days. How much more fascinating then must it be to wander among the tombs of those who, when living, were so far above us in the social life that it was the fortunate few who were privileged to look upon them in their liveries of state, and wigs of distinction. To walk familiarly in their very presence, as it were, to touch the bed in which they lie, to linger among the things which still are theirs, their last inheritance, to stand covered before the tomb that hallows their memories by inscriptions telling of their country's, gratitude! As I said before, Mirabeau, the greatest orator that France ever produced, the man who had the face of a demon and the tongue of a god, was the first person to whom the honor of an interment here was paid, in 1791, and Marat was the next, in 1793. On the right of the crypt, near the entrance, is the tomb of Victor Hugo, whose body was interred in this consecrated spot in 1885, with all the fulsome ceremonials that an appreciative people could pay to greatness, the only person whose literary genius is thus commemorated in France. The last person to receive the honor of consignment to the sacred earth of the Pantheon was Sadie Carnot, President of France, who was assassinated at Lyons by an Italian named Santo Cesario, June 24, 1894.



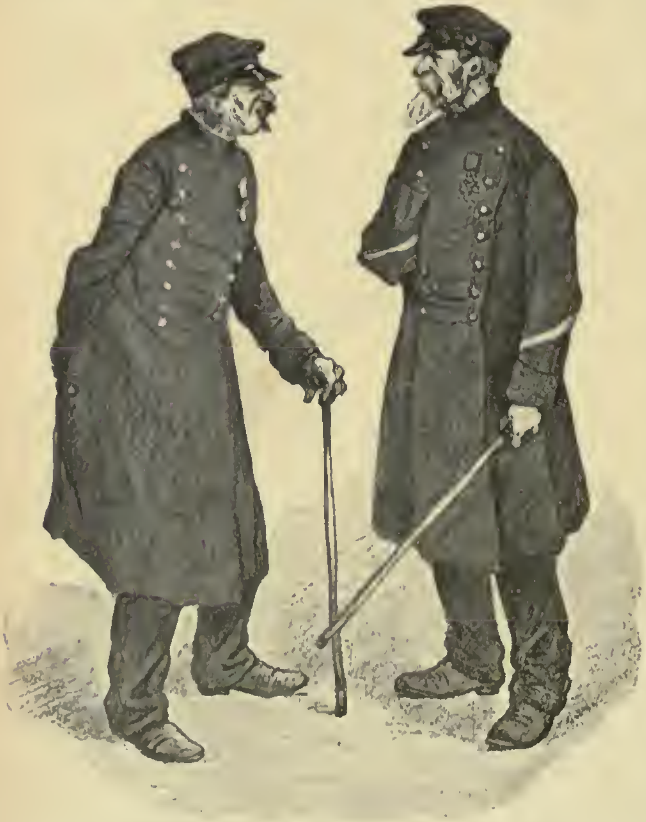
HOTEL DES INVALIDES.

Hotel of the Invalides.

The second greatest national monument is the Hôtel des Invalides, a vast building occupying, with its court, about thirty acres. It was established in 1670 by Louis XIV., as a home for infirm and disabled soldiers and for those who have served thirty years. It was intended to accommodate 5000, but while the purpose of its founding was fully carried out in its completion in 1675, the infirmary feature has never been a popular one, for the number of inmates has rarely, if ever, exceeded 500.

Approach to the Invalides is by a beautiful esplanade 1650 feet in length by 810 feet in width, the western end of which was made a part of the exhibition grounds of 1889. The outer court is separated from the building by an iron railing, and a dry moat extends along three sides, within which enclosure is stationed a battery of eight guns for firing salutes.

The façade of this great edifice is 660 feet in length and unique as it is imposing. The building is of marble and stone and is no doubt the finest example of Græco-Romanesque architecture in the world, but it posesses features which mark it as a wonderful as well as a beautiful structure. Above the principal entrance is an equestrian statue of Louis XIV. in bas-relief, by Couston, and in front of the wings are four bronze groups, by Desjardins, typifying as many conquered nations. All of its three stories are surmounted with splendid embellishments of stone, and rise from a square of two stories to a third that is circular and pillared exteriorally, upon which rests the dome, the most splendid feature of this monumental edifice and the grandest in the world. It has the unprecedented diameter of 86 feet and is lifted to the great height of 344 feet above ground, where, being electroplated with sheets of pure gold, it shines with such superb effect as to make it the most conspicuous object in the city, excepting alone the Eiffel Tower. In this beautiful building, beneath its golden dome, amid the most gorgeous adornments that wealth and ingenuity can devise, lies the body of Napoleon I., fittingly enshrined, sumptuously commemorated.



PENSIONERS IN THE HOTEL DES INVALIDES.

Entrance is by a short flight of stone steps to the Court of Honor, which is enclosed by arcades adorned with fine paintings, by Masson, representing historic events in the careers of Charlemagne, St. Louis, Louis XIV., and Napoleon I. On the south side of this court is the church, *Eglaise des Invalides* (Church of the Invalids), on the west is the Museum of Artillery, and on the east are the refectories of the hotel. Beyond these, on the ground floor, are several large apartments, including the library and council chamber, dormitories, etc. The refectories are large halls capable of accommodating more than 2000 at table, the walls of which are richly adorned with pictures chiefly of an allegoric character relating to the campaigns of Louis XIV. in the Netherlands. The Museum of Artillery, which adjoins the refectories, is similarly embellished, and contains 4000 weapons, and armor, of every kind supposed to have been made by civilized peoples, many of which are of very great interest, especially the armor, much of which was at one time worn by distinguished warriors and potentates of the world. There may also be seen war costumes such as were worn by the Gauls, Greeks, Romans, and of the French since the time of Charlemagne. Among the grisly barbaric relics shown, under the carriage entrance, is a heavy chain provided with fifty iron collars, for holding prisoners, which was captured in a Moorish camp after the battle of Isly in 1844.

The Tomb of Napoleon.

But the chief, the sublime interest of the Hôtel des Invalides centres in the magnificent tomb of Napoleon, the grandest memorial tribute that any nation ever paid to man. The construction of this remarkable tomb was entrusted to Visconti, whose creative genius proved fully equal to the requirements and desires of the nation. It is situated directly beneath the dome and consists of a circular crypt twenty feet in depth and thirty-six feet in diameter, the walls of which are slabs of polished granite, recessed to receive ten marble reliefs, by Simart, which represent great events in French history. Between these reliefs are twelve large marble figures of Victory, by Pradier. The pavement is a beautiful mosaic, representing a laurel wreath, in which are recorded the names of the eight greatest battles Napoleon fought, viz: Rivoli, Pyramids, Marengo, Austerlitz, Jena, Friedland, Wagram, and Moscow. From this exquisite pavement rises the splendid sarcophagus, beneath which reposes the body of the great Napoleon, brought here in 1840, nearly twenty years after his death on lonely, desolate St. Helena. The sarcophagus is thirteen feet long, six and a half feet wide, and fourteen and a half feet high, wrought from a single block of reddish-brown granite brought from Finland at a cost of $28,000. Entrance to the crypt which, however, has been closed for several years, is at the rear of the high altar, flanked by two sarcophagi, set up in honor of Duroc and Bertrand, the emperor's most faithful friends. The former, as a marshal, fell at the battle of Bautzen in 1813 and the latter manifested his fidelity by accompanying Napoleon into exile, and who did not again return to France until he came with Prince Joinville bearing the body of his imperial friend. Above the entrance is the following inscription copied from Napoleon's will: "*Je désire que mes cendres reposent sur les bords de la Seine, au milieau de ce peuple français que j'ai tant aimé.*" ("It is my desire to repose on the border of the Seine, in the midst of the French people whom I love so much.")

There are two chapels above the crypt, to the right and left of the entrance to the Court of Honor, the one on the right containing the sarcophagus of Joseph Bonaparte, once king of Spain, and two monuments to the memory of Vauban and Turenne, the former set up in 1807, and the latter brought here from the Church of St. Denis. The chapel on the left contains the tomb of Jerome Bonaparte, king of Westphalia, who died in 1860; by the side of it is a small sarcophagus in which reposes the body of his eldest son, and another near by contains the heart of his wife.

There is a wonderful charm about the name Napoleon; it is an open sesame to our wondering minds, a magic word that conjures up a vision more remarkable perhaps than any that ever passed before mortal eyes. To speak of France, of Paris, is to suggest Napoleon, that amazing genius, who like a shooting star flashed across Europe to sink into the restless sea at Helena. No other character of history is so phenomenal: Alexander, Cæsar, Charlemagne, Alaric, dip their banners to this mighty prodigy, who was equally successful as warrior, statesman, and king-maker. Everywhere in Paris the visitor is confronted by some memorial of the First Consul, the plebeian emperor, the hero, the picturesque ideal of romancists. Dead since 1821, Napoleon is still a mighty force in French politics, in French civilization. Greater than the Cid of Spain in the affections of the people, he will not cease to be a factor in the advancement of the French nation until all the monuments to his fame, the history of his strategies, the annals of his victories, the accidents of his defeats and dethronement shall have perished from the earth, drowned in the overwhelming tides of millenniums.

The Eiffel Tower.

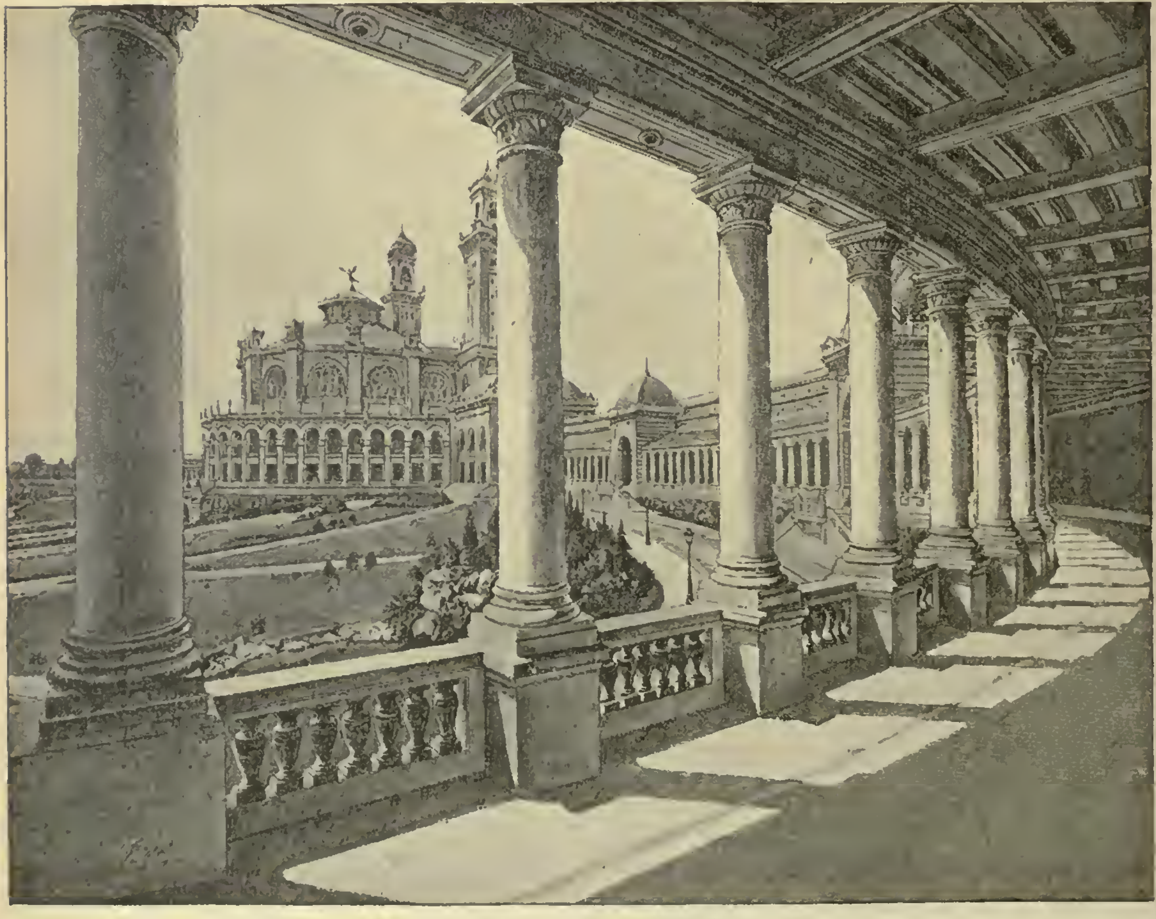
Another wonderful monument in exceeding greatness of design as well as in magnitude of size is the already world-famous Eiffel Tower, near the Seine and opposite the Palace Trocadero, erected in 1889 as the chief attraction of the international exposition of that year. This marvelous structure attains the enormous height of 984 feet, and, being lighted by electricity at night, may be seen for a distance of fifty miles. It was designed and constructed by Gust. Eiffel, in 1887–89, whose proposition startled the architects of every country by the boldness of an enterprise which it was believed to be doubtful if not impossible to execute. The foundations were laid by means of caissons that were sunk to a depth of forty-six feet on the side next to the Seine, and to twenty-nine and a half on the south side, the water being expelled by means of compressed air. When the excavations were completed concrete was poured in to form the beds for four immense foundation piers of masonry that were made eighty-five feet thick, arranged in a quadrangle 112 yards square. This base covers an area of two and a half acres, from which rises four titanic legs that converge at a height of seventy-five feet to form four arches, but they retain their distinctness until they coalesce at a height of 590 feet into a single shaft of interlaced ironwork that gradually tapers toward the apex. An extraordinary feature of this tower is an arrangement of hydraulic rams sunk beneath the masonry of each of the four legs by which any one of them may be raised or lowered if a deflection of the tower should at any time render a shifting of the base necessary.

The top is reached by means of four immense elevators, one rising from each leg, which take passengers to the top landing in about eight minutes, for which a charge of four francs is made. There are three platforms, the first of which is 190 feet above ground and has an area of 52,740 square feet, which during the exposition was occupied by a large restaurant and band stand. The second platform is at a height of 380 feet and has an area of 288 square feet, with a glass covered hall. At a height of 680 feet there is another landing place, but intended for use only in case of accident to the elevator. The third platform is at the foot of the lantern that forms the apex of the tower, and is 905 feet from the ground. Upon this passengers debark from the elevator on to a landing that has a promenade thirteen feet wide, and a glass pavilion fifty-four feet square. From this great altitude there is a commanding view by telescopes of a radius of ninety miles. A lantern terminates the tower, which rises seventy-nine feet above the last platform and contains an observatory and laboratory, to which the public is not admitted. It is a remarkable thing that notwithstanding the unprecedented height of the tower there is scarcely any perceptible oscillation even during the prevalence of strong winds.

The tower was not built without great loss of life, for the work being of an original character, it involved extraordinary hazards, and workmen could not be obtained except by the temptation of very high wages. No statement has ever been made by any person connected with the construction as to the number of lives lost by accidents in its construction, but it could hardly have been less than 500. During the exhibition the tower was an object of supreme admiration and the elevators were taxed to their utmost limit to carry waiting crowds to the platform elevations, but while it is a source of pride to the Parisian it has long ceased to be a curiosity, and is now a source of much loss as well as annoyance. When a decision was reached, after much discussion, to hold a great centennial exposition in Paris in the year 1900, the question of a removal of the tower was raised. To the amazement of the projectors of the next World's Fair it was ascertained, by a consensus of opinions rendered by architects, that the work of taking down the structure presented many more serious difficulties than were involved in the erection. A number of the ablest architects openly declared that its removal is impossible without the contemplation of immense destruction. Their opinions were solicited as to the time it would stand without any danger of falling, and when there was a general agreement that it would safely endure for a hundred years, the first idea to raze it was abandoned, and the corps of architects who are employed to lay out the grounds for the next exposition were instructed to make their plans to accord with the tower as a central feature.

The Trocadero Palace.

Another very prominent building, the relic of former exhibitions and a splendid monument to architectural genius and Parisian pride, is the Palais du Trocadéro, which occupies the summit of a plateau immediately opposite the Eiffel Tower, on the north side of the Seine. The name *Trocadero* is derived from one of the forts of Cadiz captured by the French in 1823; the building site was, until 1866, only a waste piece of ground on an abruptly rising shore of the Seine. Napoleon I. conceived the idea of erecting here a marble palace for the king of Rome, which he had destined his only son to become, but his marriage brought him so many disappointments that he never carried his first purpose into execution. In 1867, when Paris held her first great exposition on the Champ-de-Mars, the grounds of the Trocadero fronting the exposition that appeared so unsightly were terraced in a handsome manner and the place became for a little while somewhat popular for large festivals. When the exposition of 1878 was held, the heights of the Trocadero, though on the opposite side of the river, were made a part of the fair grounds and were magnificently adorned not only by



PALACE OF THE TROCADERO, AND VIEW OF THE LEFT GALLERY.

converting the terraces into a splendid park but also by erecting the beautiful building that now occupies the centre. This structure was designed by Davioud and Bourdais, who adopted an oriental style as harmonizing best with the surroundings. The central portion is a circular edifice 315 feet in diameter and 180 feet in height, surmounted by a dome flanked with two minarets that rise to a height of 270 feet. Extending from the right and left sides of the main building are columnated wings 660 feet in length and curving so as to form a crescent, which embrace the fountains and park section toward the Seine. The roof of the building, from which the dome rises, is embellished with thirty statues representing the arts, sciences, and industries, and the dome is surmounted by a colossal figure of Fame, by Mercie. On the front balcony is a large stone group of six figures, bronzed, representing as many great natural divisions of the earth, and below issues a beautiful cascade that tumbles far down the slope into a large basin, 196 feet in diameter, decorated on the four corners by figures of a bull, elephant, rhinoceros, and horse, of gilded bronze.

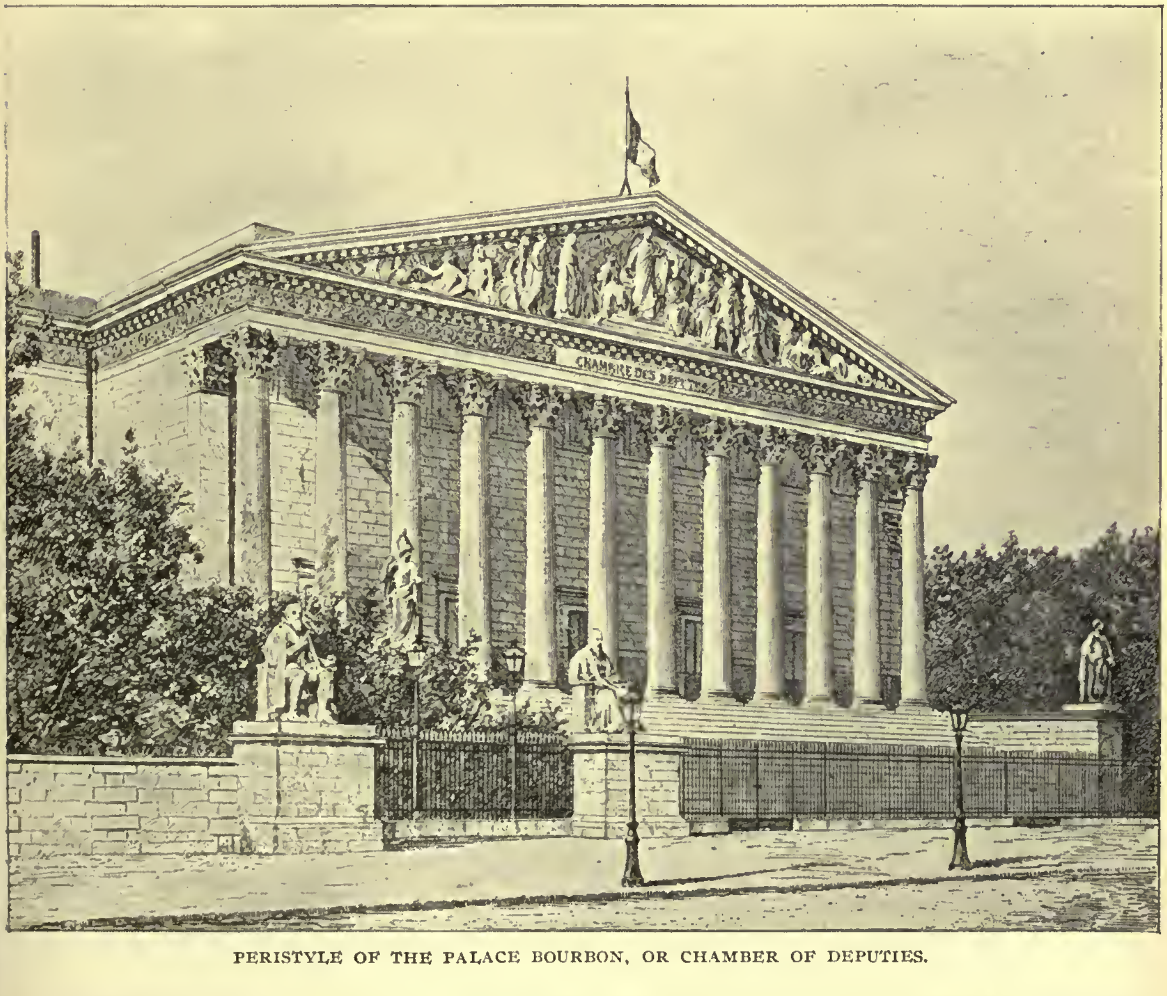
In the central building is a great concert hall, provided with an immense organ, which has a seating capacity for 6000 persons. In the two wings there are collections of plaster casts of celebrated pieces of sculpture and of ethnological curiosities. The Museum of Comparative Sculptures occupies the whole of the right and also a part of the left wing, all arranged chronologically and clearly labeled, with titles and brief descriptions. The other rooms in the left wing are devoted to an exhibition of sculptures from Cambodia, and Cochin China, which are French protectorates, the resurrections of what were once splendid edifices buried under deep forests by the growths of decades of centuries. There is also an ethnological museum on the first floor behind the concert hall which contains a large collection of curiosities, consisting of weapons, domestic utensils, ornaments, and useful articles for weaving, for building, for fishing, etc., employed by the wild races of the world. Below the cascade is also an aquarium which is kept stocked with many species of fish and other forms of fresh water life.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE CHAMBER OF DEPUTIES.

FRANCE has a Congress which consists of an upper and lower house, as in the United States, called respectively the Senate, and the Chamber of Deputies, the latter being the lower branch. Unlike the legislative branches of most governments, those of France hold their sittings in different buildings, separated by a distance of two or more miles. The Senate occupies the Palace of the Luxembourg, and the Chamber of Deputies has its sessions in the *Palais du Corps Législatif* (Palace of the Legislative Assembly), which was formerly known as the Palais Bourbon. It is a structure of much historic fame, and has been the scene of so many important events connected with the liberties of the French people, that it is almost sacredly regarded. The building is a large one, though it does not appear so from the street view, as a greater part is hidden by the garden into which the rear additions extend. The front is toward the Place de la Concorde, on the opposite side of the Seine, with which it connects by the *Pont de la Concorde* (Bridge of Peace).

The erection of this famous building was begun by Girardini in 1722 for the dowager Duchess of Bourbon, from which fact it took its name. The original structure was less than one-fourth the present size, but after it came into possession of the Prince of Conde he made large additions, and expended altogether no less than $4,000,000 on the property. It was used as a residence and passed by purchase into several hands prior to its occupation by the Council of Five Hundred, who held their sittings here after the government acquired the building, in 1790. Abolition of the council was followed by the establishment of the Corps Legislatif, which has continued to occupy it, except during such times as the Commune held possession of it by violence. During the Revolution of 1848 the Duchess of Orleans appeared before the National Assembly, February 24, with her two sons, the Count of Paris and the Duke of Chartres, and pleaded with the members to confirm their rights to the throne. This, of course, the members were afraid to do, as the formation of a republic was then being accomplished. But on the fifteenth of May following, a large body of Socialists invaded the chamber, and by show of arms and force expelled the Assembly therefrom, and kept possession until order was restored by the National Guard. A second violation of its sacredness as the tribune of the people, was made September 4, 1870, on which date a dangerous mob broke into the chamber, shouting *Vive la République* (live the Republic), accompanying their cries with such threatening demonstrations that the Assembly dispersed, and the Republican members proceeded immediately to the *Hôtel de Ville* (City Hall) to organize a new government. No further exciting scenes took place in the hall of sessions until December, 1893, when a rabid anarchist named Vaillant gained admission to the chamber, and from a balcony at the end of the left gallery threw a bomb into the midst of the Assembly, many members of which were seriously injured by the explosion, but fortunately none died of their wounds.

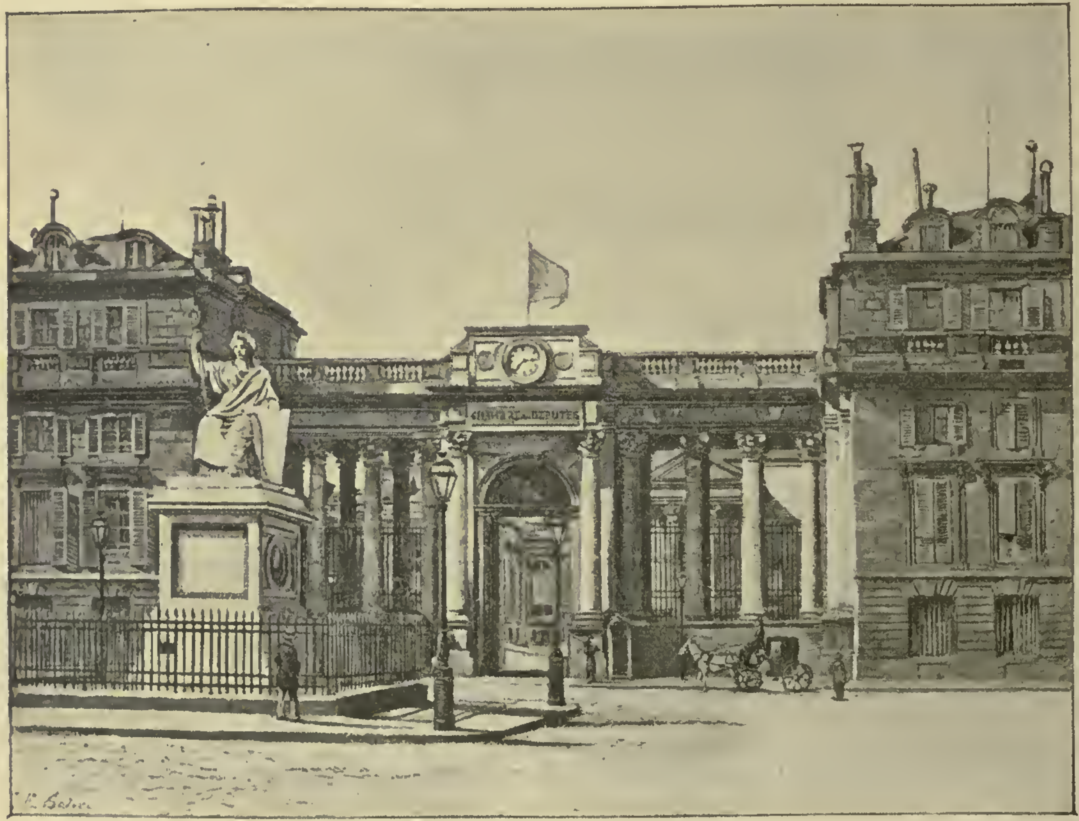


PERISTYLE OF THE PALACE BOURBON, OR CHAMBER OF DEPUTIES.

The façade is charmingly embellished with many pieces of statuary, and was built by Poyet in 1804–07 to imitate a Greek temple—a style that is peculiarly appropriate for buildings devoted to legislation. The approach is by a flight of stone steps to a colonnade porch of twelve Corinthian columns, which support a tympanum adorned with a group, by Cortot, representing France with the Constitution, standing between Liberty and Order, summoning Commerce, Agriculture, and Peace to her aid.

The Assembly Hall is a semicircle in shape, with twenty marble columns supporting an arched ceiling, behind which extends a gallery provided with seats for visitors. The decorations of the hall consist of a Gobelins tapestry, upon which is a reproduction of Raphael's "School of Athens," and two marble statues, that typify Liberty and Order. The president's seat and the platform below it, called the Tribune, from which speeches are delivered, are the same that were used during the sessions of the Council of Five Hundred.

The Chamber of Conference is more profusely decorated, with a ceiling beautifully frescoed by Heim, representing the history of legislation in France, and several mural pictures, one of which represents the arrest of President Molé during the Fronde; "Opening of the States General by Philippe le Bel;" "Devotedness of the Burghers of Calais." The adjoining library, which contains the manuscripts of Rousseau, is also finely embellished with some of Delacroix's greatest frescoes. The Salon of Casimir Périer is adorned with statues of Mirabeau, Bailly, Périer, and General Foy, and the walls are illuminated with large and magnificent paintings. The Salon of Fêtes is a hall nearly 200 feet long by 75 feet wide, elaborately decorated by the architect's skill and the painter's brush. The ceiling is exquisitely paneled, and in the wall-arches are beautful paintings of mythological subjects, while the hall is lighted by large lustres of fifty candles



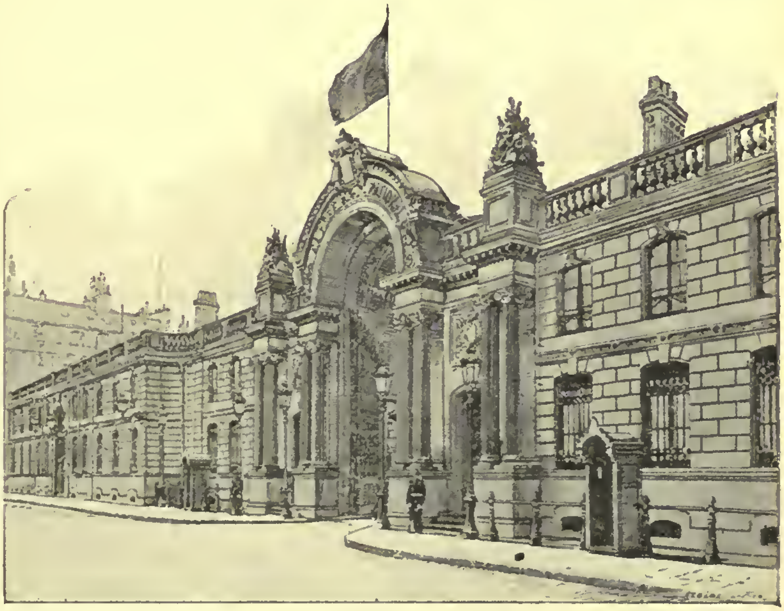
FACADE OF THE CHAMBER OF DEPUTIES.

each, and by twelve sconces of fifteen candles each. On both sides of the hall, reached through arches draped with portiéres, is a charming promenade furnished with luxurious couches, the walls frescoed, and lighted by handsome chandeliers. In the Salon of the Throne are beautiful paintings symbolizing War, Justice, Industry, Agriculture, and the Rivers of France, all the work of Delacroix.

The president of the chamber resides in a fine building on the right of the Chamber of Deputies, but within the same enclosure, which is entered by the Rue University; next to it is the Ministry of Foreign Affairs. The decorations of the president's residence are gorgeous in the extreme, and yet exhibit the most exquisite taste, the style of furnishings being that of Louis XIV.

Palace of the President of France.

The *Palais de l'Elysée* (the Elysian palace) is the official residence of the president of France, a stately structure, erected by Molet in 1718 for the Comte d'Evreux, situated to the right of the Champs Elysées, separated from it by a large garden, and fronting on the Faubourg St. Honore. During the reign of Louis XV. this mansion was the residence of Mme. Pompadour, who held her famous levées here which were the greatest social events of the time, from whose heirs it was purchased as a residence for foreign ambassadors. Subsequently the palace became the residence of the Duchess of Bourbon throughout a greater part of the reign of Louis XVI., by which it became known as the Elysée Bourbon. When the flood of revolution broke in 1789, and property became almost valueless, the palace was vacated and offered for sale, but for years no purchaser could be found, and it was finally converted into a government printing office. But this failed to reclaim it, for the palace fell into such odium, though for no proper reason, that during the reign of the Directory parts of it were rented to the keepers of shady ball-rooms and gaming tables. The evil reputation which it acquired through base uses was afterward relieved by its occupation by several of the greatest personages of Europe. It was the residence in successive order of Murat, Napoleon I., Louis



LE PALAIS DE L'ELYSEE.

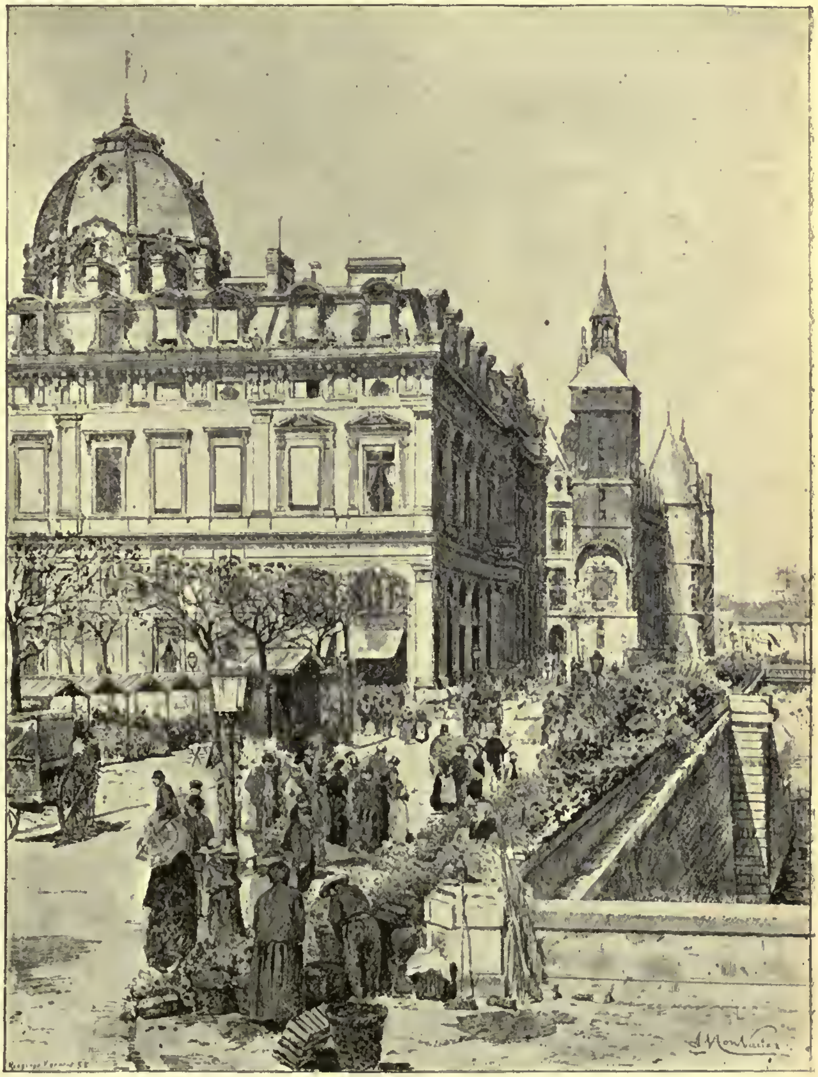
Bonaparte, king of Holland, and his queen, Hortense, Emperor Alexander I., of Russia, and the Duc de Berry. Notwithstanding the aristocratic fame which the building had thus obtained it was again vacated during the Revolution of 1830, and so remained until Louis Napoleon Bonaparte took possession of it in 1848 as president of the French republic, who enlarged and greatly improved it. In 1852, by a stroke of policy, Louis Napoleon induced the Senate to submit to a vote of the people the question of a change of government, which resulted by an overwhelming majority in favor of a return to the empire, and Louis was chosen emperor under the title of Napoleon III. He continued to occupy the palace as his residence, and when the republic was again declared, September 4, 1870, and ratified by the people early in the following year, the palace was again made the official residence of the president. It is a large and fine building, but contains nothing of special interest except a few splendid paintings. The furnishings are of course very beautiful, but these are never shown, for the public cannot gain admission.

The National Archives.

On the Rue des Francs-Bourgeois, near the *Halles Centrales* (Central Market), is situated one of the very great institutions of France, called the Archives Nationales, established in what was once the old Hôtel de Soubise, which building occupies the site of a mansion erected here in 1371, known as the *Counstable de Clisson* (court or residence of the high constable of Clisson), of which there still remains a handsome gateway, flanked by two turrets, which were restored in 1846. Until the year 1696 this mansion was the property of the Guise family, who disposed of it to Soubise, by whom it was held until the government obtained it by purchase from the Prince de Soubise. By decree of the Constitutional Assembly a committee was appointed in 1794 to examine and classify all the historic records and official documents which were at that time deposited in the public depots, which body finished its labors in 1801, but a transfer of the records to their present repositories was not made until some years later, during which interval the building was prepared to receive them. Under the arrangement, or classification, made by the committee the national archives were divided into four departments, viz: an historical section, an administrative section, a legislative and judicial section, and a secretary's office.

The museum occupies five very large rooms on the ground floor, and four of equal size on the second floor, all filled with precious documents, many of which are of rarest value for the great historic interest that clusters about them. Among the collection are to be seen verses written by Heloise; papers used in the trial of Joan of Arc (1431), with a caricature of the maid drawn during the proceedings; the order of Revocation of the edict of Nantes (1685); also the original edict itself signed by Henry IV. (1598); letters from Richelieu, Louis XIII., Colbert, Louis XII., Marie de Médicis, Anne of Austria, the Duke of Guise, Richard Cœur-de-Lion, and of many other famous men and women. There are also to be seen here all the treaties made between France and other countries, from the year 1270 to the present time, including all the bulls of the popes that had any bearing upon the French people. The salon of the Bourbons, which is on the second floor, is especially rich with historic documents, including the examination of Marie Antoinette before the tribunal at the Palace of Justice concerning the affair of the necklace. There is also the Journal of Louis XVI. from January, 1766, until July, 1792, and the last letter of Marie Antoinette, written while confined in the prison of the Conciergerie, on the 16th of October, 1793, two days before her execution.

In another salon, which was once the drawing-room of Mme. de Rohan, the ceiling frescoes of which represent adventures of Psyche, there are shown the original resolutions ordering the destruction of the Bastille, declaration of the rights of citizens (1789), and the constitution of 1791. In an adjoining room may be seen specimens of the assignats, or notes issued on the security of confiscated church property; the famous oath taken at the tennis grounds of Versailles, with all the signatures, judgment of Girondists, letters of Robespierre, Bonaparte, Carnot, Charlotte Corday, and an order by Fouquier-Tinville for the execution of Marie Antoinette. In the salon of the Consulat there is only one article of special interest or value, viz: a table from the cabinet of Louis XVI., on which Robespierre while wounded, was brought before the Committee of Public Safety at the Tuileries.



FLOWER MARKET AND PALAIS DE JUSTICE.

The Palace of Justice.

It strikes an American visitor to Paris as very strange to find nearly all the great buildings of the city called either a palace or a hotel, and it is some time before he is able to understand the true significance of these two lordly titles. He first learns that the word *hotel* is applied rather promiscuously to any large house, a mansion, or an inn, and that the word *palais* may signify a court of justice, a hall, or a palace.

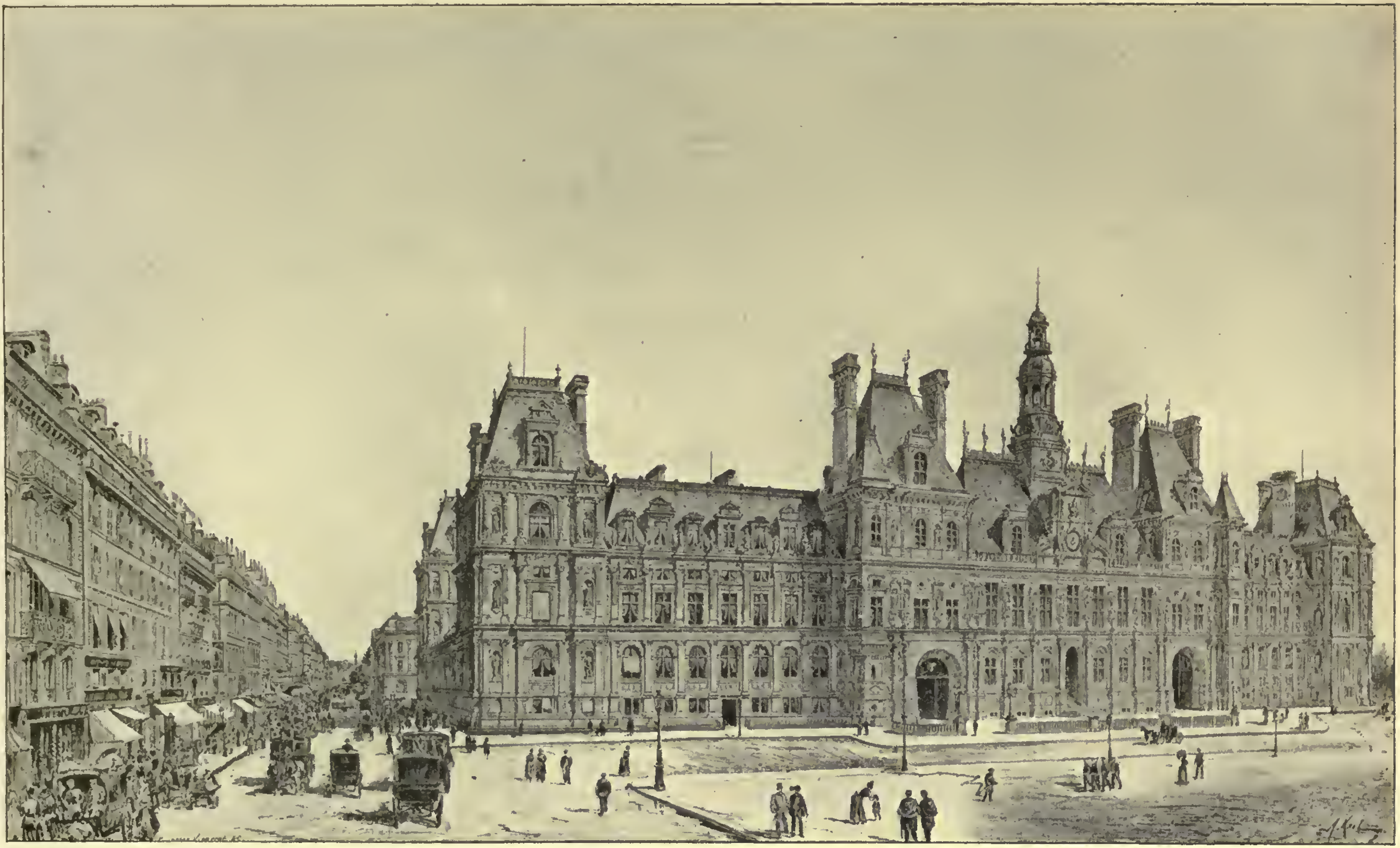
The Palais de Justice embraces all the Superior courts of-Paris, several in number, as follows: *Cour de Cassation* (Court of Appeal), which includes the *Chambre Criminelle* (where criminal cases are reviewed); *Chambre des Requêtes* (where petitions are presented); *Salle d'Audience* (where trials are conducted); *Cour d'Assises* (Court of Assizes); *Chambres de Police Correctionnelle* (Police Court, where persons charged with misdemeanors are tried), and *Cour d'Appel* (Court of Appeal of last resort), and the Court of First Instance.

The building in which the courts of Paris have their sessions occupies the site of an ancient palace of the kings of France, which was presented by Charles VII. to the Supreme Court of Justice in 1431. The original structure has almost entirely disappeared through the ravages of fire and vandalism, and the only remains are the clock tower, Cæsar's tower, Montgomery's tower, and the Silver tower, four conspicuous points, but none of them large enough to be more than ornate features. The clock in the tower is the oldest in France, and is therefore prized as an historic heirloom of the French government. It was constructed in 1370 by a German clock-maker, but was restored in 1685, and again in 1852. It escaped by rare good fortune the wanton destruction of a greater part of the building on May 22, 1871, when the Communists set it on fire in many places.

The Court of First Instance, which is a part of the Civil Chamber where pleadings are begun, is in a hall 240 feet long, 90 feet wide, and 33 feet high, consisting of two vaulted galleries separated by arcades supported by Doric pillars. Prior to the great fire of 1618 this large hall was used by the clergy to present moral plays and farces. On the right side is a monument to Malesherbes, the brave defender of Louis XVI. before the Revolutionary Tribunal, who was beheaded in 1794. But all the chambers are adorned with statuary and the ceilings are embellished with splendid frescoes. A feature which the American visitor will mark as curious is the sight of advocates, or lawyers, who are always to be found in great plenty about the courts, every one of whom are invested in black gowns that give them the appearance of priests. It is an old custom, and probably a requirement, for lawyers to always put on a black flowing robe before entering the precincts of the law building or the presence of a judge.

The Conciergerie, or Prison.

Connected with the Palais de Justice is the most famous prison of France, a large but intensely gloomy stone structure buttressed with towers fronting the Seine.



RUE DE RIVOLI AND HOTEL DE VILLE.

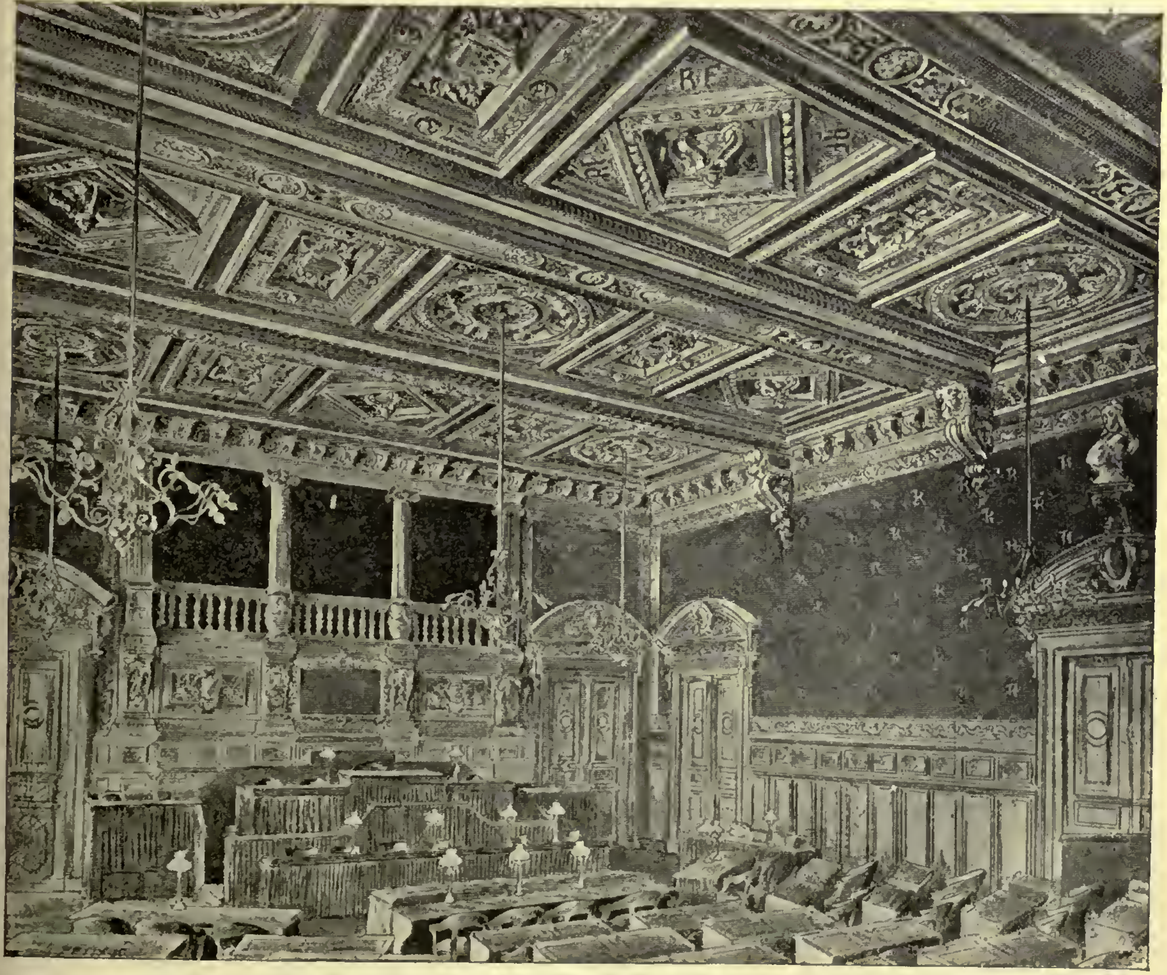
The fame of the Conciergerie, which in the French signifies a porter's lodging, or a prison, was acquired during the first revolution, when it was used for the confinement of political prisoners who rarely came forth again except to take a position in the death cart that made trips between the prison and the guillotine in the Place de Revolution (now Concorde). Müller has represented the great tragedy of the Conciergerie in a painting entitled "Roll Call of the Last Victims," which hangs in the Versailles gallery. The picture is one of the most painful that ever adorned canvas; it is a tragedy in color, a death-cry embalmed, an agony apotheosized, and a horror perpetuated. It is a scene that revives the eternal grief which humanity must ever feel for the murderous riots of the French revolution. Through 1793 the carnival of death had continued, and in 1794 it became a convulsion of indiscriminate, savage, devilish slaughter. The Conciergerie prison house was gorged to its doors with innocent inmates, old men in decrepitude, young girls raped from their homes, mothers bearing babes at the breast, wives and husbands ravished from their abodes, children in frocks—no one seemed to be exempt, for a sea of blood had inundated all France. The Revolutionary Tribunal was in continuous session, their orders to slay went forth without intermission; tumbrils crowded with the falsely accused rolled up every hour to the doors of the prison to deposit their loads of fresh victims and to take away the doomed to the place where the guillotine was kept unceasingly at its murderous work. Muller, in his painting, caught the faces of many of the most distinguished victims, and has given us their portraits of agony and despair, and thus made it a picture of human groans.

Among the interesting cells of this great prison, which was once a very Moloch, is one in which Marie Antoinette was imprisoned and taken hence to her death. It is now converted into a chapel, but all the prayers that generations may lift up will not expiate her cruel death. Adjoining this blood chamber, and connected with it by an arched way, is the cell in which Robespierre, the red hand of murder, was imprisoned, and from which he was wheeled forth to retribution, to take his place at last among the thousands of innocents whom he had ordered slaughtered, to spill his infamous blood into the basket which his minions had used so long to catch the tumbling heads of better men and women.

The Conciergerie is the prison in which desperate criminals are confined, and from which those condemned to death are taken to the Prison Roquette to remain until they are guillotined in the public place in front of the gate of that prison.

The City Hall.

One of the most splendid buildings in Paris, and decidedly the finest city property, is the Hôtel de Ville, on the Rue Rivoli, in front of the square called Place Hôtel de Ville, in which many scenes of turbulence have occurred and not a few tragedies have been enacted. The original City Hall that occupied this site was begun in 1533, but was not completed until about 1605, in the reign of Henry IV. The needs of the building increased with the growth of the city and it was frequently enlarged until in 1841 it had grown to four times its dimensions in the time of Henry IV. In 1857 it was found necessary in order to make provision for the offices of the Prefect of Police to erect two buildings on the opposite side of the street. But nearly the whole of this extensive building was destroyed by the Communists during their wild riots of 1871, a fiery conclusion to the numerous tragedies that had previously distinguished the place, for it was always a rallying place for the Revolutionists. On July 14, 1789, after taking the Bastille, the citizens participating in that affair were conducted to the Hôtel de Ville with triumphal display and demonstrations of joy. Three days later Louis XVI. came from Versailles and in the Hall publicly testified his submission to the National Assembly, afterwards showing himself at a window wearing the tri-colored cockade which Lafayette had chosen as the emblem of the National Guard. On July 27, 1594, when the Commune was in session at the Hall, in opposition to the Convention, Barras, with five battalions forced his entrance to



SESSION CHAMBERS OF THE MUNICIPAL COUNCIL, HOTEL DE VILLE.

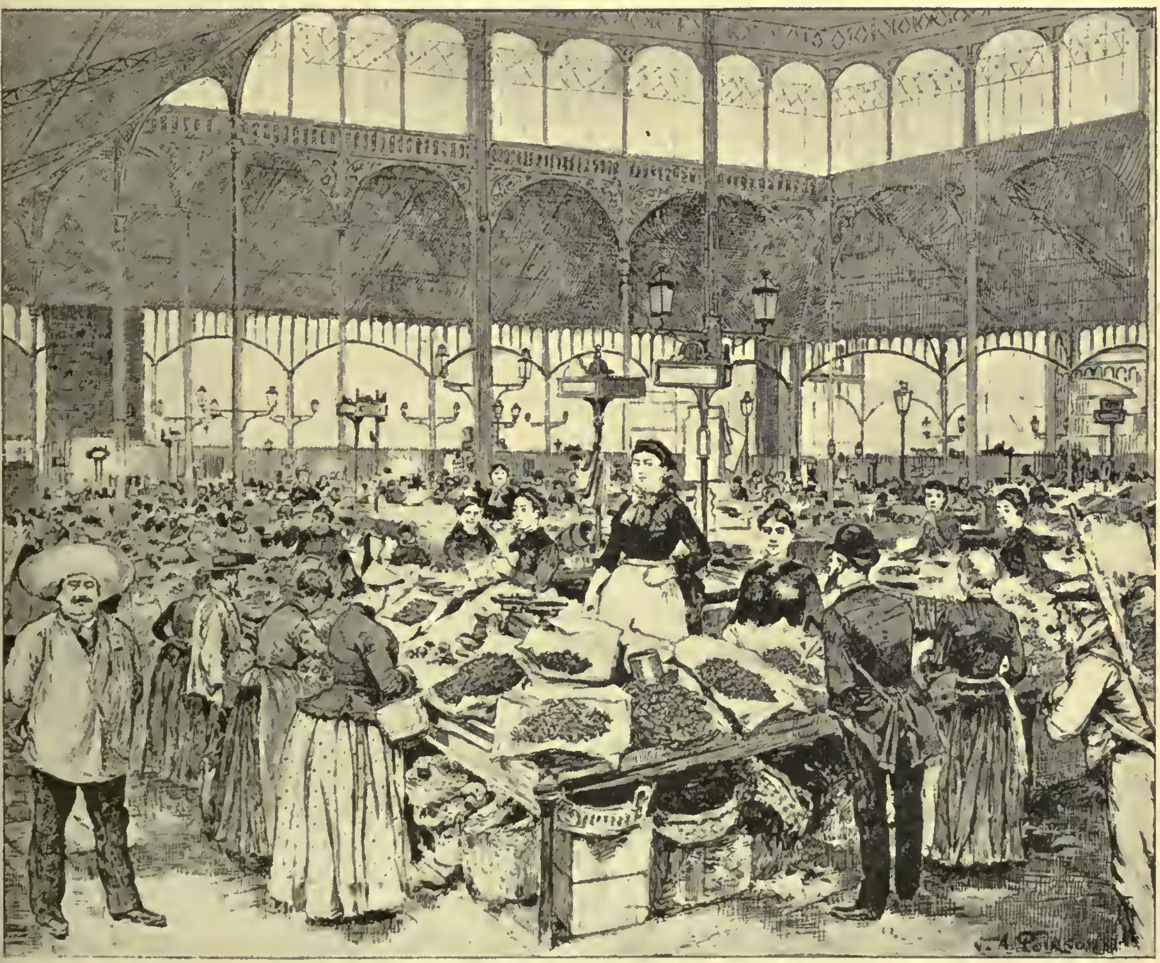
arrest the members of the treasonable assembly. Robespierre, who was directing its counsels, and who had been the chief devil in fomenting discord and slaughter, to save himself from falling into the hands of the Nationalists and meeting a just punishment drew a pistol and attempted suicide, but the ball did no other damage than the breaking of his jaw. It was in this Hall, also, that at the celebration of the union of the Monarchy with the Bourgeoisie, August, 1830, that Louis Philippe presented himself to the populace and publicly embraced Lafayette, and, it must be added, that it was from the steps of the City Hall, on February 14, 1848, that Louis Blanc proclaimed the institution of the republic.

But these incidents do not comprise all the historical events that serve to so signally distinguish the Hôtel de Ville. The seat of government of the National Defence was in this building from September 4, 1870, until February 18, 1871, and from March 19 until May 22 following of 1871, the Communists held possession of the Hall, where meetings of what they called the Committee of Public Safety were held. It was at one of these sessions that a secret resolution was passed condemning the building to flames, in pursuance of which, on May 20, a great quantity of combustibles, saturated with petroleum, and many barrels of gunpowder, were placed in various parts of the edifice to accomplish its swift and sudden destruction. At the same time the Communists barricaded all the streets around the Hall, and prepared themselves for a desperate defence. Their operations were known to the officers of the National Guard who, on the morning of May 24, attacked the Communists in their stronghold. A desperate conflict now took place in which there was not the shortest intermission for a period of twenty-six hours. The Communists were finally driven from the barricades back upon and into the Hall, and then in their impotent rage they set fire to the building. A more appalling scene cannot be imagined than that which now took place. The troops continued to pour a steady fire into the panic stricken ranks of the Communists, who threw away their arms in their frantic efforts to escape, but no mercy was shown them, and no quarter was given; they were shot down as if they were so many mad dogs that must be exterminated. This galling fire drove hundreds into the blazing building, the shelter of which was now more terrible than the fire of rifles, and the holocaust was completed with the death by bullets and fire of nearly every one of the Communists, but the building perished with its mob of violators.

In the year 1572, Catherine de Médicis, not fully satiated with the blood she had caused to flow on St. Bartholomew's Day, condemned the Huguenot leaders, Briquemont and Cavagnes, to die on a gallows set up in the Place Hôtel de Ville, and it was in this spot also (in 1574) that she ordered the Comte Montgomery, a captain of the Scottish guard, to be executed for having accidentally caused the death of her husband, Henry II., in a tilting tournament. From 1574 it became the public place for the execution of condemned criminals, and the victims of a despotic government as well. In July, 1789, after the fall of the Bastille, Foulon, Comptroller of the Finances, and his son-in-law, Bertier, were seized by the mob and hanged to lamp-posts, these two being the first victims of the Revolution, if we except those killed at the taking of the Bastille.

Among the notorious criminals who have perished on this spot as a penalty for their evil deeds were, Ravaillac, the assassin of Henry IV. in 1610; Marquise de Brinvilliers, the poisoner; Cartouche, the highwayman; and Damiens, who in 1757 attempted to assassinate Louis XV.

The new Hôtel de Ville was begun in the year 1871, after designs by Ballu and Deperthes, and it was pushed to completion as rapidly as the work could be done, as the city's need for the building was very great. It is really an enlarged reproduction of the structure that was burned, but is more conveniently arranged and is much richer in its ornamentations, which are not surpassed, perhaps, by any building in Europe. Its shape is rectangular, and its style is French Renaissance, with dome-covered pavilions at the angles, mansard windows, decorated chimneys, and a graceful tower. In the centre of the main façade is a handsome clock, and numerous pieces of sculpture of mythologic



THE HALLES CENTRALES, OR CITY MARKET.

subjects, and statues of celebrated Parisians adorn the expansive front which is crowned by allegoric groups and figures representing the principal cities of France. The roof is surmounted by ten large gilded figures of heralds, and this feature of statuary adornment reappears in the three large courts of the building, and in the small garden with which it is connected. The escalier, or stairway, of the Hôtel de Ville is so beautiful as to have acquired a fame that is world-wide, especially among architects. It rises from the centre court by an easy ascent, with steps of marble, and railing of bronze wrought in exquisite designs. The landings are galleries with handsome columns, and the walls are magnificently painted by famous artists. In the court from which it rises there is a sculptured group by Mercie, and in the vestibule are casts of "The Last Funeral Rites," by Barras, and of "Paradise Lost," by Goutherin. On the left of the first landing is a large painting that represents Abelard and his school on the hill Geneviève, and all the walls of the galleries are as richly decorated.

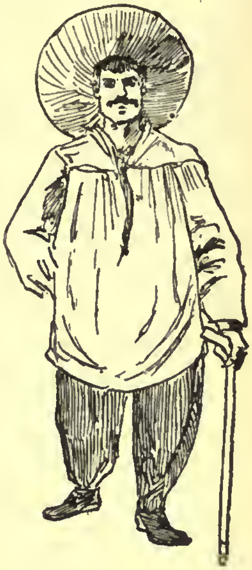
AN EARLY MARKETER.

The chief official in the Hôtel de Ville is known as the Prefect of the Seine, whose duties are municipal and also semi-military, for he discharges the office of mayor, and is likewise a magistrate by government appointment. Nearly the entire municipal revenues are under his control and likewise many appointments, especially in the arrondissements, or wards.

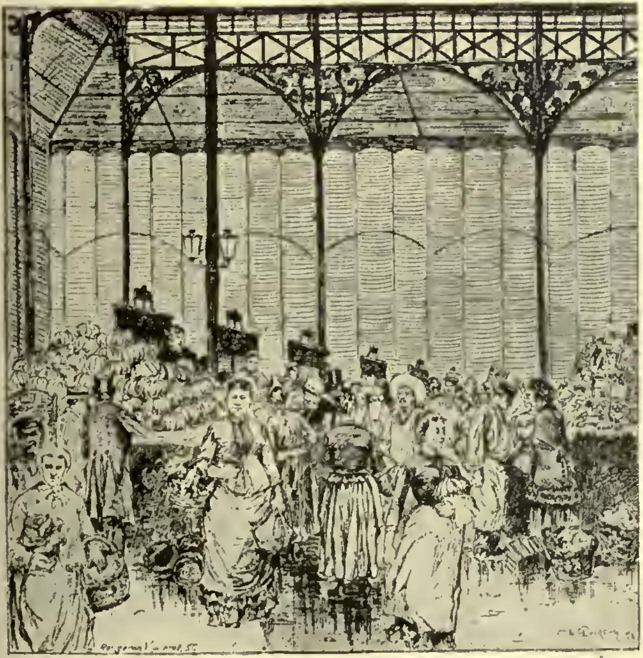
All the chambers of the Hôtel de Ville are spacious and elegant; the hall in which the council meets is very grand and gorgeously decorated, and there are other rooms, especially the Salle de St. Jean (St. John) used for large meetings, which are beautiful, but the Salle des Fêtes, or hall of entertainment, surpasses all other rooms of this magnificent building both in size and the wonderful splendor of its embellishments, for it ranks as one of the most superb salons of the world. As its name indicates, this spacious and almost bewilderingly beautiful room is used for balls, banquets, and festivals, which are occasionally given by the city in honor of foreign officials or distinguished visitors from other cities. It is 200 feet long by 75 wide, with an arched ceiling, gorgeously adorned with frescoes, 50 feet high, and is lighted by twenty-two immense rock-crystal chandeliers that contain more than two thousand burners.

The City Market.

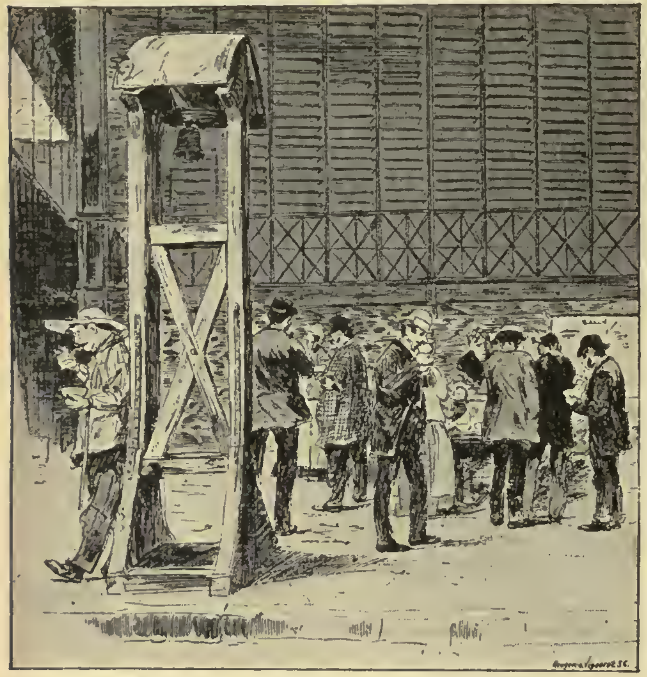
One of the most interesting institutions of Paris is the Halles Centrales, or city market, the largest in the world and the most sightly. These "halles," as they are called, are in fact a vast structure of iron, roofed with zinc sheets, commenced after plans by Baltard, some thirty years ago, but not yet quite completed. The market consists of twelve pavilions, between which run covered streets, which are intersected by main streets, one of which is fifty feet and the other one hundred and five feet wide, and the whole area covered is about twenty-two acres. Each pavilion contains 250 stalls, that cover forty square feet each, for which the occupant pays a rental to the city of four cents per day, but tenants also have the use of storage room beneath the building, where there are 1200 cellars, each twelve feet high and lighted by electricity.

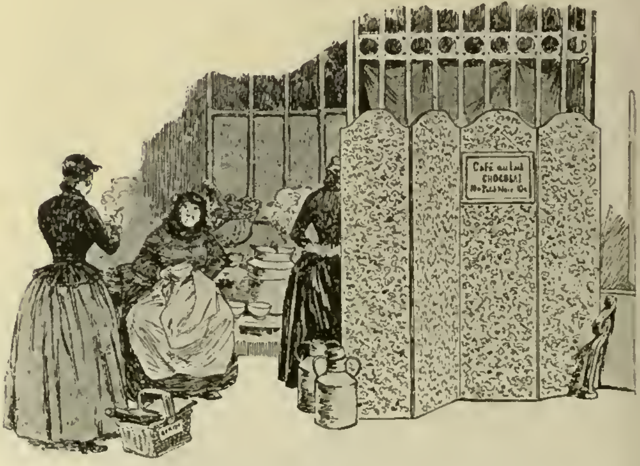

A STREET PORTER.

A visit to the market should be made in summer time as early as five o'clock, when everything exposed for sale is fresh, the stalls are scrupulously neat, and the marketers are beginning to pour into the streets that border the pavilions. You will observe on sale nearly every conceivable edible thing under the sun, which is very interesting, but hardly so entertaining as many characters you will be certain to see there. Old age is always honorable, but it sometimes appears in comical forms, and we may be pardoned for laughing at some of the queer old men, and the weazened old women who haunt the market, both as buyers and sellers. Many of them have entered it in their youth, and grown aged in unchanging service as venders of garden truck, poultry products, etc., and there are others who seemingly have no other employment or object in life than to appear at early market with baskets to catch whatever fortune throws in their way. Little old men, and crooked old women—no less gentlemen and ladies for that—who amble along, jostled by the crowd, through choking aisles, picking up a leaf of cabbage here and a stray berry there, watching for fish heads at the fish stalls, and for chicken debris in the poultry pavilions, but always accumulating by gift and by chance, until their baskets are filled with a hodge-podge that may make soup, but cannot make gravy. But no less interesting are many of the venders, who dress becoming the occasion, and who possess individualities of their own. Here is the milk woman,


A PAVILION IN THE CITY MARKET.

broad of girth, and with hair well bound in 'kerchief, eying for customers, with bared forearms in summer, and hands rolled up in her apron in winter, a sight of picturesque patience and watchfulness. There is the flower girl, poor thing! that may boast a clean dress and refinement of calling, who lives among perfumes during the day and inhales noisome vapors at night. She is never over-dressed, but her alertness for probable buyers is almost an instinct. She is a spotter of gentlemen who want a bouquet-boutonniere, and of ladies who need a rose to fit their complexion. And if you will look well, your eyes are sure to fall on the cheeseman, who, if it wasn't for the sense of smell, could not possibly make a living, for taste and smell are two senses separated by a short lip, and may therefore be called brothers, if not twins. The cheeseman is no less a character in his way than is the fat, red butcher, who strides a colossus among his pigmy neighbors, a purveyor of meat and hence a chief of the market guild. The poor man who lives by feeding tastes through the sense of smell is not stuck-up as you will plainly see by his indifference to dress, which is more frequently gunny-bag jacket and cheese-cloth trousers than it is doeskin pants and broadcloth coat; but he is no worse for this, and can guess a pound of cheese better than a king, and judge its quality better than a philosopher. And you will see, walking among the buyers, and sharing the liberties of the pavilions, consciously independent, and mighty in his brawniness, the *crocheteur* (street porter), who in a light blouse of blue, expansive pantaloons, and immense hat, large enough and stiff enough to support a barrel of flour, strides in and out, around about, looking for opportunity to make a few centimes,

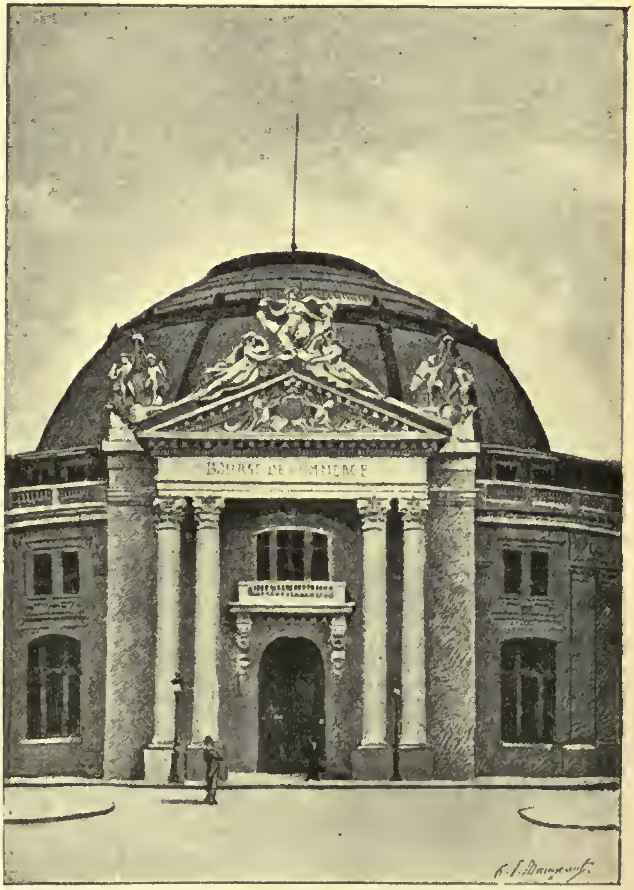

A MORNING LUNCH AT THE CITY MARKET.



A MILK STALL IN THE CITY MARKET.

carrying anything that is movable, from a mouse-trap to a safe. But the interesting characters are almost without number, and these alone will well repay a trip to the market at the early hour of five o'clock.

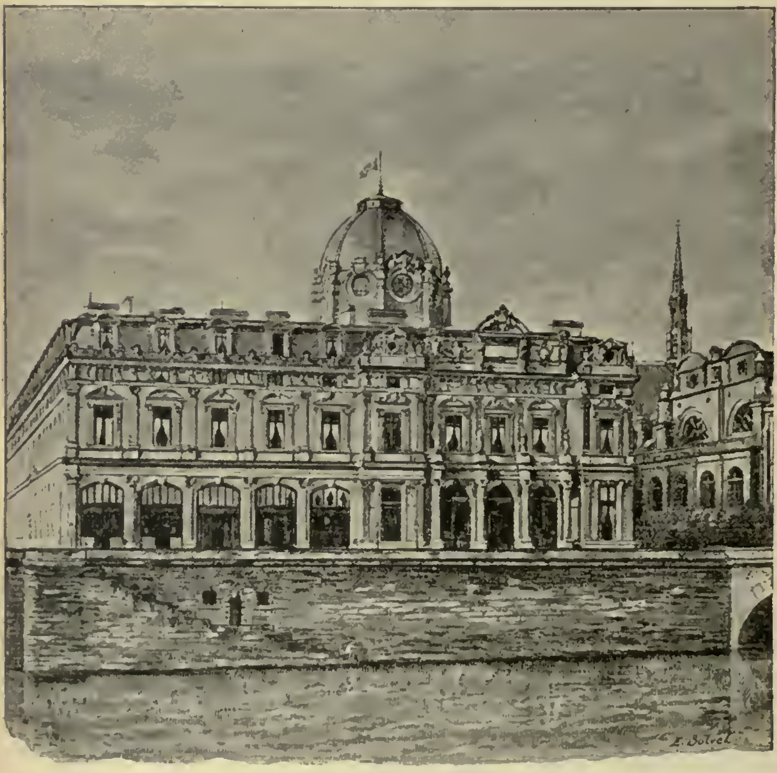
And how much food does Paris consume? Well, let us estimate: The provisions displayed at the daily market arrive on the evening previous to their exposure. From about five o'clock to eight o'clock in the morning are the auction sales to wholesale dealers, who supply the retailers. These sales are said to average about $100,000 per day, but this does not give us so good an idea of the consumption as the report of the market master, by which we learn that the produce annually brought to the Halles Centrales include 65,000,000 pounds of fish, 250,000,000 pounds of oysters, 66,000,000 pounds of meat, 55,000,000 pounds of poultry, 27,000,000 pounds of butter, 30,000,000 dozens of eggs, and 15,000,000 pounds of cheese. Large as are these amounts, they do not represent one-half, probably less than one-third, the provisions used in Paris, since there are many other markets in the city, and a large number of families are supplied by direct deliveries from suburban truck-farmers. The consumption, some years ago, was reckoned at 764,000,000 pounds of bread, 438,000,000 pounds of meat, 54,000,000 pounds of fish, and 437,000,000 quarts of wine, annually, the value of which is about $700,000,000 annually.



BOURSE DE COMMERCE.

Paris Bourses, or Exchanges.

There are two commercial exchanges and one stock exchange in Paris; of the former the Bourse de Commerce, on the north side of the river, on the Rue du Louvre, is the larger. Formerly it was known as the Corn Exchange, but in 1888–89 the building was remodeled by Blondel, since which time it has been devoted to the purpose of general trade in agricultural products. As it originally stood, the structure was circular in shape, 138 feet in diameter, and 106 feet in height. It was built in 1662, and withstood all the vicissitudes to which large buildings in Paris have been so much subjected, until 1806, when it was almost completely destroyed by fire. In the rebuilding the rotunda was restored, to which a handsome façade was added, the chief embellishments of which are four Greek columns 65 feet high, that support a pediment crowned with groups of sculpture representing Trade, Art, Industry, Agriculture, Architecture, and the City of Paris. The glass dome, that lights the exchange hall, is a handsome piece of architecture, the interior of which is decorated with frescoes typifying the four cardinal points.



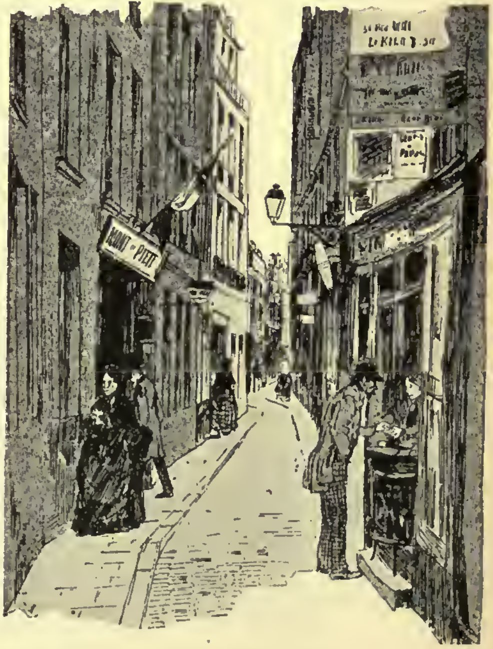
THE TRIBUNAL DE COMMERCE.

The Tribunal de Commerce is on the south side of the river, opposite the Palace of Justice. It was built by Bailly, in the Renaissance style, in 1860–66, the result of some unpleasant rivalries between members of the Bourse de Commerce, growing out of a desire upon the part of those members living south of the river to have an exchange more convenient to their places of business. The building is directly across the Boulevard Sebastopol and is therefore visible from the *Gare de l'Est* (Depot of the East), and for a great distance. The stairway is a chief feature of the exchange, worthy the admiration it receives. On the first landing are statues of industrial art, by Pascal; of mechanical art, by Maindon; of land commerce, by Cabat; and of maritime commerce, by Chapu; above all which are caryatides by Dubut. The ascent is to a corridor, from which the exchange rooms are reached. The Salle d'Audience, where the sales are made by outcry, as in American cities, is on the second floor, to the left of the staircase; it is very handsomely finished with a wainscoting of oak, adorned with panels in imitation of porcelain painting, and with pictures and frescoes, by Fleury. Enclosed by the building is a quadrangle surrounded by two colonnades, one above the other, over which are caryatides supporting the iron frame-work of the glass-covered roof, by which the main exchange hall is lighted.

Just behind the Tribunal de Commerce is the largest flower market of Paris, where a marvelous display of flowers is made every Wednesday and Saturday, and on Sunday a bird market is held here.

The Stock Exchange.

The Bourse, which is one of the great stock exchanges of the world, is near the Boulevard Montmartre, in the Place de la Bourse, a beautiful structure of Græco-Roman style, surrounded by a colonnade of sixty-six Corinthian pillars, in imitation of the Forum Temple of Vespasian. It was begun by Brongniart in 1808 and completed by Labarre in 1826; in dimensions the Bourse is 225 feet long, 135 feet wide, and 100 feet high; the columns are 33 feet in height, and 3½ feet in diameter. The exchange floor is reached by a flight of sixteen steps at each end. At the four corners of the floor portico are large allegoric figures, symbolizing Commerce, Consular Justice, Industry, and Agriculture. The hall is 105 feet in length, and 57 feet in width, around which runs a gallery from which visitors may watch the brokers doing business below. The ceilings are beautifully frescoed, those on the grisailles of the vaulting, by Pujol and Meynier, representing the Inauguration of the Bourse by Charles X., being especially fine. The Exchange is open every day except on Sundays and holidays, and the annual transactions represent about $5,000,000,000.

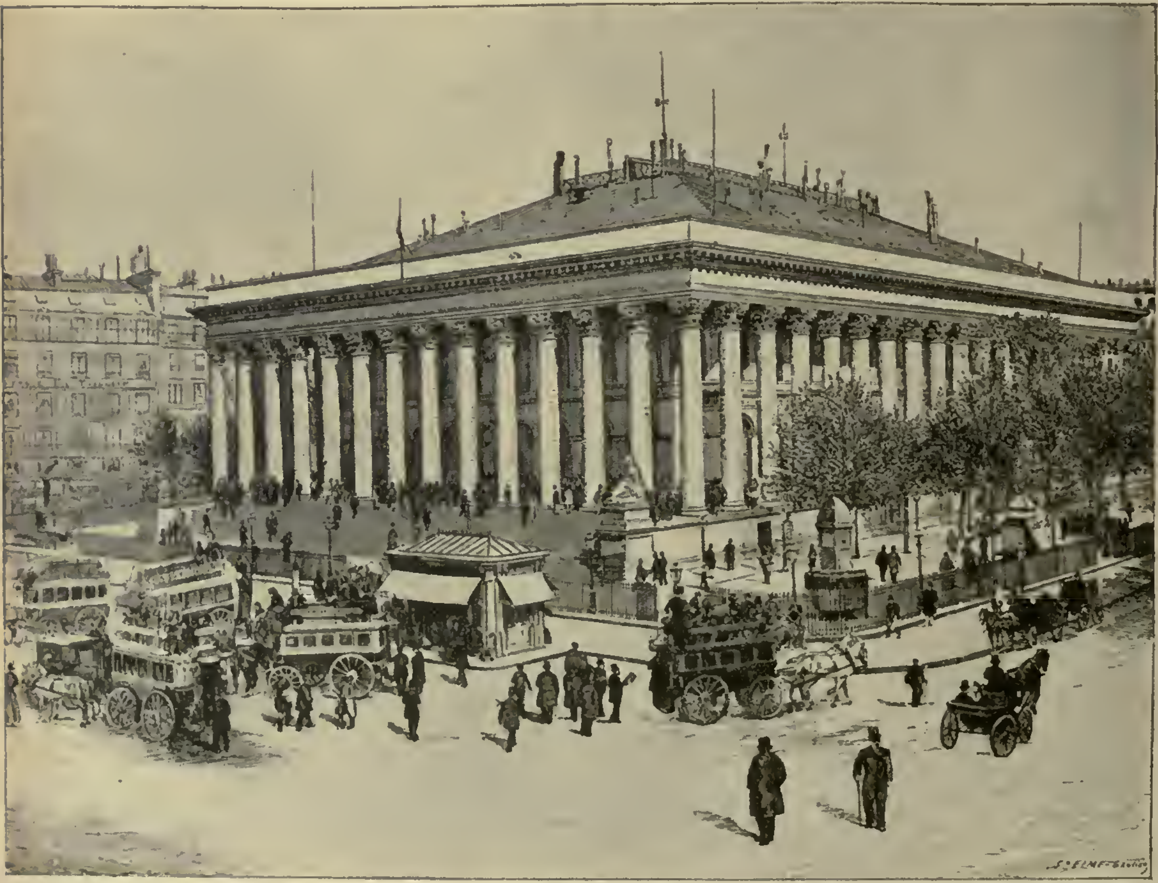


EXTERIOR OF THE GOVERNMENT PAWN SHOP.

The scenes which are here to be witnessed daily are very interesting, though not unlike those that take place in the stock exchange of Wall street, for the manner of buying and selling are identical. A little while before the opening, which is always at the noon hour, the Place de la Bourse begins to swarm with the carriages of arriving stock brokers, and when the moment for doing business on the floor begins the hall is filled with what appears to be a greatly excited crowd. At one end of the hall is a railed enclosure called the parquet, to which only brokers are allowed to enter, and in the centre of the hall is another railed space, circular in form, called the *corbeille* (a word signifying a wide, flat basket), around which the brokers congregate and make their offers to buy and sell in the loudest voices and with wildest gesticulations. The transactions as they occur are recorded by agents who stand about the parquet, where all quotations are made, and from which all offers emanate. At three o'clock the call is concluded, after which all the brokers assemble to make settlements and to adjust the share list, which is then printed and issued, but the hall is kept open until five o'clock, in order to give brokers time to conclude the business of the day.

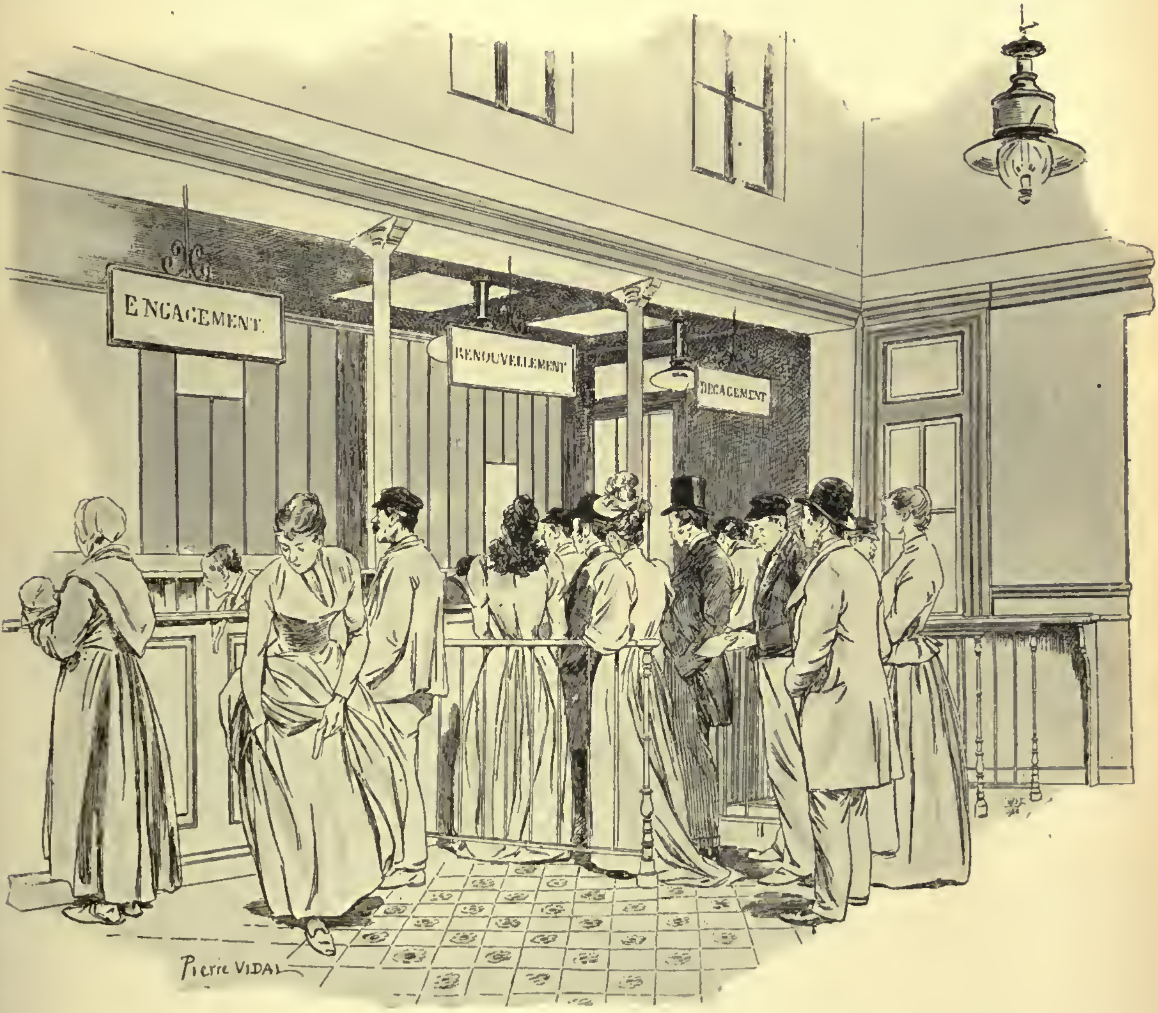
The Government Loan Office.

A unique feature, peculiar to Italy, Spain and France, I believe, for I do not remember to have heard of such an institution in other countries, conducted by a government, is the *Mont de Piété* (Mountain of Piety), or great pawnbroking establishment, of Paris, which has a monopoly of lending money on pledges for the benefit of the public. It is perhaps an original idea, but certainly a good one, instituted and conducted in the interest of the poor, which gives them protection against usurous money lenders and extortionate brokers, who are a curse to the unfortunates of other cities. In view of the purposes of the bank, though the name "mountain of piety, or pity," sounds somewhat strange, it is not inappropriate, especially since the ground thereabout is slightly more elevated than the surroundings.



PALAIS DE LA BOURSE.

The loans extended at this institution are never made for a shorter time than two weeks, but the borrower is privileged to make redemptions in a less time by the payment of a fee. In conducting private shops it is customary for pawnbrokers to make loans on what they consider one-fifth the value of articles pawned, but at this Paris bank the sums advanced are usually two-thirds the real, or selling, value. The largest sum that may be borrowed here is $2000, and at the branch offices, of which there are several, the limit is $100. When the institution was first founded, and until 1885, the interest charge on loans was nearly 10 per cent, but they have been since reduced to 7 per cent, which is very little more than what money commands in the United States on first-class securities.



INTERIOR OF THE MONT DE PIETE.

Unredeemed pledges are sold fourteen months after the expiration of the time for which the loan was made, unless renewal has been made by the payment of a fee, but within three years the person who secured the loan may demand the sum realized by the sale over that which was borrowed. By such liberal management those who are reduced to the extremity of pledging their personal property are protected against loss, and at the same time they are enabled to secure loans on articles they could not hypothecate at any private banking institution. The amount of money loaned by the Mont de Piété is about $12,000,000 annually, on 2,500,000 articles, and the sale of unredeemed pledges produces nearly $1,000,000 annually, all the profits being covered into the municipal treasury.

CHAPTER XV.

THE CEMETERIES OF PARIS.

THE cemeteries of Paris are God's acres abloom, glorified by monumental remembrances, for that great city honors its living, and apotheosizes its dead. Though a people steeped in pleasures, whose chief ambitions appear to be worldly enjoyment, yet they are reverential in the face of death, and lay their highest tributes of affection and appreciation with tearful respect upon the graves of their beloved departed.

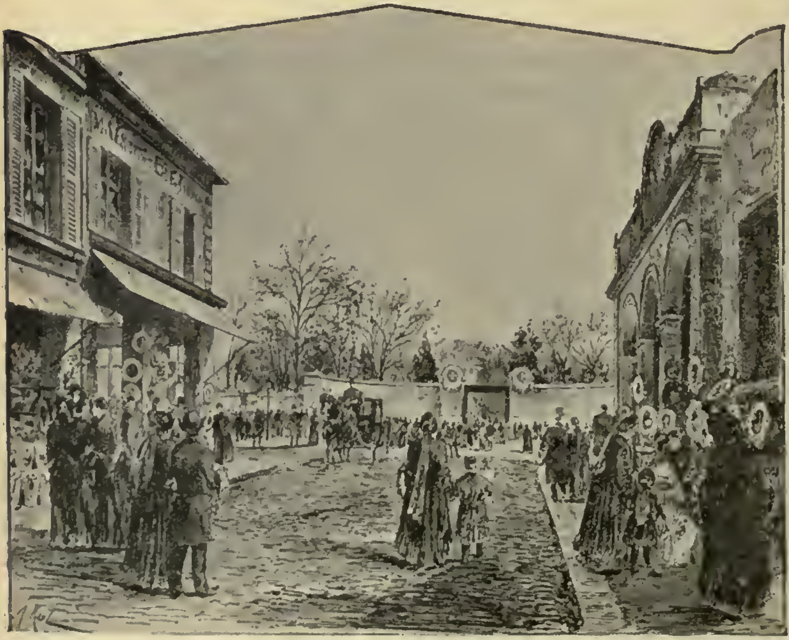
Burial expenses are perhaps greater in Paris than in any other city, because they are conducted with more lavish pomp. Funerals there are conducted by directors, and the function is as elaborate as that of a wedding. The hearse is never elaborate, but plainly rich, drawn by four, six, or eight horses, according to the distinction of the person, all splendidly caparisoned in silver-embroidered draperies, and each horse is led by a conductor dressed in a long lace embroidered coat and directory hat, followed by intimate friends or employes of the deceased often on foot. The beautiful custom has long obtained in France, almost universally observed, of removing the hat, as a mark of respect, when a funeral procession is passing. It is a no less strict observance for all kinds of street traffic to suspend, that the procession may not be crossed or interrupted.

To accommodate the dead of Paris, there are twenty-two burial grounds, of which the most important are the Père-Lachaise, Montmartre, and Montparnasse. But besides these there is a large crematory, connected with the Père-Lachaise where cremations occur every day, and this mode of disposition is rapidly gaining favor, especially among the most intelligent classes. A number of pauper bodies are also fed to the retorts daily, but not if the deceased has in life expressed objection to cremation, nor when church societies are willing to conduct the burial. All the pauper cemeteries are outside the city, most of them being at St. Ouen and Ivry.

In the three large cemeteries named, certain rules obtain concerning the reception of bodies and the places of interment, for the funeral expense does not end at the grave. By these, friends of the deceased—or, the deceased may do so by will—are required to pay the sum of $60, to guarantee that the grave will not be disturbed for a period of thirty years. A concession thus guaranteeing a grave for five years may be had for $10. Then there is a *concession à perpétuite*, which provides a private burial place perpetually, that costs $140, but a child under seven years of age may have such a grave for

$70. The lots, or rather spaces, are very small however, being limited to twenty-two and a half square feet, and if more space is required a proportionate increase of price must be paid. All burials within the department of the Seine are a monopoly of the *Compagnie des Pompes Funèbres* (difficult to translate, but literally, company of majestic, or pompous funerals), whose charges are regulated by tariff which varies from $2.50, for burying paupers, to $1430, for conducting the finest funeral, but this does not include the fees of officiating clergymen. Two chaplains, however, are attached to each cemetery, who officiate gratuitously at the burial service of the poor.

The most beautiful cemetery in the world is that of *Campo-Santos* (Camp of Saints), in the suburbs of Genoa, the most deservedly famous and second in beauty is that of Père-Lachaise, in Paris. It is so entirely unlike the cemeteries of America, that comparison may not be instituted, for there is a marked absence of the shaft and tombstone, instead of which there are imitation memorial chapels, or marble tombs, usually built in the form of small houses, below which are the graves or vaults.

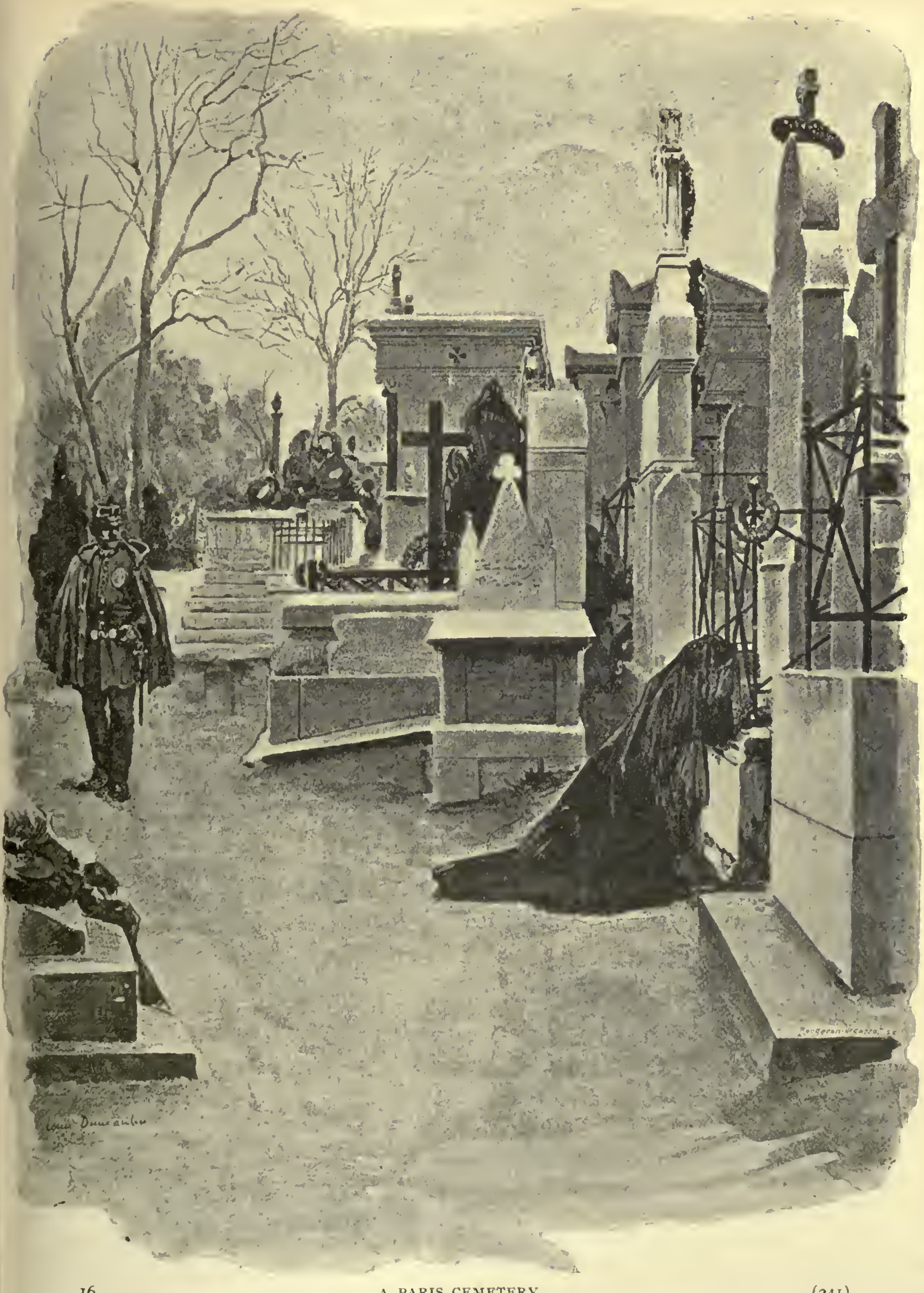


ENTRANCE TO PERE-LACHAISE CEMETERY.

Cemetery of Pere-Lachaise.

Père-Lachaise is on a beautiful knoll at the northeast end of the city, taking its name from the Jesuit Confessor of Louis XIV., whose country seat occupied the site of the present cemetery chapel. The grounds were laid out in 1804, but have been greatly extended since, and now occupy 110 acres, as the dead multiply, and God's acres are always increasing and encroaching upon the lands of the living, for in Paris alone there are 100 graves dug every day, while those who die in a poverty too great for respectful interment are committed to large pits that contain fifty coffins, or are cremated.

It would seem that a graveyard, where disturbance is desecration and violence a profanation, should be exempt from the turmoils and strifes of parties, but that evil passions are no respecter of places is strikingly exemplified by the violent scenes that have disturbed the quiet and drenched with blood of battle many of the graves of this city of mausoleums. On March 30, 1814,

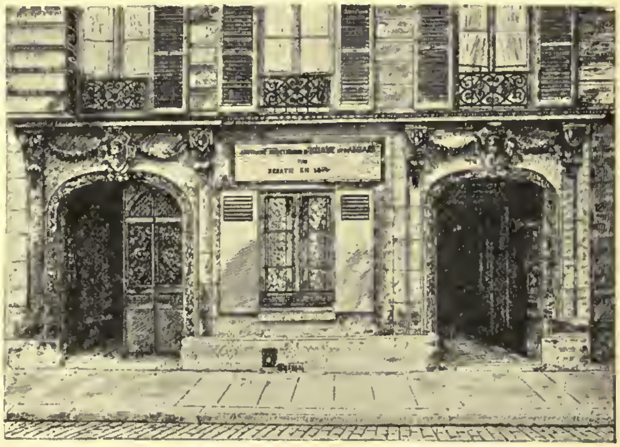


A PARIS CEMETERY.

when Paris was besieged by the allies of Germany and Russia, the cemetery was profaned by a sharp engagement which took place here between the French and Russians. The tombs were used as shields, and the battle was fierce without a large number of casualties because of these protections, which suffered great damage before the French were driven back upon the city. On May 25, and 27, 1871, another engagement took place in the cemetery, between the Communists, who had been forced from the Place de la Roquette to take refuge among the gravestones, and the Versailles troops. The position of the former, protected as they were by so many defences, was almost impregnable, and the troops were kept at bay until the batteries of Montmartre were trained upon the insurgents, who were forced to flee under the fire of a heavy bombardment. The destruction wrought by this last conflict was much greater than by the battle of 1814, and many years passed before the damage was completely repaired.

Père-Lachaise is one of the sights of Paris, and one of the most charming, too. The number of visitors is great enough to give profitable occupation to two or three guides, who may always be found, one or more of them, at the entrance gate, ready to conduct parties through the cemetery and to give such explanations as may be wanted, at a cost of two francs for each person so conducted. On All Saints' Day and All Souls' Day, November 1 and 2, it is estimated that fully 100,000 persons visit the cemetery, and the number during the year is probably 250,000. But to the stranger in Paris Père-Lachaise is remarkably interesting, for it contains 20,000 monuments, many of which are memorials of the most famous persons, and others are attractive for their artistic beauty. The avenues that traverse the cemetery in every direction are shaded by splendid forest trees, and the elevation of the grounds is sufficient to afford a wide and admirable view of the city. Some of the more interesting monuments, that embellish with chapel, vault, pavilion, and sarcophagus, the resting places of illustrious persons in this cemetery, are the following: We first note that Jew and Gentile lie together in this sacred enclosure, the French refusing to discriminate between persons of great genius. Gambetta, a Jew, was one of the fathers of the Republic, and Rachel, a Jewess, was the greatest actress that ever thrilled the heart of Parisians, and so their memories are honored, and in bestowing honors upon these, the French accord to all Jews the recognition that their talents or merits deserve.

One of the shrines to which all visitors pay their respects is the tomb of Abélard and Heloise, a Gothic pavilion of stone, imitative of a canopy, beneath which are recumbent effigies representing the two unfortunate lovers. Do you remember the story? Well, it is a very sad one, and may be a legend, but it is worth repeating in a very brief way. Abélard was a distinguished father of the Church, whose life was sworn to celibacy, but religious asceticism cannot always destroy the germ of affection which, lying dormant in the human breast, may spring into full flower in almost an hour. Heloise was a nun, and in the abbey these two came in contact as teacher and pupil, believing themselves purged, by consecration, of all the weaknesses and desires that make the world a thing of beauty. The result of their association, however, was the birth of love, which flamed up in both breasts and made them dare to violate the religious vows they had taken. There are different stories concerning the relations of Abélard and Heloise, but that they loved each other with a passion as great as was their reverence for God may well be believed, a crime in the eyes of the Church that was punished in a manner shockingly severe. They were married, so the story-teller relates, and would have renounced their vows and left the gloomy abbey for a little white cottage with green blinds, but this privilege ws forbidden. The two were separated, no doubt by forcible means, and as an example to deter for all time other church fathers from committing the crime of marriage, Abélard was seized and most cruelly mutilated, from which horrible punishment it is said he died. The story would not be complete without a redeeming finale, and so it is related that, directly upon hearing of the death of Abélard, the heart of Heloise burst from grief and her soul was thus quickly joined to his in a world where love is king. Their bodies may repose in separate graves, but visitors to Père-Lachaise will prefer to believe that they slumber beneath the Gothic canopy, constructed of stones taken from the Convent of Paraclet, which Abélard founded, and where the tomb was originally situated.


HOUSE IN WHICH ABELARD IS SAID TO HAVE DIED.

If you pass up the Avenue Casimir Périer to the Grand Rond, you will see on the way some very beautiful sarcophagi, and monuments of exquisitely carved marble. On the left is the tomb of Fr. Lebrun, who was Third Consul, and the translator of Homer and Tasso. Beyond this is the chapel of the Lesseps family, and thence is a monument erected to the memory of the victims of the Commune in June, 1848. And here is the tomb of Count La Bédoyère, colonel of the first regiment, who took up the standard of Napoleon upon his return from Elba, for which he was condemned and shot. The sculptures on this monument depict the arrest of the colonel as he was in the act of taking leave of his wife and child, to whom he returned for another embrace before his intended flight to America.

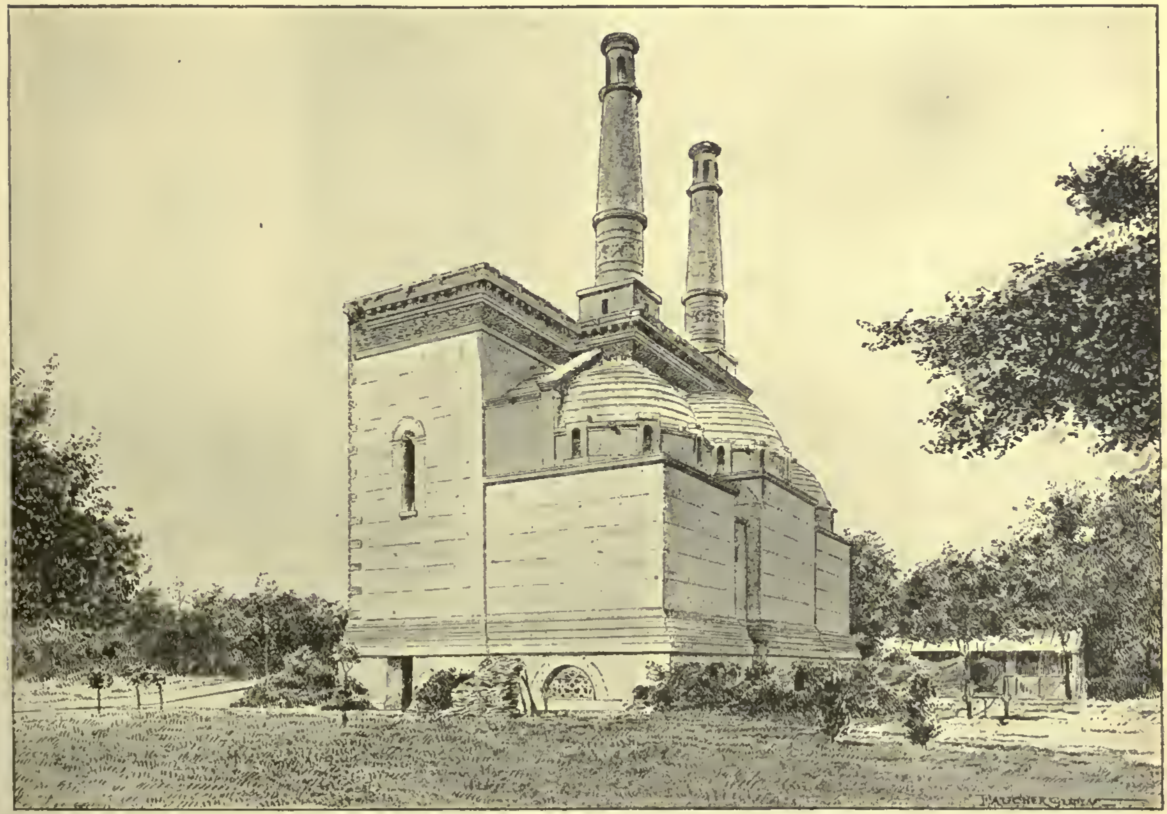
In the centre of the Grand Rond is a bronze statue marking the burial place of Casimir Périer, grandfather of the late president of France, who was a famous orator and the minister of Louis Philippe. Near by is the tomb of Raspail, one of the handsomest in the cemetery, erected in memory of Raspail's wife, who died during his imprisonment for the conspiracy of May, 1848, in attempting to dissolve the National Assembly. Other illustrious persons who lie here are: Talma, the great tragedian; Cherubini, the composer; Gohier, president of the Directory; Mme. Blanchard, the aëronaut; Bellini, the composer, whose remains, however, have been removed to Catania, his native place; Champollion, the great Egyptologist; Kellermann, one of Napoleon's marshals; Edmond About, author; Scribe, the dramatist; Sir Sidney Smith, who defeated Napoleon at St. Jean d'Acre, 1799; Prince and Princess Démidoff, a wealthy Russian family who repose beneath a marvelously beautiful mausoleum; Lafontaine, the writer of fables; Laplace, the great mathematician; F. de Beaujour, formerly consul, who has a pyramid 105 feet high, visible from the Arch of Triumph, and called the *pain de sucre* (the sugar loaf), to designate his sleeping quarters. Near this latter monument is a crematory, established in 1887, where bodies are reduced for $10, and which is now kept very busy. Descending toward the left, there is to be seen the tomb of Balzac; and of the Duc de Morny, natural brother of Napoleon III.; Michelet, the historian; and to the right of the cemetery chapel the splendid Greek temple vault of Thiers, the great statesman and president of France; and of Bayard Taylor, American traveler and author; Bizet, composer of the opera "Carmen;" a granite pyramid with four bronze statues of soldiers on the base corners, erected by the government in commemoration of the French soldiers who fell in the defence of Paris, 1870–71; Desclee, the actress; Rachel, the actress; Rothschilds, of the famous family of bankers, and of many others illustrious in the history of their country or famous for wealth, connections, or deeds.

Cemetery of Montmartre.

The Cemetery of Montmartre is situated in the northern part of the city, on the road to Clichy, and near the city walls of 1871. It is neither so fine nor large as the Père-Lachaise, but has the reputation of being the oldest burial ground of modern Paris. It also contains the graves, often splendidly adorned, of many distinguished men and women, whose names and deeds are a part of history. As you enter your attention is attracted to four tombs reared in honor of as many refugees, one of which bears this inscription, "*Exoriare aliquis nostris ex ossibus ultor!*" (may an avenger one day spring from our ashes). In another part of the grounds is a large cross, beneath which are interred the victims of the *coup d'état* of 1851. Some distance beyond the cross is the Jewish cemetery, within the same enclosure but distinct, in which repose the remains of Halévy, who was the celebrated composer, of "The Jewess," an opera of great fame; and behind his tomb is the mausoleum of the Millaud family. Passing through the Jewish section and again entering the principal cemetery, we come upon the tombs of Kamienski, a Polish volunteer who died so valorously at Magenta in 1859; the Duc de Montebello; Delaroche, the painter; Gautier, the poet; Heinrich Heine, the famous German poet, and his wife; Count Daru, the constant companion of Napoleon I.; Didier, the author; Rouvière, the tragedian; the Duchess of Montmorency-Luxembourg; Samson, an actor; Offenbach, the distinguished composer, whose tomb is a richly carved piece of porphyry, with figures of a lyre and palm-branch in bronze.

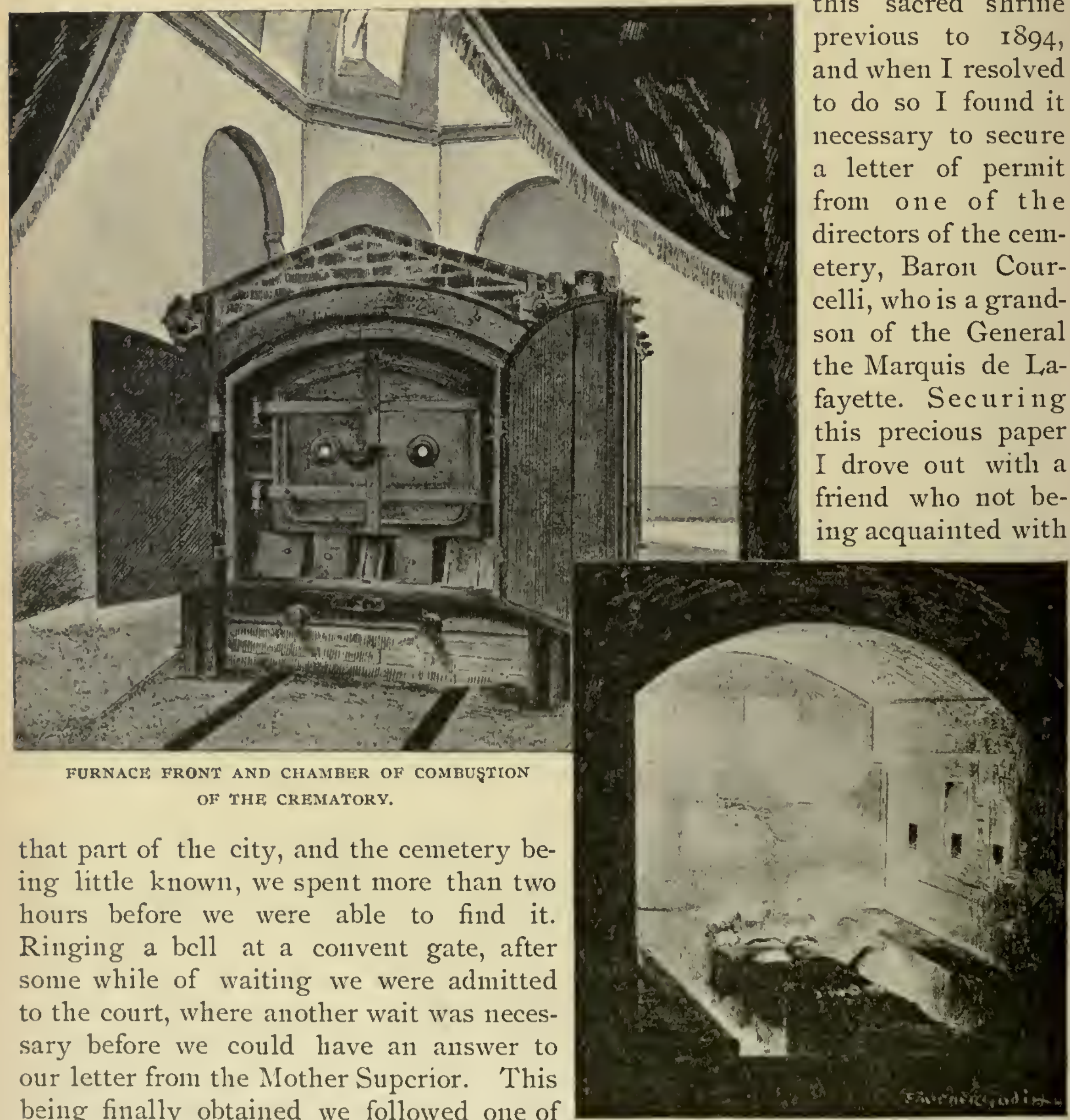
The Cemetery of Mount Parnassus.

The third largest cemetery in Paris is that of Montparnasse, which ranks in interest as it does in size, though it was laid out as long ago as 1824, and has been used as a burial ground since 1826. Comparatively few strangers visit it, though a roll of the dead which lie there includes many persons whose names are familiar to the whole world. Near the entrance is the tomb of Henry Martin, the illustrious historian, behind which lie buried several sisters of charity, some of whom were decorated by the Legion of Honor in recognition of their devotion as nurses in the Crimea; Henry Gregory, a deputy to the States General, afterward Bishop of Blois and member of the Council of Five Hundred, who for swearing fidelity to the new constitution was proscribed and his body refused Christian burial; Le Verrier, the astronomer; Meurthe, minister under Napoleon; Dornès, who was killed by the insurgents in June, 1848; Huet, the Jewish author; d'Urville, the Jewish navigator, and other famous people whose reputations continue as a living force in the world.


EXTERIOR VIEW OF THE PERE-LACHAISE CREMATORY.

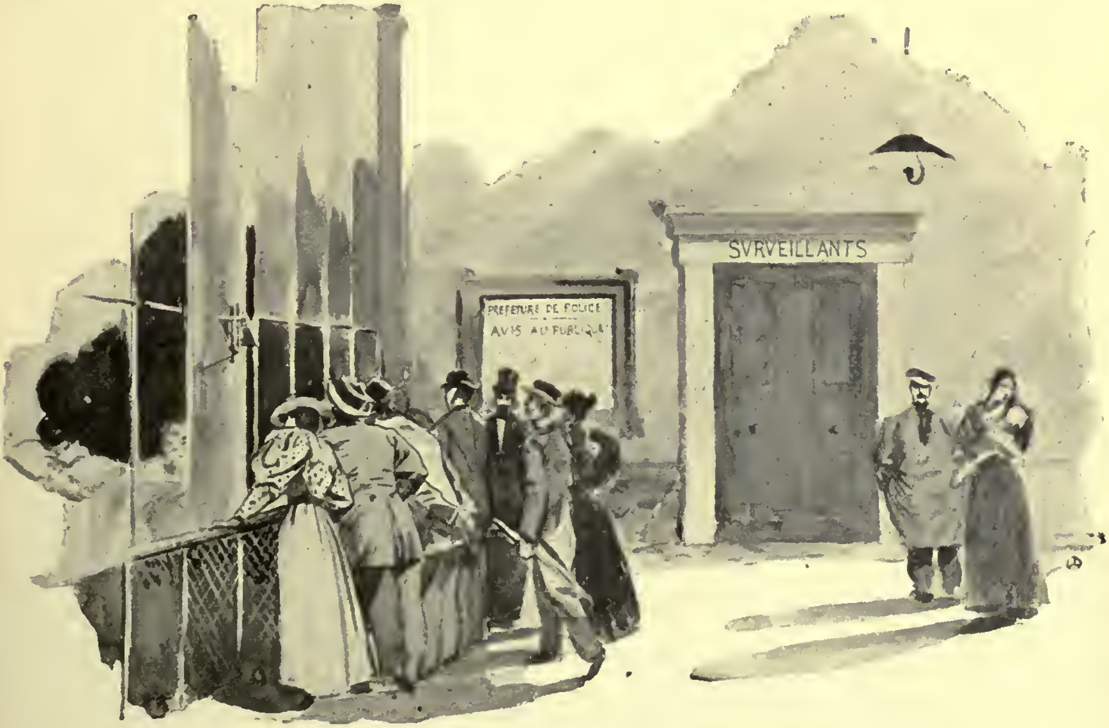
Picpus and Cemetery of the Guillotines.

A sacred spot, to which every American visitor to Paris should make a pilgrimage, is Picpus Cemetery, on the Rue de Picpus, near the eastern border of the city, and not far from the Place of the Nation. I had not myself visited this sacred shrine previous to 1894, and when I resolved to do so I found it necessary to secure a letter of permit from one of the directors of the cemetery, Baron Courcelli, who is a grandson of the General the Marquis de Lafayette. Securing this precious paper I drove out with a friend who not being acquainted with that part of the city, and the cemetery being little known, we spent more than two hours before we were able to find it. Ringing a bell at a convent gate, after some while of waiting we were admitted to the court, where another wait was necessary before we could have an answer to our letter from the Mother Superior. This being finally obtained we followed one of the sisters some distance under the cool shade of an avenue of trees until we came to an iron entrance gate to the cemetery, and had the privilege of reading the inscriptions on tombs of some of the greatest personages connected with French and American history. In the northeast corner of the cemetery, that



FURNACE FRONT AND CHAMBER OF COMBUSTION OF THE CREMATORY.

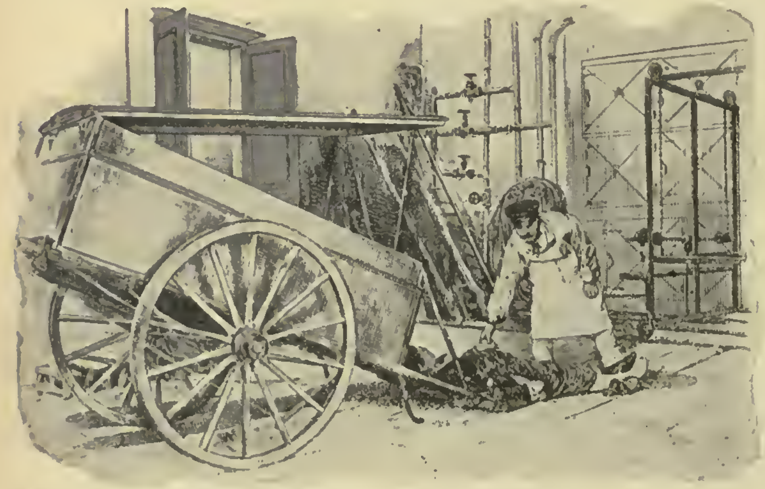
is not more than 200 by 400 feet in extent, I was shown the tomb of Lafayette, over which an American flag was waving with the breeze, a simple gray slab, enclosed by an iron railing, the most modest tribute to worth and greatness that I saw in the cemetery, but it had a place of honor, for it was close to the stone wall that separates Picpus from the Cemetery of the Guillotines. This latter place of repose is a piece of woods, so full of trees, heavy with foliage, as to almost entirely hide the single marble shaft that has been set up here by the government in commemoration of 1300 victims of the Revolution who were executed at the Barrière du Trône, and whose bones were long afterward gathered and reinterred in this isolated, seldom visited spot. There are many members of distinguished French families buried in Picpus Cemetery, such as the Noailles, Montmorencies, Gramonts, and Crillons.



INTERIOR OF THE MORGUE.

The Morgue.

The morbid fancies of mankind are as active as their moral perceptions; indeed, it is hardly deniable that the morbid impulse is greater than those powers and capacities of the mind which under favoring conditions arouse to lofty sentiment and aspiration, which is like saying the unhealthy mind is stronger than the healthy, just as a maniac is often more powerful than a larger man in perfect health But philosophize as one may, the truth remains that a majority of persons are attracted more irresistibly to accident, to shocking scenes, than they are to things that conduce to refinement and cultivation. If you would seek for illustration of this assertion I beg to point you to the Paris Morgue. Why, there are thousands of persons who would almost face the expense and discomforts of an ocean voyage for the bare privilege of visiting this famous dead-house. Is it that dead men or women really look so fascinating, or so unnatural, or so horrible? I must leave it to others more capable of sounding the depths of human eccentricities than I can ever hope to be to answer this philosophical, if not metaphysical inquiry. I only know that the Morgue of Paris is a place to which visitors flock every day in great numbers, and press their noses flat against the glass partition that separates the living from the dead, to examine with curious interest the ghastly, and often gory, remains that seem to slightly lift their heads from the tilted slabs in expectation of a mutual recognition. If there be an old shoe under the table it becomes an object of critical inspection, and a bloody garment is a spectacle more fascinating than a Wild West show.



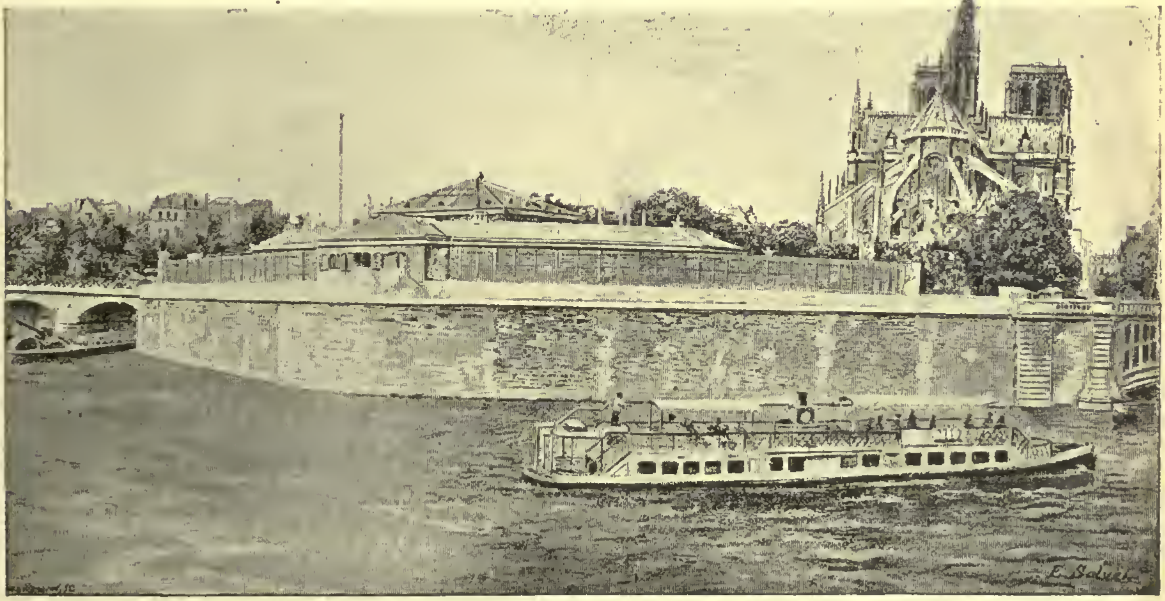
BRINGING A BODY TO THE MORGUE.

Morgue visitors are not confined to the rabble, for the distinction between wealth and poverty does not extend to a mental difference, except through a patient course of training in an effort to eradicate the purely animal instinct and animate the intellectual faculties. I have seen at each of my visits to the Morgue, women arrayed in all imaginable fineries jostling pariahs in bedraggled petticoats, and men in broadcloth, high hats, and gloves, contending with miserable specimens of disease and depravity for vantage places from which to view the bloated, bleary, strumous, sickening figures brought here for the last identification. Of course, the greater number of visitors belong to the lower classes, but strangers from abroad compose a considerable part.

The Morgue is a small, one-story, brick building, erected in 1864 on the eastern extremity of the *Ile de la Cité* (City Island), just in the rear of Notre Dame. The original city of Paris, then called Lutitia, which was the capital of the Parisii tribes, occupied and was confined to this island, because being surrounded by water it afforded better security to the inhabitants, who were constantly at war with neighboring tribes. As this was therefore the nucleus of the city, the growth was around it after extending to the shores, so that in time the Ile de la Cité became the centre of Paris, and on it was built some of the most splendid buildings, such as the Palace of Justice, Hôtel Dieu—the great municipal hospital—the Tribunal of Commerce, and the cathedral of Notre Dame. In this central spot, so convenient to the river, from which nine-tenths of the unknown dead are taken, it was thought proper to locate the Morgue, which has become one of the attractions of the city. The bodies brought here number about 800 annually, of which only one-seventh are women. They are laid upon marble slabs and exposed before large windows where two hundred or more persons may view them at one time. The temperature of the dead-room is kept so low by refrigeration that bodies may be preserved for two or three months, which is sometimes done, though very rarely necessary; three days is the usual limit of exposure, after which the bodies are kept for a week longer in the cooling vaults before burial, or given to medical colleges for dissection.

The Catacombs.

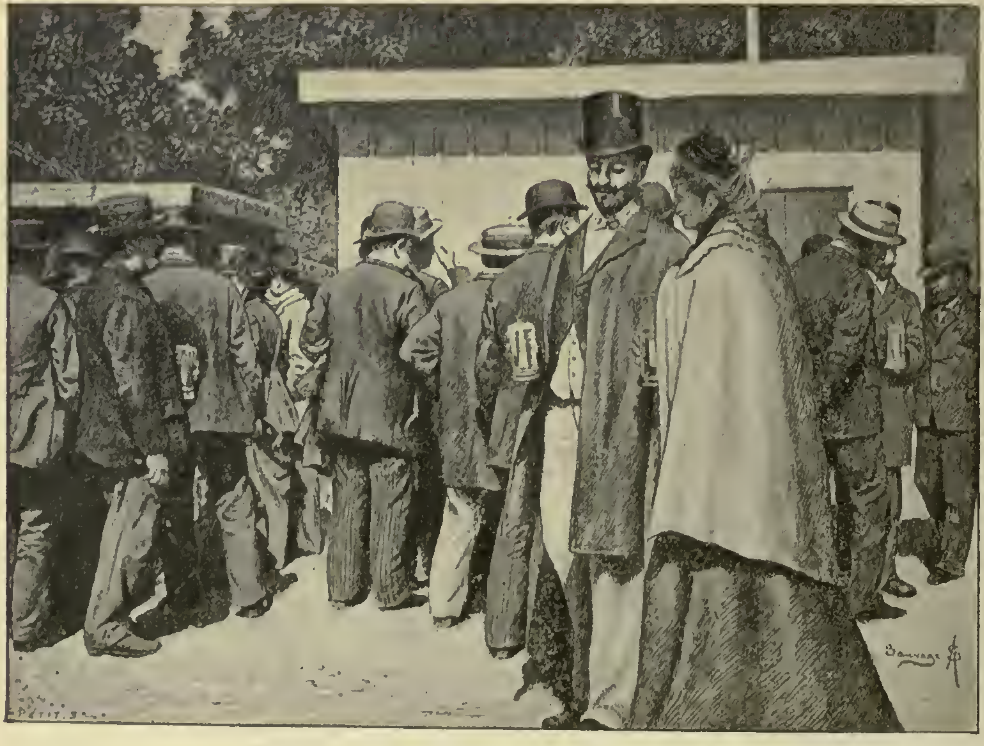
To those who find a gratification in viewing mortuary relics, who have satisfaction, if not pleasure, of mind in examining skeletons and in ruminating, amid an ossuary of reminders, upon the gloom of death, I suggest a visit to the Catacombs of Paris, which I can recommend as the largest in the world, and the most sightly. The Catacombs of Rome were to me most disappointing, for except those that contain the relics of priests, they are barren of bones and are filled with nothing but bad inscriptions and foul air; but those in Paris were to me a surprise because they contain so much more than I expected to find.



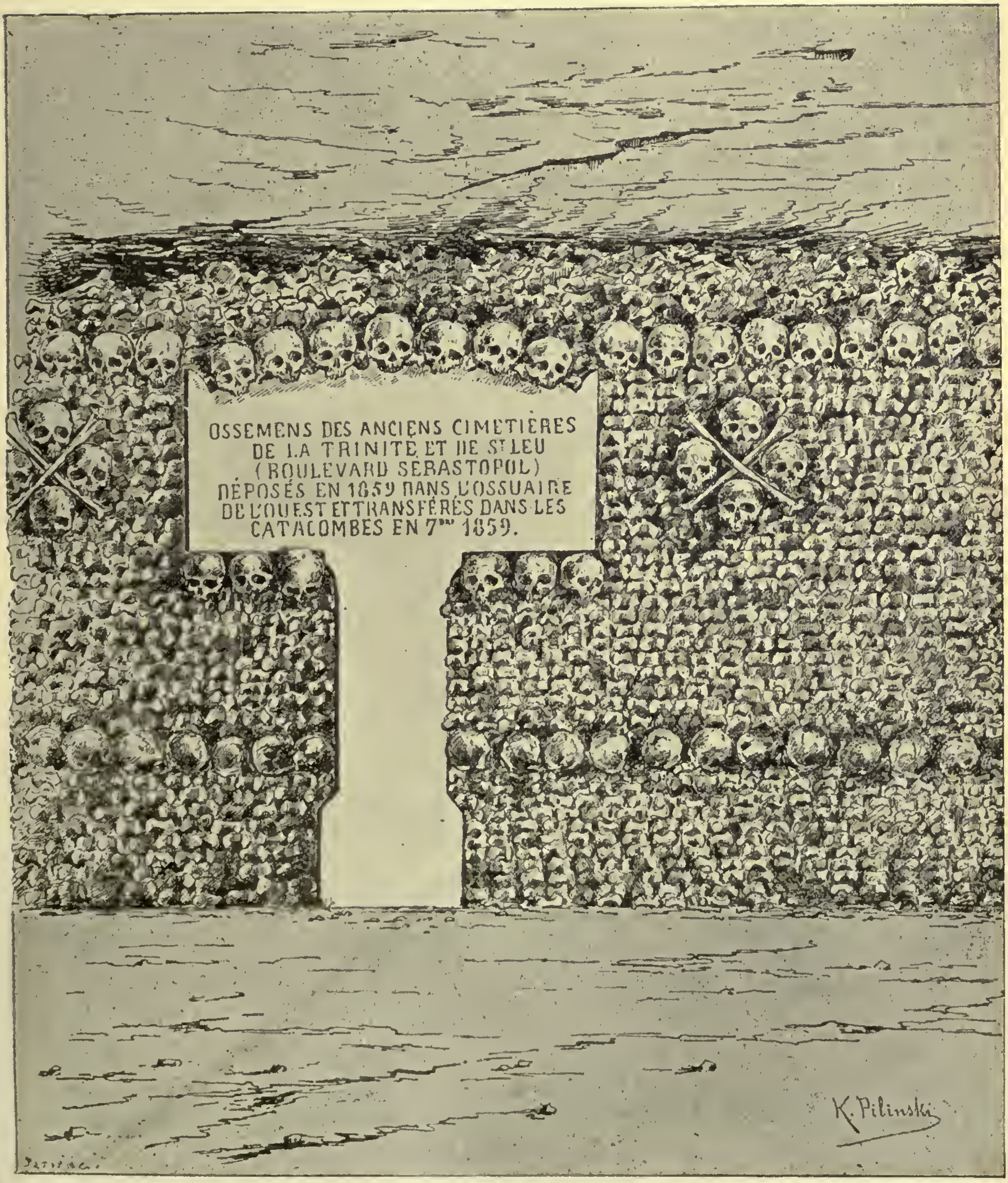
THE MORGUE FROM THE RIVER SEINE.

There are some sixty entrances to the Catacombs of Paris, which compose a wonderful subterranean city of ghastly bones, picturesquely arranged, as if to make for the living an ornamentation of the dead. These Catacombs were formerly quarries which were worked even in such remote times as the Roman period, so historians tell us, but I have, myself, been unable to understand why, if this be true, the quarries are excavated exactly like sewers, extending for many miles in winding and intersecting passages, through soft limestone, never more than ten feet wide, and never run more than thirty feet under ground. This certainly indicates a sewer system, but there may be satisfactory proofs of them being originally quarries, though I have not been able to find any other than that in modern times large amounts of stone were taken from them.

In 1784 several streets that ran over the quarries began to show signs of sinking, to avert which calamity the government constructed piers to support the ceilings of the excavations, and two years later the council of state ordered the removal of all bodies from the Cemetery of the Innocents, and from other burial grounds abandoned at that period, and the bones thrown into these subterranean passages, which thus became a vast charnel-house that received the appropriate name which it still bears. Immense accessions to the bones which were deposited there by violating the old cemeteries were made during the Reign of Terror, when bodies of slaughtered people in great numbers were tumbled promiscuously into the Catacombs as the quickest method of disposition. They were allowed to remain in this confusion until, in the year 1810, the government took cognizance of the inhuman neglect which had established a charnel-house that extended for miles beneath the city by adopting a system



VISITORS AT THE ENTRANCE TO THE CATACOMBS.


OSSEMENS DES ANCIENS CIMETIÈRES
DE LA TRINITE ET DE St LEU
(BOULEVARD SEBASTOPOL)
DÉPOSÉS EN 1859 DANS L'OSSUAIRE
DE L'OUEST ET TRANSFÉRÉS DANS LES
CATACOMBES EN 7bre 1859.
K. Pilinski

A VIEW OF THE CATACOMBS.

for the orderly arrangement of the remains. New pillars were placed to render the vaulting more secure, trenches were dug to carry off the water, ventilating shafts were put in, and the bones were then gathered and carefully, artistically piled up on both sides of the passage ways.

It would appear to be an odd conceit that proposed and carried into effect the fantastic arrangement of the bones of millions of human beings along the walls of abandoned quarries. Such a mass of ghastly relics, such a multiplication of disjointed dead people almost create a disregard for mortuary reminders. Skulls upon skulls, cracked by bludgeon, perforated by bullet, broken by axe; bones piled up like fagots, formed into chapels, arranged in crosses, a pathway of miles, never more than six feet wide, walled with bones, are sights to make the nervous tremble and the strong contemplate the bad uses to which we may come at last. At frequent intervals there are ossuary shrines and chapels, bearing scriptural quotations, and one very large cross I paused before to read two inscriptions, one in French, from Racine, the dramatist, another in Latin from Psalms xxxvi, verses 35 and 36, which, translated, is as follows: "I have seen the impious man honored on the earth; as a cedar he reached into the skies, his aspect daring. He appeared to his own fancy controller of the thunder; he trod beneath his feet his conquered enemies. I had but passed by and he was no more."

CHAPTER XVI.

THE CHURCHES OF PARIS.

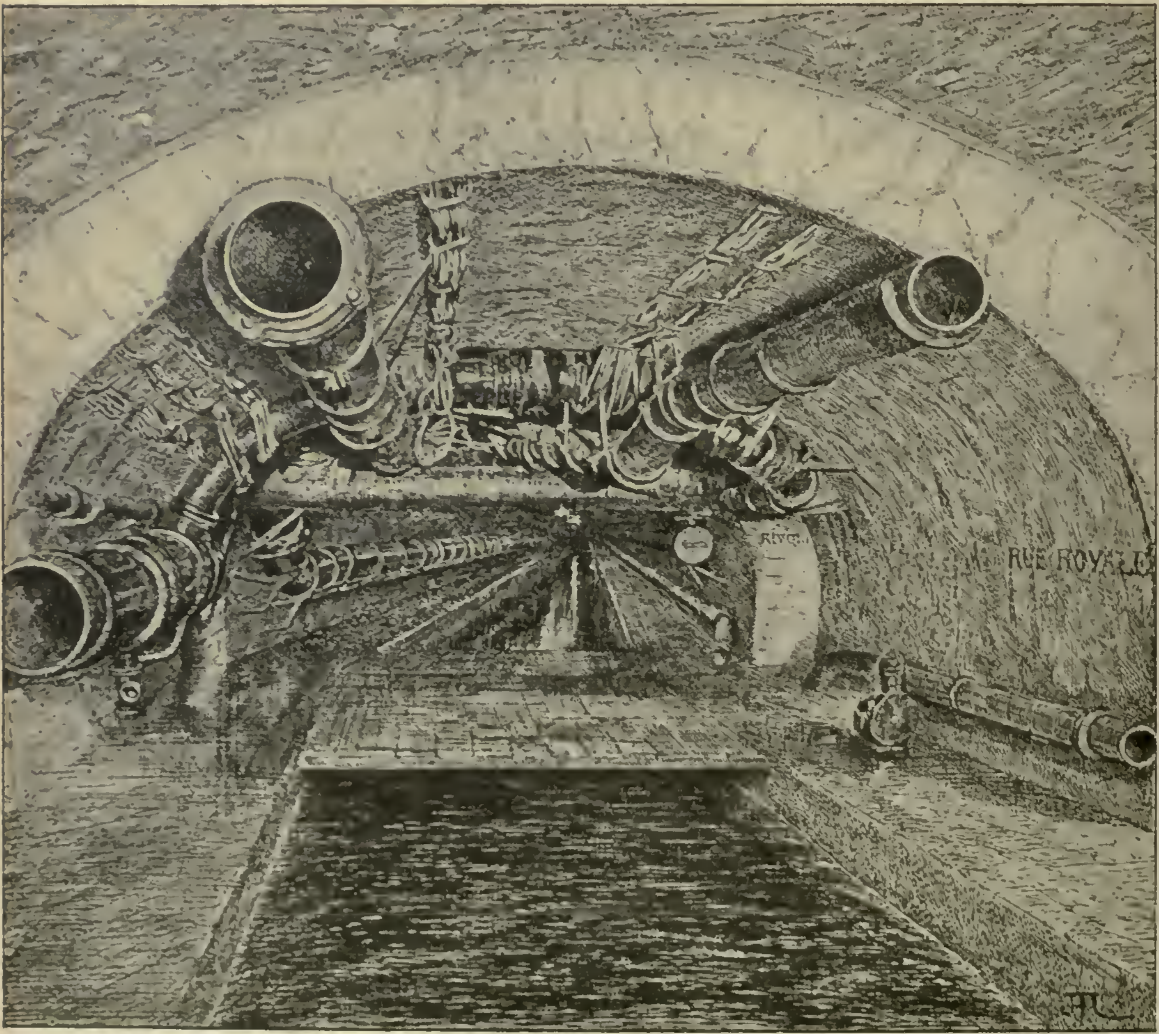
SINCE the demoralizing vices introduced during the first Empire, Paris has been a city of pleasure, where entertainment runs to giddiness, and occupation is rarely so serious as to put amusement out of mind; a city fairly drunk with voluptuous excesses, and delirious with sensual abandon, yet it is nevertheless a metropolis scarcely less distinguished by outer forms, at least, of religious observance and culture. If Paris has more theatres, cafés, and places that minister to the basest appetites of the sexes; if she has more gilded dens and a greater variety of vices than any other city, to her credit let it be said she has more counteracting influences; that she offers more generously of antidotes that kill the poisons of her social disorders; and that within her limits the genius of good is always grappling with the spirit of evil, a contention which not even revolutions have availed to allay; a fight which, though sometimes unequal, will never be suspended until the shames and shams of the city are vanquished, if we may anticipate so glorious a result.

Paris is a city of churches, as she is a city of iniquities; for every head of the hydra of vice she has a club of Hercules with which to strike it, and the work of redemption is as persistent as the efforts to engulf and destroy are pertinacious. Unrighteousness can have no unbridled sway even in the kingdom where it predominates, for the missionary and the church are everywhere, even in the darkest places of sin, exhaling a gracious influence, winning back slaves of vice to the freedom and happiness of virtue and nobleness; and because sin is so prominent in Paris, the church there is more militant, more determined, more energetic.

The established faith of France is Catholic, but there is greater tolerance of religious opinion in that country than in this. Republicanism no doubt is a powerful agency to this end, but a more potent one is example, experience, for nowhere else in the world, perhaps, has religious hatreds produced such awful results. The country has been drenched with the blood of sects, and persecution, assassination, massacre have stalked through the land with such merciless effrontery and daring that martyrdom planted the seeds of infidelity which produced fruits of anarchy and chaos, until the world was appalled. But the restoration of order was followed quickly by a return of religious sentiment that has not only survived but has increased steadily, with a tolerance that begets respect and wins influence, until

Jew and Gentile, Christian and Moslem, worship without restraint, and all have equal rights under the law and by universal suffrage.

Many of the churches of Paris are identified with the history of the French nation and have a world-wide fame, some of which I will briefly describe, not because of their magnificence, great as it is, but because they are features of the life of the city and of the nation, and monuments of the progress, the civilization, the attainments, the triumphs of the French people.

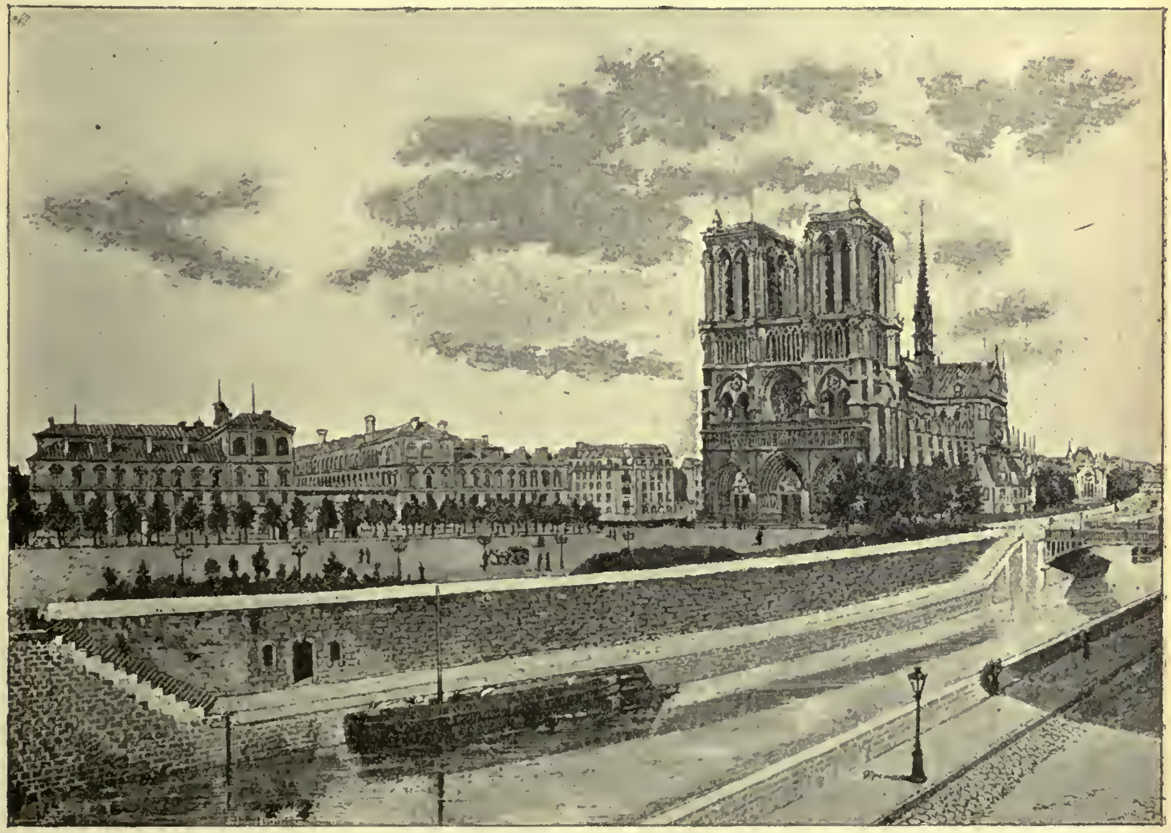


VIEW OF A MAIN SEWER OF PARIS.

The Cathedral of Notre Dame.

One of the most memorable and notable piles consecrated to Christianity in Paris is the very ancient Cathedral of Notre Dame, on the *Ile de la Cité* (City Island) founded as long ago as 1163 on the site of a church that was built here as early as the fourth century. This first Christian church was erected on the ruins of an altar that had been reared and dedicated to Jupiter by the Romans, and was one of the first public acts of Clovis after his conversion by the entreaties of his Christian wife and Ste. Geneviève. The venerableness of the site whereon the earliest institution consecrated to Christ in Paris was established entitles it to the reverent respect in which it is held, a feeling which found expression in the great Cathedral which now occupies it.

The Cathedral, though begun in 1163, was not consecrated until 1182, and the large nave was not finished until some time in the thirteenth century. The building has undergone many alterations since, but absence of spires and unsightly situation have made it impossible for architects to convert it into anything more than a monumental edifice. In 1748 the interior was reached by a flight of thirteen steps, but the soil has been raised in the process of leveling the surface of the island until now the entrance and floor are scarcely above the level of the pavement. But this change of situation, which has been emphasized by the erection of lofty buildings in its immediate vicinity, has seemed to reduce its apparent size and render it an object much less imposing in appearance than before.

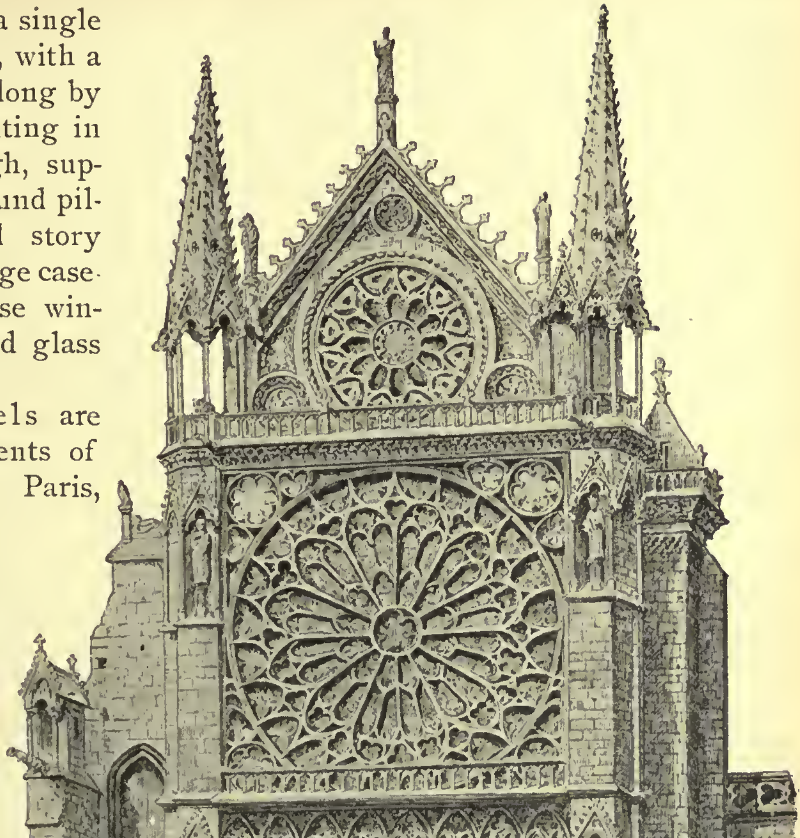

HOTEL DIEU AND NOTRE DAME.

The Cathedral, ever since its erection, has been devoted to the sacred purposes for which it was founded, with the exception of revolutionary periods, when it was sadly desecrated by mobs, and its altars profaned by the dreadful impieties of atheists. In 1793 a proclamation passed the newly self-constituted Assembly condemning the Cathedral to destruction, but after the sculptures were demolished, the decree was rescinded in order that the building might be reserved for baser uses. Accordingly, three months later (November 10), the Cathedral was rededicated by atheists as a Temple of Reason, and in converting it to such purpose an image of the Virgin, which adorned the nave, was ruthlessly cast down and replaced by a statue of Liberty, while the choir was substituted by the National Guard, who sang patriotic airs in place of sacred hymns. The choir was further desecrated by filling it with a mound of earth, on which a torch was lighted to represent Truth, over which was a pavilion in the Greek style decorated with the busts of Voltaire and Rousseau, which was called the Temple of Philosophy. This latter temple was further adorned by a figure enthroned which represented Reason receiving the homage of her votaries, Maillard, one of the most notorious ballet dancers in Paris, being taken as a copy for the goddess. Orgies of every kind took place within the Cathedral until the following May, when public decency compelled its closing, and it so remained until 1802, when Napoleon ordered it to be reopened for divine worship.

GARGOYLES OF NOTRE DAME.

In 1871 the Cathedral was again invaded, by the Communists, who after rifling the treasury and despoiling the building of all its valuable sacred vessels, relics, and vestments, made it a military depot, with a garrison of several hundreds. These were finally dislodged by the National Guard, but in vacating the building they set it on fire, hoping to accomplish its complete destruction, a design which was happily prevented by heroic work on the part of the Guard.

The Cathedral has a single nave and a double aisle, with a transept that is 417 feet long by 156 feet wide. The vaulting in the nave is 110 feet high, supported by seventy-five round pillars, and in the second story there are thirty-seven large casements with exquisite rose windows of ancient stained glass over the lateral portals.

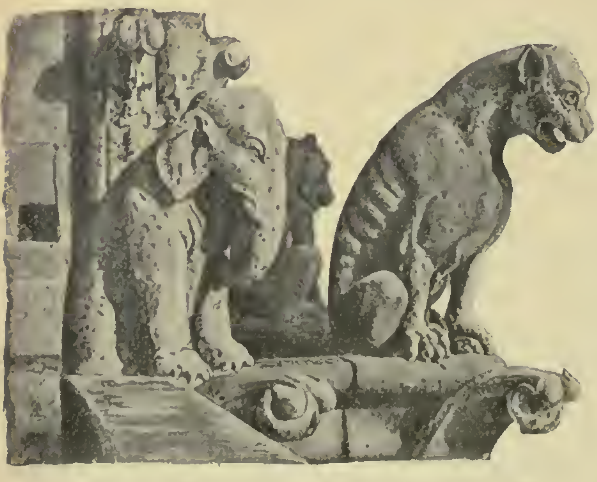

PORTAIL MERIDIONAL OF NOTRE DAME.

The choir chapels are adorned with monuments of former archbishops of Paris, with frescoes, and relief figures in stone, representing scenes in the life of Christ. The interior is very pleasing to the eye, but while grander it is less interesting than the exterior to the curious visitor. The façade is divided into three stories exclusive of the towers, with recessed portals adorned with sculpture, representing the Virgin, Adam and Eve, the Last Judgment, Christ, and of twenty-eight French kings, while in the centre of the second story is a rose window forty-two feet in diameter. A remarkable feature of the exterior decoration is found on the balustrade of the third story, where there are numerous stone figures, colossal in size, of nameless and impossible creatures, supposed to represent conceptions borrowed from legends of the Goths, though one of them might be taken as a personification of Lucifer changed into a devil, who with elbows on the coping, rests his wicked face in his hands and meditates what evil he may work in the world. Some appear to represent birds of evil omen, harpies, winged satyrs; and yet others that are neither beast nor human, neither fowl nor reptile, but hellish and infernal, a distemper and a horror.

There are two towers, rising from the corners of the front to a height of 223 feet, from which a superb view of the city and the Seine may be had, but it is a difficult climb for any save those very strong of limb, and if you would ascend to the platform of the summit it must be by a flight of 378 steps. The largest bell in the Cathedral, in the south tower, weighs sixteen tons, and the clapper 1000 pounds.

Church of the Madeleine.

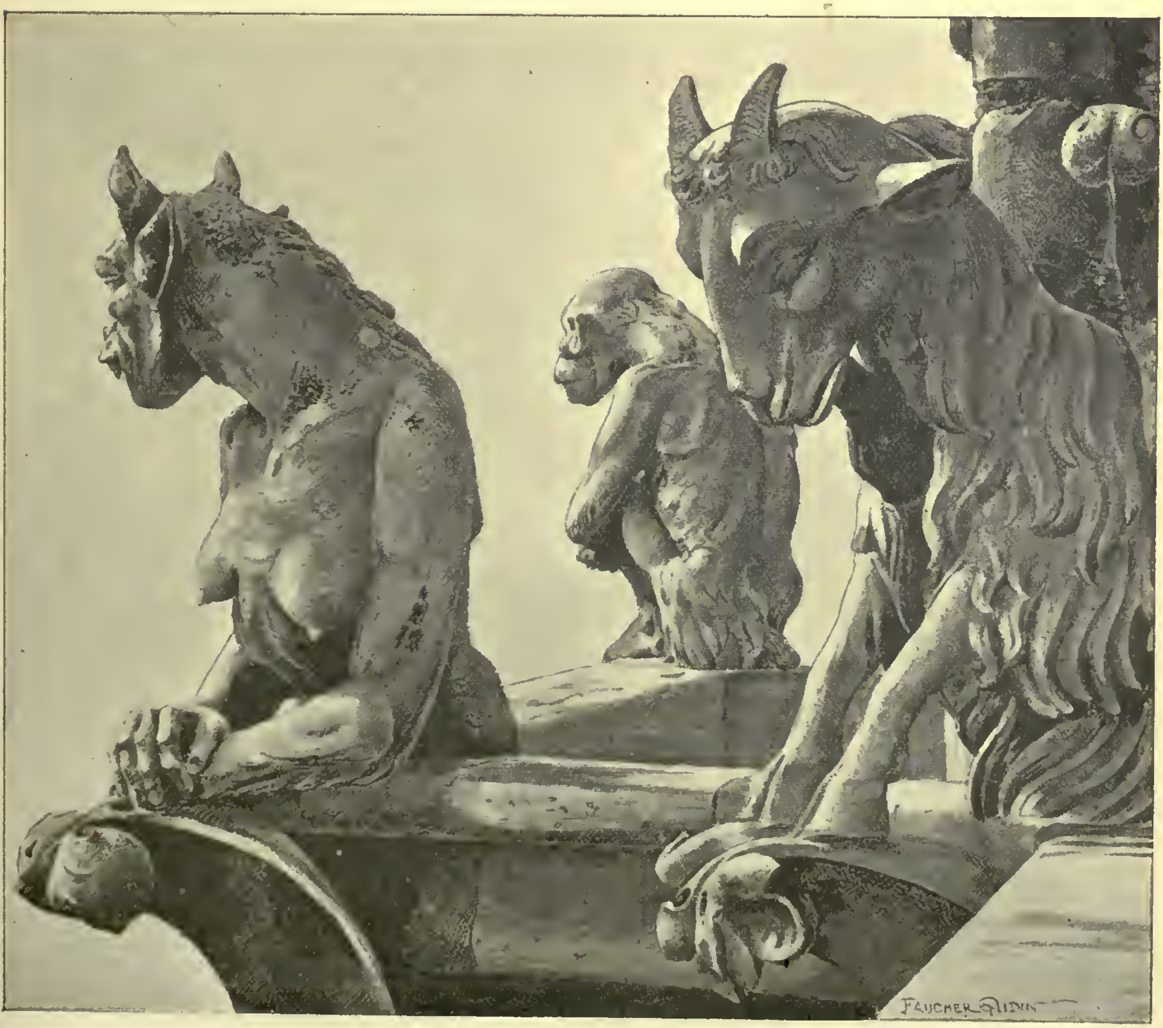
Another very famous church, for all the world knows of it, is the Madeleine, or of St. Mary Magdalene, one of the very distinguished objects of Paris, situated in the Place de la Madeleine, at the western terminus of the most popular boulevard in the city. The foundation of this splendid church was laid in 1764 by Louis XV. but work was soon suspended and not again renewed until 1777. After considerable progress had been made, until the edifice was temporarily roofed, so as to permit its use as a place of worship, operations again ceased and were not again revived until Napoleon I. ordered the building completed as a "Temple of Glory." This work was entrusted to the greatest architect of the time, Vignon, who changed all the plans of Couture, the designer of the church, but before he had executed the purposes of Napoleon, Louis XVIII. came to the throne, who resolved upon carrying out the original intention of making it a church. The work of construction was so often interrupted that it was not until 1842 that the building was finally completed, at a cost of $2,750,000.



FIGURES ON THE CAPITALS OF NOTRE DAME.

The Madeleine has none of the generally accepted appearances of a church, but fulfills the idea of a Greek temple perfectly. Its length is 354 feet, breadth, 141 feet, and height, 100 feet, standing upon a foundation that is 23 feet high, so that the interior is reached by a flight of twenty-eight stone steps. There is not a single window in the building, light being admitted through lacunars in the roof, which give it a heavy and sombre look, very much like the Bourse, an appearance which is greatly increased by the massive Corinthian columns that surround it. In the tympanum, which is 126 feet in length, rising in the centre to a height of 23 feet, are groups in high relief, by Lemaire, representing Christ as Judge of the world, the main figure being 17 feet high. On the right of our Saviour are the Angel of Salvation and The Elect, and on the left is the Angel of Justice and the Damned, for which latter Mary Magdalene is represented as interceding. The doors are of bronze, 34½ feet in height by 16 feet in breadth, adorned with illustrations in relief of the ten commandments.

The exterior of the Madeleine is impressive as a temple, but the interior has the magnificence and striking embellishments of a church, a spacious hall with walls and floor of marble, and a ceiling of three dome-shaped sections richly painted and gilded. The six chapels, three on each side, are adorned with statues of patron saints, and the ceilings are splendidly frescoed with scenes that represent incidents in the life of Mary Magdalene. The walls of these six chapels are similarly embellished with the following subjects: The Magdalene's Conversion, the Saviour, Mary at the Cross, Ste. Clotilde, Mary in the Wilderness, Christ in the



FANTASTIC CREATIONS OF STONE ON THE TOWERS OF NOTRE DAME.

House of Simon, Mary Washing the Feet of Our Saviour, the Virgin, Annunciation of the Resurrection, St. Augustine, Death of Mary.

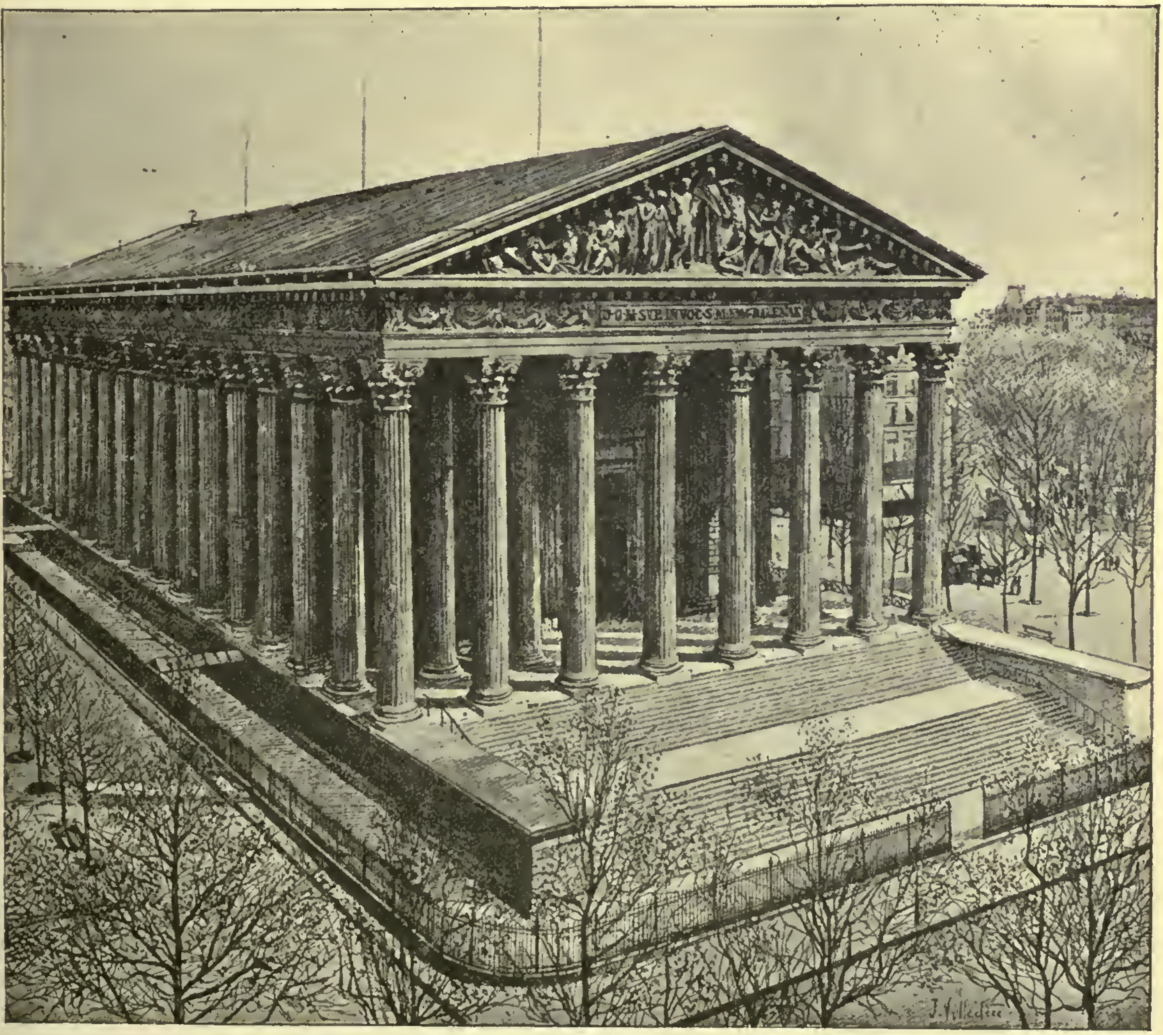
Back of the high altar, on the ceiling of the choir, is a large painting that represents the history of Christianity, in the centre of which is a painted figure of Christ with Mary Magdalene kneeling before Him. Other adornments of the interior include statuary figures of Godfrey of Bouillon bearing the oriflamme, Richard Cœur-de-Lion, and paintings of episodes in the War of the Crusades, of Martyrs, the Wandering Jew, Pope Alexander III. laying the first stone of Notre Dame, Joan of Arc, Michael Angelo, Dante, Henry IV. converted to Catholicism, Louis XIII., Richelieu, and Napoleon I. crowned by Pope Pius VII.

The Madeleine is famous for its choir and sacred music, and on festival days and during Passion Week the church is always crowded by persons from every quarter of the globe to hear the orchestral concerts which are then given. Many distinguished men have had the sacred funeral ceremonies performed over their bodies in this church, the last being Dom Pedro, the overthrown monarch of Brazil, who was buried from the Madeline in 1890.

The Basilica of St. Denis.

One of the supremely magnificent churches of France is the Cathedral, or Basilica of St. Denis, which was erected through the efforts of Suger, Abbot of St. Denis, confessor of the two Louises, VI. and VII., about the year 1145. It is in the town of St. Denis, 48,000 inhabitants, four and one-half miles from the walls of Paris. A chapel was first erected on the spot, over what legend declared was the grave of St. Dionysins, or St. Denis, about the year 275, which was regarded as a holy shrine, that attracted great numbers of pilgrims from far and near, and so popularized the place that Dagobert, in 638, replaced the chapel with a large Basilica, which he gave to the Benedictine monks, and which remained, though with frequent additions and restorations, until the present Gothic edifice was constructed. The façade was finished in 1140, and the choir, which is surrounded by chapels of the Romanesque style, was consecrated four years later. The church is the burial place of nearly all the kings of France, and besides the interest which attaches to it as the sacred repository of the imperial dead, it is historic as being the scene of many stirring events. In 1792 it was nearly entirely destroyed by the Revolutionists, but was restored by Napoleon I. and III. The *oriflamme* (from its red and gold color), the standard of St. Denis, was here solemnly adopted as the banner of the French kings, where it remained, suspended above the altar, only to be removed when the king took the field in person. Its last appearance was on the day when the star of Charles VI. went down in the battle at Agincourt, 1415. Abélard, the unfortunate lover of Heloise, ministered in the chapel in the twelfth century; the Maid of Orleans hung her arms and armor in the church of St. Denis, in 1429; it was in this church in 1593, that Henry IV. abjured Protestantism and became a Catholic;

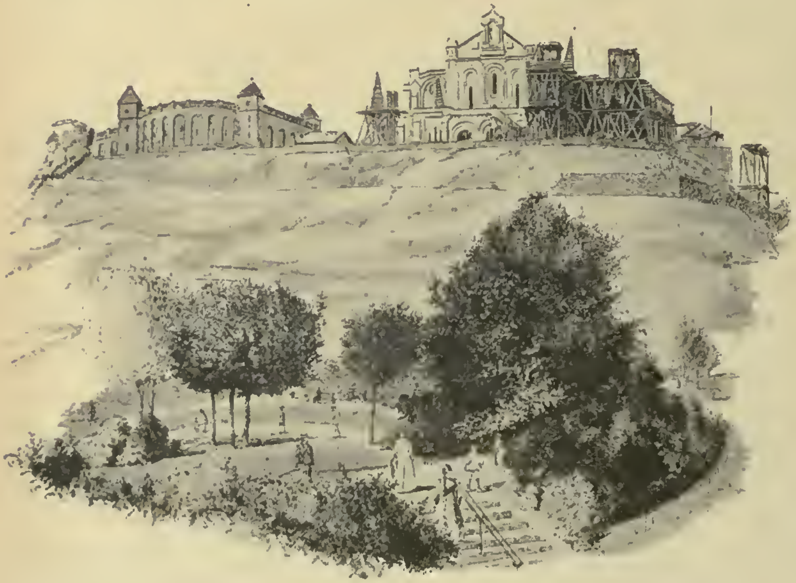
it was here that the marriage bonds of Napoleon I. and Marie Louise were celebrated. In 1793, in pursuance of a motion made by Barrere, in the Assembly, the crypt of St. Denis was invaded, the tombs violated, and the royal bodies were dragged forth and thrown into a ditch. In 1806, Napoleon restored the crypt, and designed that the bodies of himself and successors should lie there, but this purpose was never fulfilled. After the execution of Louis XVI. and his queen, Marie Antoinette, their bodies were consigned to a crypt in the Chapelle Expiatoire, or church-yard of the Madeleine, but afterward, in 1817, they were removed to St. Denis, and splendid statues were set up by Louis XVIII., to commemorate them. The body of Louis himself, was consigned to the St. Denis crypt in 1821, likewise that of the Duc de Berry, who was last of the Bourbons. The Church of St. Denis stands to-day one of the most magnificent, as it is the most historic edifice consecrated to public worship in all France.



LA MADELEINE.

Other Splendid and Historic Churches.

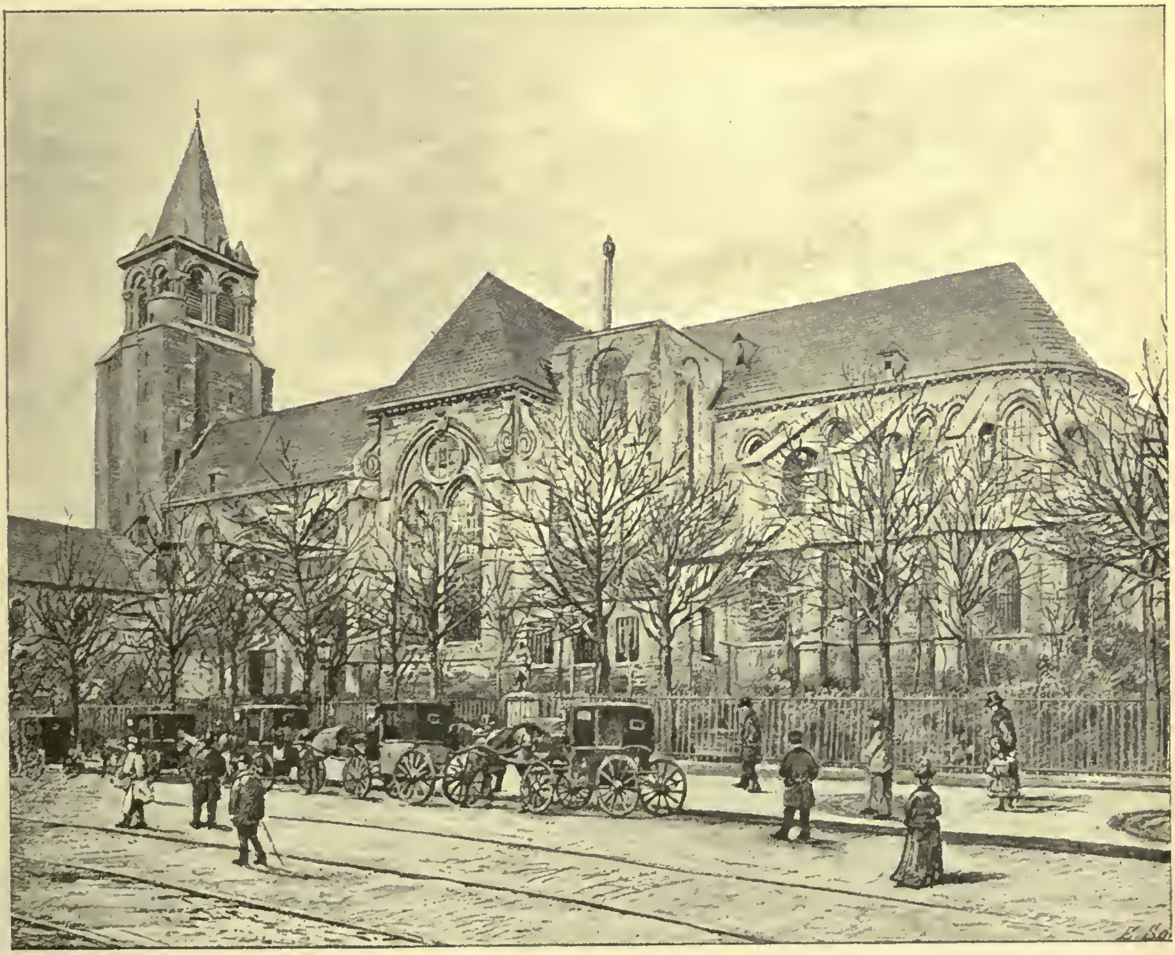
The Church of St. Eustache is near the Halles Centrales, or central market, at the junction of the Rues Turbigo and Montmartre. Its erection occupied more than a century, from the year 1532 to 1637, and this great length of time is manifested in the several styles of architecture which characterize it, representing as they do an evolution from the old Gothic to the Renaissance. The interior is a lofty nave and double aisle, 348 feet in length by 144 in width, and a height of 108 feet. The chapels are lavishly illuminated with frescoes representing the lives of the saints to which the church was dedicated, and the high altar is of marble exquisitely wrought. The funeral rites over the body of Mirabeau were solemnized in this church in 1791, from which it was conveyveyed to the Pantheon. Here also the Feast of Reason was celebrated in 1793, and two years later the church was further profaned by the Theophilanthropists who converted it into a temtemple of agriculture. This was a sect organized during the Revolution for the purpose, as the name implies, of uniting the love of God with that of man; but in reality the intention was, as the chief exponents declared, to establish reason in the place of Christianity, which meant subversion of the latter.



VOTIVE CHURCH OF THE SACRED HEART, NOW BUILDING.

The Church of St. Germain l'Auxerrois is opposite the Louvre Museum, an ancient edifice founded in the time of Charlemagne, in the latter part of the eighth century, and added to so repeatedly that it is now one of the largest sacred buildings in France. One of the chief additions was a porch, built in the sixteenth century, which consists of three large and two smaller arcades, surmounted by a terraced balustrade, which runs around the entire building. In the façade is a magnificent rose window flanked by hexagonal turrets, and the gable is crowned with a figure typifying the Angel of the Last Judgment. The interior is superbly embellished with frescoes and statues, and presents many features of artistic taste and splendid adornment. Great historic interest attaches to this church because the bell in its tower rang out the signal for the massacre of the Huguenots, on St. Bartholomew's Day, August 24, 1572.

St. Médard's Church is near the Botanical Gardens on the south side of the Seine, a small and rather ordinary building of the fifteenth century, but to which great interest attaches on account of a report which obtained such currency in the eighteenth century that the church became a shrine for immense multitudes. It adjoins a cemetery in which repose the remains of a Jansenist deacon, known as Abbé Paris, whose tomb was by accident, as it is averred, discovered to possess such miraculous virtues that those who touched it were immediately cured of every ill. Pilgrimages thereupon began to be made from every quarter until the tomb became a scene of such commotion that Louis XV., in the interest of order, prohibited further visits and enclosed the cemetery with a high iron fence, whereupon some one set up a notice on the wall which translated from the French reads thus, "In the king's name, God has forbidden that miracles be performed in this place."


CHURCH SAINT GERMAIN DES PRES.

The Votive Church of the Sacred Heart is now in the process of construction, which, when completed, will cost $5,000,000. The excavations and foundations alone absorbed the immense sum of $700,000. At this time the crypt alone is finished, and the walls of the superstructure have been carried up as far as the spring of the arches in the nave, but work is progressing and nearly the entire sum necessary to the completion of the great edifice has been subscribed. The location is historic ground, for it occupies the Butte Montmartre which is a hill famous for its battles and its legends. Here it is said St. Denis, who was the first bishop of Paris, aud several of his companions, suffered martyrdom in the year 270; upon this very site too, it is declared, once stood a magnificent temple which the Gauls dedicated to Mars. In 1147 Louis VI. founded a Benedictine monastery on these heights, and here took place the final struggle between the French and the Prusso-Russian allies in 1814. The Communist revolution of March and May, 1871, also began here with a violent demonstration, and three years later construction of the present edifice was begun after designs by Abadie, who adopted the Romanesque-Byzantine style of architecture.

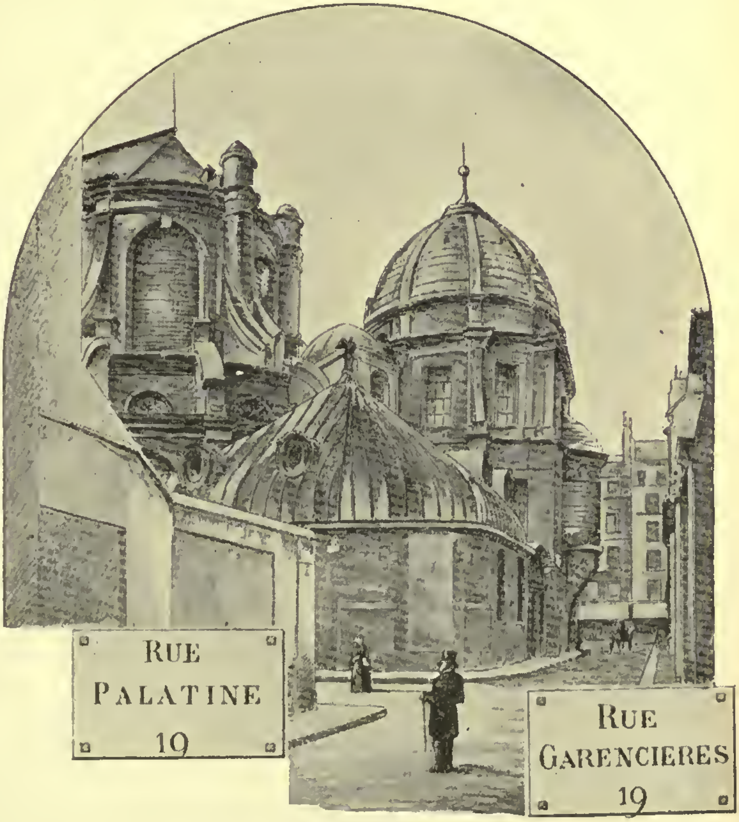
There are several churches in Paris where services in English are held, chiefly Episcopalian, but there is only one distinctively American church built and sustained exclusively by Americans in the great metropolis. This one is the Episcopal Church of the Holy Trinity, located at number 19 Avenue de l'Alma, on the north side of the Seine, between the Trocadero and Avenue des Champs Elysées. It is a handsome building, erected in 1871 at a cost of $85,000, the money having in most part been obtained from wealthy Americans visiting Paris, and its support is chiefly derived from American residents of the city, of which there is a large colony.

St. Germain-des-Pres.

Another ancient and distinguished church in Paris is the St. Germain-des-Pres, or Holy Brotherhood, located near the School of Fine Arts, on the Rue Bonaparte. It is so very old that history fails to record the exact date of its founding, though it is said some time in the sixth century, when the church belonged to the great Abbey of St. Germain, whose abbots were often cardinals, and even kings, as in the case of Hugh Capet, and Casimir of Poland. The general architecture is hardly so ancient as the sixth century, however, which leads to the supposition that though it may have been founded about the time named, the construction was not really begun until the eleventh century, and the choir was not consecrated until 1163. During the Revolution of 1793 the church was violated, in common with nearly every other sacred edifice in Paris, and used for some time as a saltpetre factory, during which time it suffered much injury but was restored, by slow processes, in 1824–36, and the interior was richly decorated in the years 1852–61. It now contains some of the most beautiful frescoes to be seen in any of the churches of Paris. Of the mural paintings there are twenty on each side, in pairs, that represent parallel scenes from the Old and New

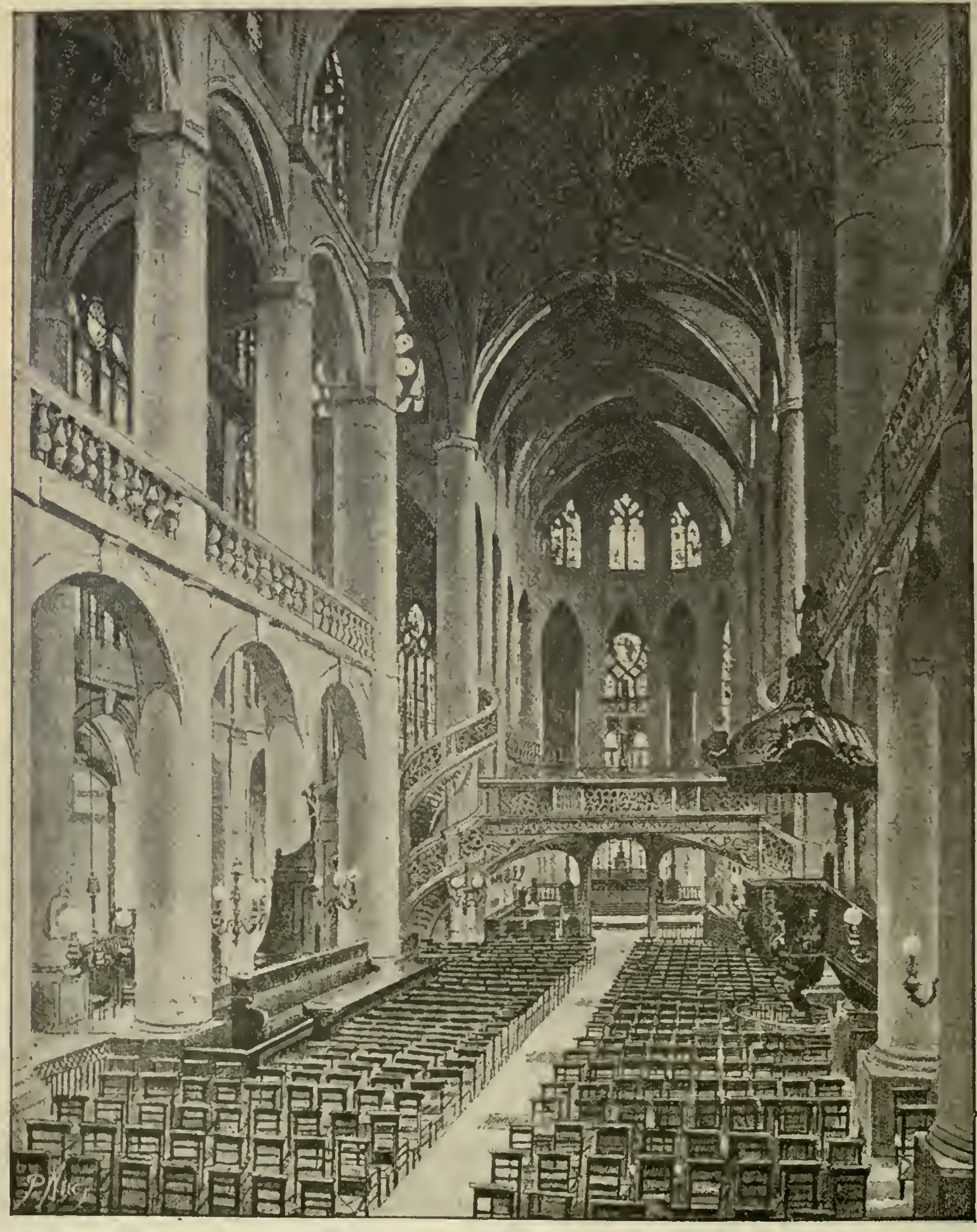
Testament, the first effort, that I can call to mind, to present such correspondence between the scriptures,—which the artist Flandrin treated as follows: The Burning Bush and the Annunciation; Isaiah's Prophecy of a Redeemer and The Nativity; Prophecy of Balaam, and Adoration of the Magi; Melchisedek's offering of Bread and Wine to Abraham, and Institution of the Eucharist; Sale of Joseph, and Betrayal of Christ; Offering up of Isaac, and the Crucifixion; Jonah's Escape from the Whale's Belly, and the Resurrection; Scattering of the Nations, and Dispersal of the Apostles.

Other splendid paintings which so exquisitely and strikingly embellish the interior, are the Entry of Christ into Jerusalem, and Christ Bearing the Cross, two very large frescoes on a golden ground in the choir; and in the choir chapels and aisles are many monuments, among which is one set up in memory of Casimir who was successively Jesuit, cardinal, and king, who in 1668 abdicated the throne of Poland to resume his position as abbot of St. Germain-des-Pres.



REAR VIEW OF SAINT SULPICE.

St. Sulpice is another distinctively great and grand church in Paris, which has the honor of being the richest and therefore most important edifice in the city consecrated to the worship of God. It is located on the south side of the river, in the Place St. Sulpice, and though founded many centuries ago, the rebuilding, which was begun in the reign of Louis XIV., was not finished until 1749. The church has other things to distinguish it besides an extremely rich membership, for its dimensions are exceedingly great, being 462 feet in length, 183 in width, and 108 feet in height, with a tower that rises to an altitude of 224 feet. The interior, however, is the greatest charm of this immense church, for its fresco decorations are wondrously profuse and beautiful, and the arrangement permits of splendid architectural effects. There is one large nave, two aisles, and eighteen chapels, all rising to a spherical vaulting that is supported by Corinthian columns. The main decorations consist of twenty-five large mural and ceiling paintings by distinguished artists, and several statues, chiefly of saints. The organ is worthy of special note, for it is one of the largest in the world, being provided with 6 keyboards, 118 stops, and 7000 pipes, and at this writing is played by M. Widor, who is conceded to be the best organist in France, if not in the world.



INTERIOR OF SAINT ETIENNE CHURCH.

St. Etienne du Mont, near the Pantheon, is a modern Gothic church, built about 1517, to which the present façade was added in 1620, as was also the tower, or a part of it, which is flanked by a round turret that is more ancient than the modern front. The tower is scarred by bullets and cannon balls which struck it during the Revolution of 1830, and which no effort has been made to repair. The church has a more serious history, however, than that it attained as an object of hatred by Communists, for on January 3, 1857, Archbishop Sibour was stabbed to death in the nave during the celebration of the fête of Ste. Geneviève, by a deposed priest named Verger. The interior includes a nave and two aisles, in which are twenty-four slender pillars, united by a gallery midway, which support the vaulting. The choir is separated from the nave by a rood-loft of the most exquisite Gothic style, round two supporting pillars of which magnificent spiral staircases ascend, near the pulpit which is supported by a figure of Samson, and adorned with many statuettes.

In the third chapel of the church are tablatures inscribed with the names of distinguished persons who were once buried here, but whose remains have been removed. In the second chapel is the tomb of Ste. Geneviève, with a sarcophagus said to date from the time of her death, a claim that is no doubt apocryphal. In the first chapel is a mural painting representing the slaughter of 10,000 Christians, by Maximian, but few persons have attempted to count the figures.

CHAPTER XVII.

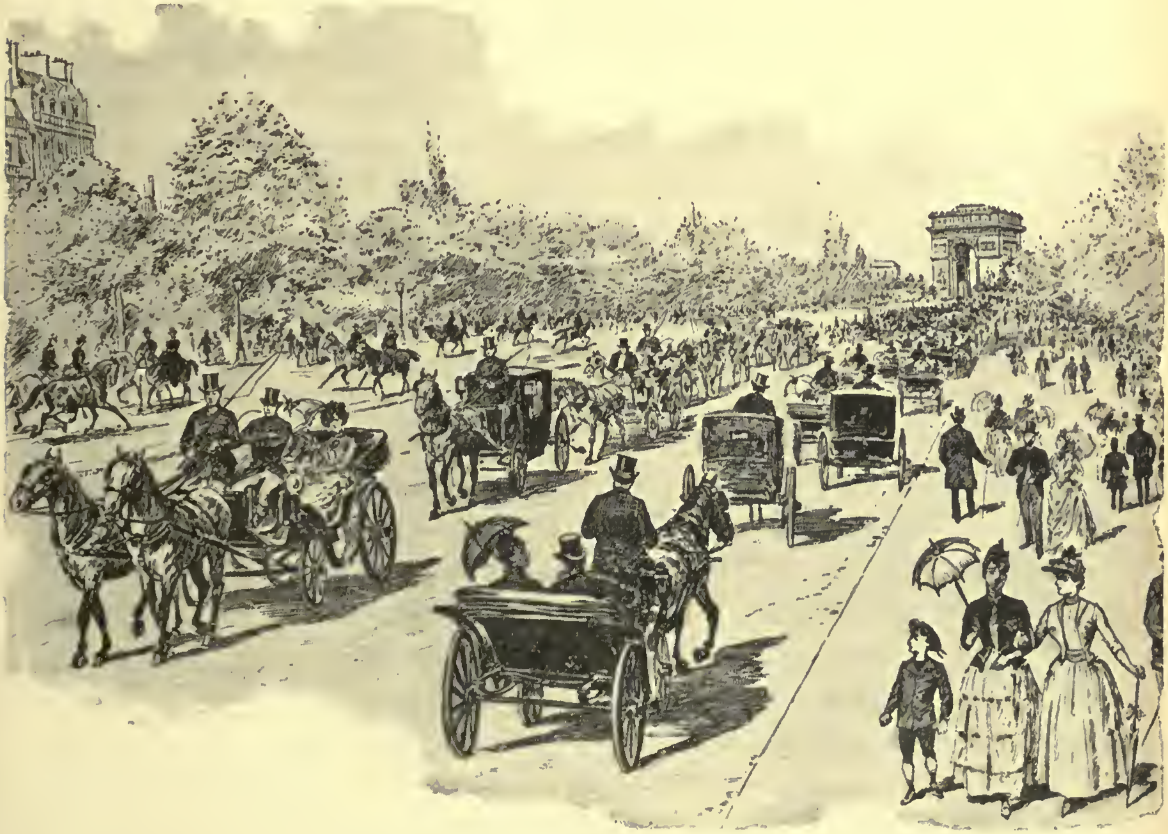
THE PARKS OF PARIS.

IT can scarcely be said that Paris is famous for her parks, notwithstanding she is adorned by two of the largest parks in the world distinguished no less for their wondrous beauty than for their great size, and renowned for their historic interest. But while some other cities of Europe and America are possibly more bountifully blessed with green expanses of wood, and gorgeous with rich hues of flowers, the people of Paris are provided for in the way of fresh air resorts and shady bowers by numerous small parks and gardens that exhibit the most charming creations of the most accomplished landscape artists, and they have just reason for the pride which they feel and the boastful language which they use when occasion arises to refer to the Bois de Boulogne, and the Park of Versailles, two of the most exquisite woods on the earth.

It is true, both of these extensive tracts of lakes, green swards, splendid groves, umbrageous walks, and delightful drives are outside the city walls, but this fact detracts none from their usefulness to the population, because they are conveniently accessible by train and steam road, at very small expense, while the distance affords an easy, and the way a delightful, drive.

The Bois de Boulogne.

The Champs Elysées is a beautiful park, already described, however, through the centre of which runs the greatest drive boulevard in Paris, from the Place de la Concorde to the Arch of Triumph, beyond which lies the famous park of the world, the Bois de Boulogne, which is reached by the Avenue du Bois de Boulogne, formerly called the *l'Impératrice* (the Empress). The avenue is a carriage road, with foot-ways and bridle-roads on the sides, bordered by woods and gardens, in which are many lovely residences, the homes of wealthy Parisians. This leads to the park, which lies just outside the fortifications and covers an area of 2158 acres. The grounds are a part of what was once known as the Forest of Holm-oaks and the Park of St. Ouen. It was in the château of St. Ouen that Louis XVIII. signed his famous declaration May 14, 1814, upon the triumphant return of Napoleon I. from Elba, but the château has long since disappeared and the site upon which it stood is now private property, bordering the park. The forest was a dense one and offered a refuge for thieves who resorted to it in such numbers that the woods were avoided by honest persons, which evil reputation was increased by reason of its being a favorite meeting place of duelists, and where hundreds of men and women ended miserable lives by suicide. So shunned was it by respectable persons and so numerous were the crimes committed beneath its shades that the forest came to be regarded as being infested with wraiths and monsters, thus gaining a reputation almost equal to that of the Black Forest of Germany.



AVENUE BOIS DE BOULOGNE.

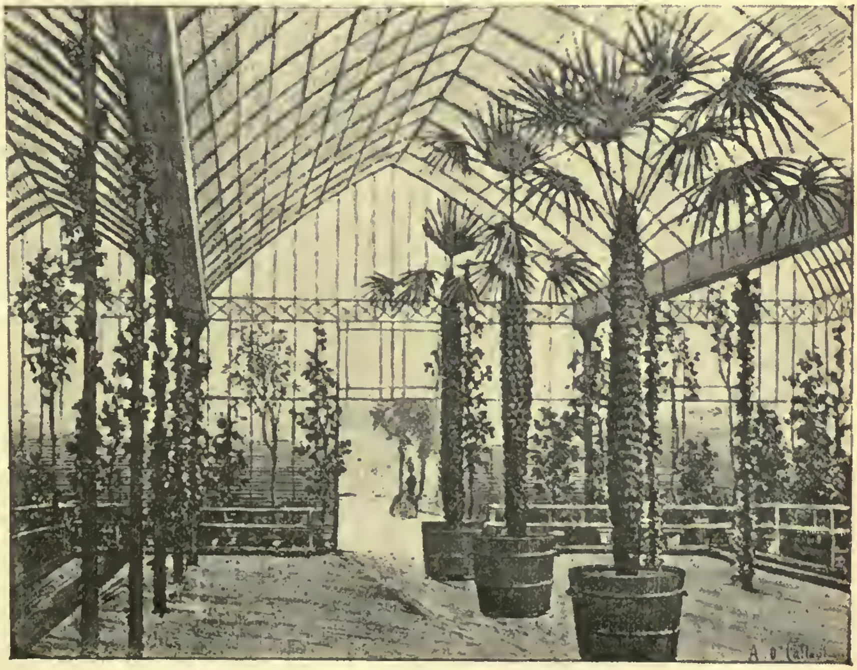
For more than a century, down to 1848, the woods were a part of the crown-domains, but the lands were left unproductive because no one could be induced to occupy any part of them. Louis Philippe had entertained some thoughts of converting them into a municipal property, and was upon the point of dedicating the ground to public purposes when the Revolution of 1848 forced his abdication, and a republic having been established on the ruins of monarchy, this generous purpose was defeated. Louis Napoleon Bonaparte became president, and as his ambition largely centred in the beautification of Paris, through his recommendation the forest was presented to the municipality in 1852—the crown-domains having been confiscated by the State—on condition that a sum equal to $400,000 be expended on the property within four years, and that it should be maintained at the expense of the city. The woods were thereby speedily transformed into a park by the expenditure of large sums annually, under the supervision and direction of the finest landscape gardeners in Europe.

Much of the original beauty of the woods was destroyed by the Russian and Prussian allies in 1814–15, who cut down a great number of the trees in order to give their artillery opportunity to play upon the city, while a considerable part of the park was similarly ruined during the sieges of 1870–71, though these have been largely repaired since, and in a short while the forest trees will be as large as before the last revolution. Among the charming features of the park are two considerable bodies of water called respectively lakes Inferior and Superior, nearly three-fourths of a mile in length, separated by a strip of land and roadway 200 feet wide. There are picturesque islands in the lakes, on which are beautiful châlets, lovely footpaths overarched with trees, pretty flower-beds, and cool retreats, while during spring and summer the woods are abloom and perfumed with wild flowers. Another charming feature of the park is the Grand Cascade, a magnificent stream of water that slides over a bluff and plunges into a limpid pool, while there is a passageway and grotto under the falls that affords a beautiful and refreshing refuge from the heat of the day. From the hill by the cascade a splendid view is obtained of the race-course, and the ruined but crenelated tower-relic of the ancient Abbey of Longchamps, to the right of which is the old mill whose arms, however, no longer wave responsive to the winds.

Within the Bois, though specially enclosed, is the Jardin d'Acclimatation, established for the raising of plants brought from all parts of the world, and as a zoölogical garden. It occupies about fifty acres, and is most charmingly embellished with many species of tropical vegetation and fine buildings for the housing of birds and animals. A rolled walk, thirty feet wide, traverses the garden, following which, toward the right, the visitor passes successively the monkey-house, ostrich, crane, and large bird houses, then the stables and yards wherein are kept camels, antelopes, llamas, kangaroos, elephants, giraffes, zebras, etc. At this latter point is a station where opportunity is offered visitors to take rides on elephant or pony, or in carriages drawn by zebras and ostriches. Continuing the promenade, there is to be seen a large basin in which sea-lions are kept, and near by is an artificial bluff where such climbing animals as antelopes, chamois, and mountain goats disport on dizzy precipices; then the aquarium is reached, said to be the oldest, though not the most complete, in Europe, behind which are ponds for water birds, and adjoining which is a large kennel, in which are confined a large variety of dogs. After viewing these creatures, who always have an immense audience, the visitor reaches the main building, in one end of which is an aviary, containing a splendid collection of birds, and in the other a hot-house, where may be seen growing magnificent specimens of palms, flowering shrubs, water plants, and camelias. Within this building is a great concert-hall, entered by way of the winter garden, and also through side

A GUARDIAN OF THE GARDEN.

doors from the café. Concerts are given here, or in the garden, every afternoon during the spring and summer by a string band of sixty instruments, to which admission is free, though a small charge is made for reserved seats. The expense is borne by the municipality, which receives no return except a charge of ten cents to the grounds. These concerts are as fine as may be heard anywhere in Europe, and as the French people are almost as much devoted to music as their German neighbors, the patronage is very great. The hall in which these entertainments are given is probably two hundred feet square, rising to a glass roof perhaps seventy feet, with narrow galleries extending around the hall, twelve feet below the rise of the roof. The acoustics are excellent, and the music well divided between the classic and popular, that all classes may be pleased.

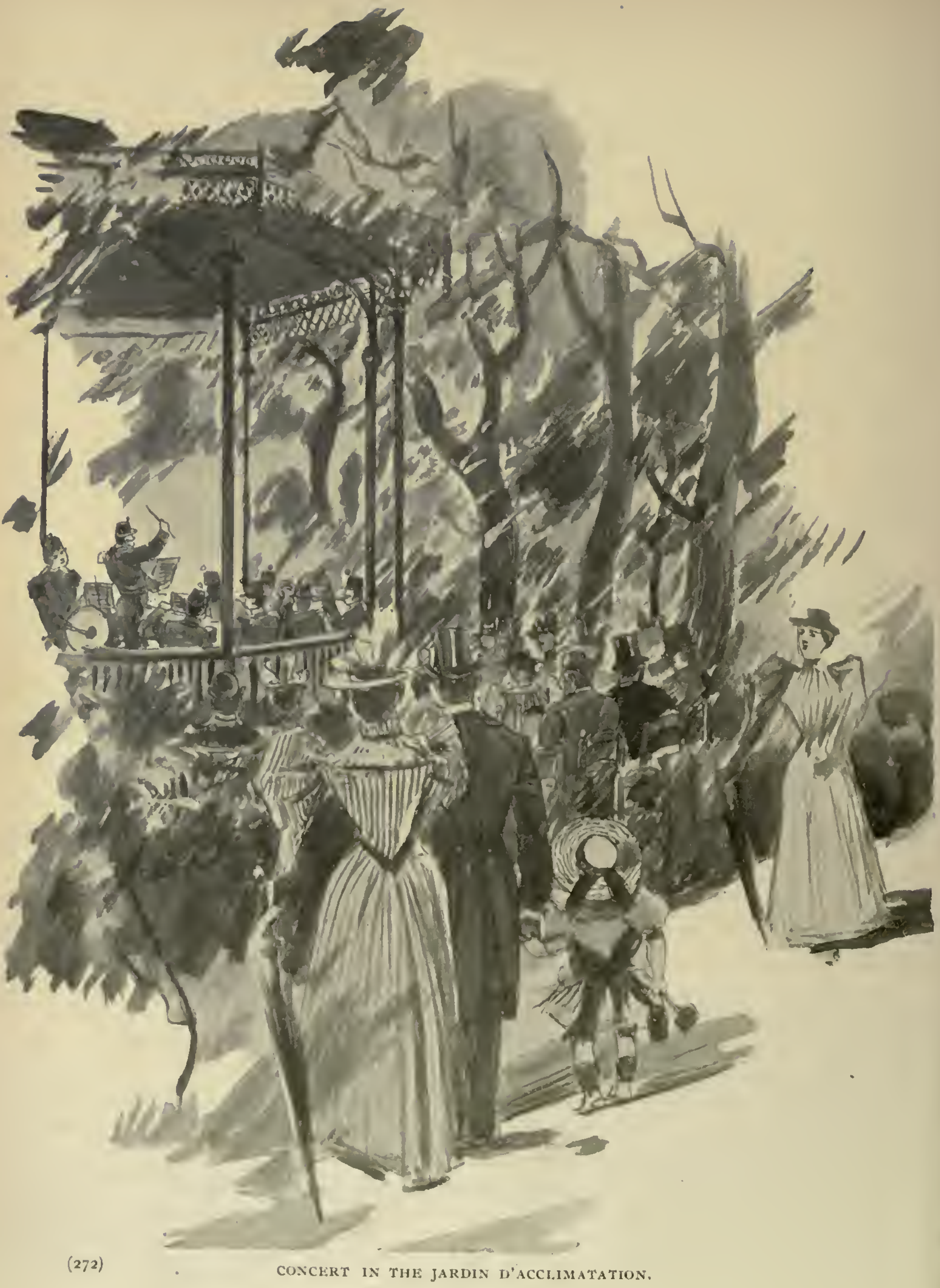


GREEN HOUSE, ZOOLOGICAL GARDEN.

Through the Bois and the Garden run miniature tram cars, queer conveyances drawn by a single horse, but which though exceeding small, have a capacity for eight persons, riding four on a side, back-to-back, which carry passengers at a swift pace through the woods, a distance of two or three miles, for the modest fare of three cents.

The Buttes-Chaumont.

On the opposite side of Paris from the Bois de Boulogne, in the northeast part, is the largest park that is wholly within the city, though it covers an area of only sixty-two acres, which, however, will presently be extended to occupy the hills of Chaumont, when its area will be increased to more than two hundred acres. This park, which is called the Buttes-Chaumont, or hills of Chaumont, represents the reclamation of an accursed spot, and may be likened to the planting of flowers to hide the stains of blood. The Bois was at one time noted for its crimes, and the Buttes are distinguished as the place of expiation, for upon the summit once stood the ever hungry gallows-tree of Montfaucon, where for long years during the middle ages it bore its grisly and ghastly fruit, scarcely ever

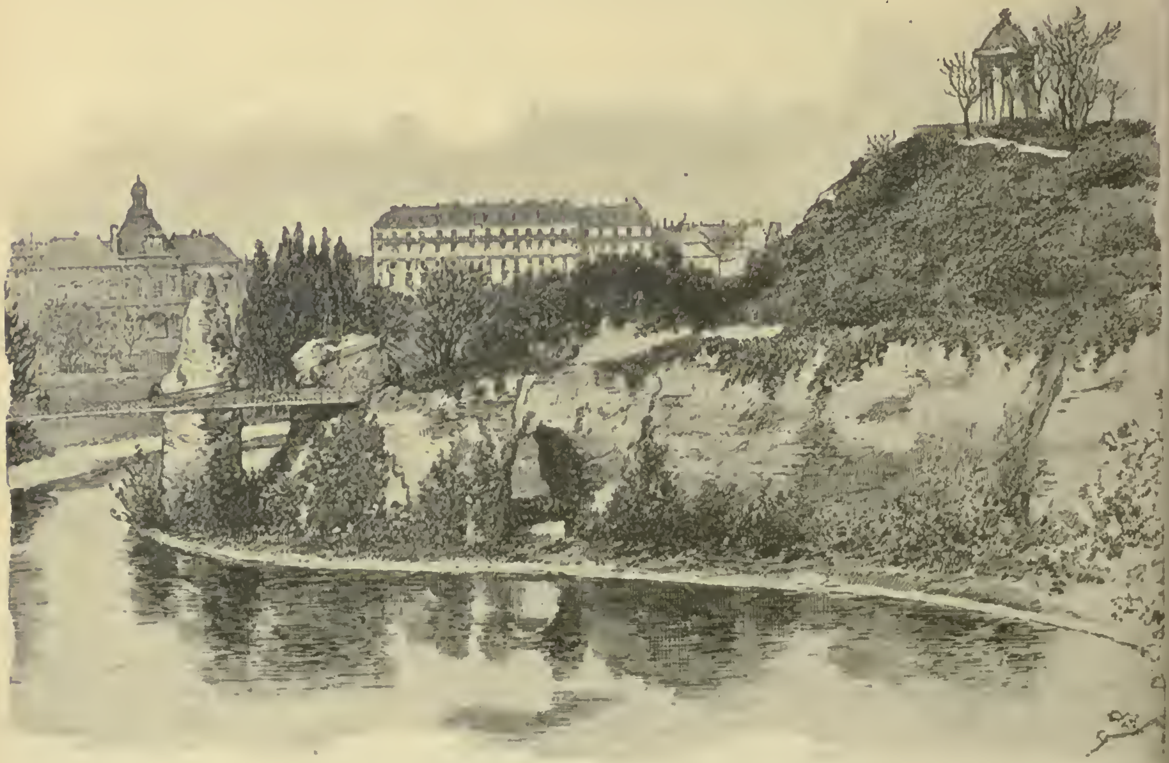


CONCERT IN THE JARDIN D'ACCLIMATATION.

being bare, and always expecting victims. So numerous were the executions—for in those days many crimes which to-day are classed as misdemeanors were punished with death—that the place was said to be accursed, and became the rendezvous of malicious ghosts who confronted with hellish grimaces and threatening aspects all who ventured upon the damnation ground. So dreadful was its repute, by reason of the shocking legends that were current upon every tongue, that even the king's army hesitated to cross this Alcedema, nor would the bravest venture to draw near when the curtain of night was let down.

In the year 1761 the service-worn gibbet was removed—some say it was cut down by the spirit of an innocent victim—and then there was a change in the reputation of the district, for honest persons being afraid to invade the forbidden field, it presently became a haunt of desperadoes, of outlaws, of refugees, and of every kind of criminal who would ply his arts, or escape the avenging hand of the law, and it so continued to be a place that was now justly to be feared until 1865, when the authorities decided to redeem the hills by routing the resorting criminals and converting the peaks, slopes, and gorges into a park, which was accomplished through the efforts and by the designs of two landscape engineers, named Alphand and Barillet. In beautifying the hills, and in laying out roadways, it became necessary to construct a bridge at a height to span an abyss between two of the peaks, a work which in itself was commonplace, but which has served to again bring the place into evil repute. The fingers of death have not yet released their clutch from the reputation of the grounds, for their bloody impression may still be seen in the record of suicides that occur with alarming and unexplainable frequency from what has now come to be known as the "Accursed Bridge." Great altitudes affect many persons by suggesting the thought of leaping into space, but the bridge of Chaumont is not of such a height as would create feelings of this kind, for it is not more than fifty feet from the roadway to the jagged rocks below, against which a rapid stream dashes. Possibly the fascination is in the pointed stones that lift themselves out of the waters, and to a demented eye assume the appearance of a bed of daggers. But whatever the deadly charm, the record shows that there is an average of more than one hundred suicides from the bridge every year. To pause in the centre of the bridge and look down is said to affect every one with an intense desire to leap into the murderous jaws, and others declare that even a sight of the bridge provokes the thought of suicide. The authorities have tried to prevent this cruel immolation by placing guardians on the bridge, but this humane consideration for persons who refuse to regard their own safety has so signally failed that not only is the number of suicides as great as before, but several of the guards have succumbed to the fatal fascination of the gorge and flung themselves to death upon the jagged rocks. Is the spot haunted with the spirit of murder?

Notwithstanding the evil name of the bridge, and the fact that the hill was one time a place of execution and a rendezvous for criminals, the once barren slopes have been made to bloom and the buttes have been transformed into a park of great beauty. The quarries that were worked here until 1865 have been made to constitute one of the most charming features of the park, for they are now a part of the rugged landscape to form a contrast to the surrounding flower gardens, beautiful walks, inviting shades, and the crystal lake that circuits the base. From the summit of one of the prettiest hills tumbles a noisy cascade which falls into an artificial grotto that was formerly an entrance to the quarries, but now filled with stalactites that gleam and glow in fairy splendor from electric lights hidden behind them. This is a unique and charming feature of the park, but only one of many, for it is filled with pleasing surprises. On the summit of the highest butte, imparting the appearance of a glorious crown, is a miniature Corinthian temple, from which a superb view of the city may be had, looking away in the distance as far as the suburb of St. Denis, while numerous pieces of bronze statuary adorn the lawns and road-crossings, and bridges, waterfalls and lakes add marvelous picturesqueness to the landscape.


THE BUTTES CHAUMONT, AND BRIDGE OF SUICIDES.

The ground is historic, as being the last stronghold of the insurgents in 1871, who resisted the whole National Army for weeks, and until they were dislodged, May 27, by a long and incessant cannonade from Montmartre, more than two miles distant.

The Park Monceaux.

In the north central section of Paris, extending along the Boulevard Courcelles, and gained by four entrances, is the rather small but exceedingly beautiful Park Monceaux, though it resembles a garden more than it does a park. The name *Monceau*, signifies in the French a "heap," but why it was applied to the property no one now seems able to explain. It was purchased in 1778 by Philippe the Elegant, at which time the property was a fine piece of woods that had never been cared for, so that it was in its primal condition of coverts, vines, and large trees. Philippe at once put foresters to work clearing the undergrowth and by the expenditure of a very large sum of money converted the well-wooded tract into a private garden of such remarkable beauty that it soon became the most fashionable resort in Paris. The spot was further popularized by reason of its being frequented by members of the royal family, who gave entertainments here, such as summer balls, and moonlight fêtes of the most extravagant character. Among the striking embellishments of the garden, which Philippe added, was the *Naumachie* (signifying a spectacle that represents a sea fight), which was an oval artificial lake, at one end of which he erected a semicircular colonnade of Corinthian columns, adorned with a splendid bronze statue of Hylas (one of the Argonauts, detained by nymphs of a stream which he had sought for water, and for whom Hercules searched in vain). Other beautiful pieces of statuary in the park as it now appears are marble figures representing "Paradise Lost," "The Sower," "The Haymaker," "The Reaper," and "A Game of Marbles."

During the Revolution the garden was confiscated as national property, and after Napoleon became Emperor he presented it to Cambaceres, his chancellor, who, however, restored it to Philippe out of consideration and appreciation for the vast sums which the rightful owner had expended upon it. After the restoration the garden became the property of the House of Orleans, from whom it was purchased by the city and divided, twenty-five acres being sold by the municipality for building purposes, and the remainder, twenty-two acres, reserved for public park purposes, and it is now so carefully tended that it has attained fame as one of the most charming spots in the world, for nearly all the embellishments that were made by Philippe are still retained, to which the city has added considerably in the way of walks and flower beds.

The Park Montsouris.

On the south side of the city, reached by way of Gentilly Station, is the newest park in Paris, laid out in 1878, which occupies an area of forty acres, adjoining the fortifications. On the highest grounds is a reproduction of the palace of the Bey of Tunis, a splendid Moorish edifice, adorned with four towers, rebuilt here after being shown at the Paris Exhibition of 1867, where it is used as an observatory. A little way down the slope is a monumental shaft set up in honor of Colonel Flatters and his companions, who in 1881 were massacred by the Tonaregs while making a railway survey through the Sahara desert. At the foot of the hill is a picturesque lake into which a small cascade tumbles, and around it are several handsome pieces of statuary, rendering the park a beautiful and delightful resort.

Garden of the Tuileries.

Lying between the Place de la Concorde and the Louvre Museum is the most magnificent garden in Paris, and one of the most famous resorts in the world, noted as much for the historical events that have transpired within its bounds, as for the very great beauty of its landscape and embellishment. On this site was, in an earlier century, a large tile factory, from which fact the name, Tuileries Garden, is taken, the word *tuilerie* signifying in the French, "tile works, or tile field". On the north side is a terrace called the Terrasse des Feuillants, which name is derived from a monastery of the order of *Feuillants* (reformed Cistercians), which was founded here in 1587, and which continued until the first revolution. The order fell into decay by reason of dissensions and political opposition about this time, and in July, 1791, Lafayette, Lameth and other leaders of public thought, used the monastery as a meeting place where they violently denounced the Jacobins, who in derision called their opponents Feuillants, or Monks of St. Bernard.

THE MODEST NURSE GIRL IN THE TUILERIES GARDEN.

The old portion of the garden was laid out by Notre, who was landscape gardener to Louis XIV., under whose rule the conversion of the original unsightly place into a magnificent garden was accomplished, to which other adornments of an extensive character have been since added. The Tuileries Palace, until its destruction by Communists (1792) stood at the east end of the garden, which site has since been made a part of the public resort. It was in this palace that some of the most bloody scenes of the Revolution transpired. Louis XVI. was brought here from Versailles, in 1789, where he resided a short while and then returned to his favorite retreat at Versailles. In June, 1791, he was a second time compelled by popular clamor to take up his residence here after his flight to Varennes, where he was arrested. In July of the following year the palace was threatened by a mob of 30,000 rioters, who insulted the king but committed no further breach of the peace, though they were armed and only lacked leaders to urge them to deeds of violence. On the tenth of August, however, the furious spirit of the Commune broke upon the palace at midnight, and inaugurated the terrible conflict of the Revolution which ravaged France and slaughtered thousands. The National Guard, consisting of 1950 men, under command of Colonel Pfyffer, resolutely and heroically defended the palace until the king succeeded in escaping with his family. The National Guard thereupon quitted the palace and dispersed, but the Swiss Guard and one hundred and twenty nobles refused to surrender the palace or allow its invasion by the mob. A desperate attack followed, which the Guard resisted by a galling fire, and had beaten back the rioters when an order came from the king, who was influenced by treacherous advisers, to surrender the place. As soon as the firing ceased the mob renewed the attack, and in a few moments forced their way into the palace where they mercilessly killed every man they encountered, wrecked the furniture, and carried away to the Hotel de Ville all the portable valuables. The Swiss Guard, yielding to the orders of Louis, made no resistance but fled through the garden, where a greater part of them were shot down, while those who contrived to escape gave up their arms to the National Guard in the Hall of Assembly. The palace was wrecked by the victorious mob, who pressed their advantage until the king's person was seized and he was hurried away to the Temple Tower, where he was confined until January 21, 1793, when the drama of his life closed under the knife of the guillotine.

The palace was restored by Napoleon, who made important additions, as did also Napoleon III., but in 1830 it was a second time captured by Revolutionists, and in 1848 it was a third time ransacked but not seriously damaged. Finally, in 1871 the palace was set on fire by a mob who planned their work of destruction so consummately that the most energetic efforts of the Versailles troops to quench the flames were without avail, and the palace, together with a part of both the north and south side extensions, connecting it with the Louvre were entirely destroyed. The ruins were allowed to remain for several years, until in 1889 they were removed and the site was added to the garden. The grounds, which now comprise about seventy-five acres, are beautifully laid out and richly, almost extravagantly, adorned with flower beds, an orangery, lakes, fountains, lawns, and a large number of statues, of bronze and marble. Indeed, there is no other garden, park, or place in all Europe that has such profuse embellishment of statuary, or that contains pieces of greater value. The garden is a popular promenade during the evening hours of summer and during the day time it is fairly thronged with nurse maids and their charges.

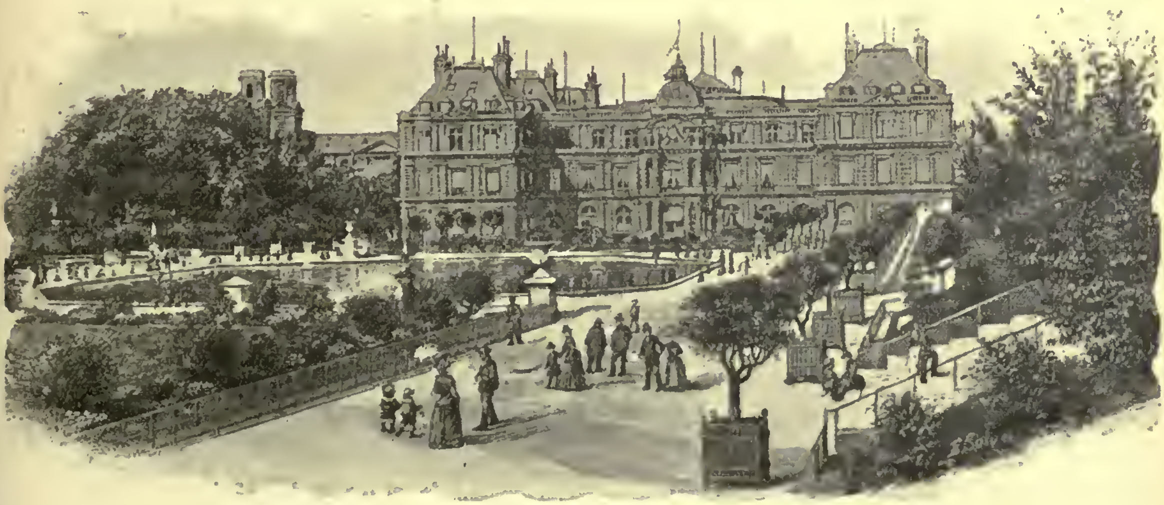
Garden of the Palais Royal.

Next in beauty and interest to the Tuileries Garden is the Palais Royal Garden, which is near by, and faces the Louvre on the north. The palace itself is famous as being, like the Tuileries, the scene of many historic events. It was built in 1629–34 for Cardinal Richelieu, purchased by Louis XIV. for his brother the Duke, Philip of Orleans, whose son, Philip of Orleans, it will be remembered, served as regent during the minority of Louis XV. The place remained in possession of the Orleans family for more than a century, during which time it was enlarged and became somewhat notorious for the many riotous and extravagant acts that occurred there by profligate members of the royal families who occupied it. During its occupancy by Philippe the Elegant, the place was especially in bad repute, by reason of his excesses and inordinate extravagances, which finally so reduced him that to increase his revenues and recover his credit he destroyed the beauty of the garden by surrounding it with tenement buildings. Many of these were rented as shops, residences, and cafés, some of the latter being made the rendezvous of fiery republicans like Camille Desmoulins who harangued the frequenters until he secured a numerous following and calling the populace to arms July 12, 1789, organized the National Guard which two days later captured the Bastille. In the Palace Napoleon assembled the Tribunate which held its sessions here from 1801 until 1807. The Orleans family regained possession of the buildings in 1845 which they retained until 1848 when it was wrecked by a mob, and in 1871 it was almost completely destroyed, but has since been restored and is now occupied by the Council of State.

The garden, which is now surrounded on three sides by shops, is 750 feet long by 330 feet wide, and was beautifully adorned and maintained by the Orleans family, but it has since been neglected and now presents a barren appearance, for except a row of elms and limes of scanty verdure there is no shade and the walks are covered with unrolled gravel which scarcely allows of promenading. In the centre is a circular basin and fountain sixty-six feet in diameter, near which a military band furnishes music three days of every week during the summer. About the only evidence of past magnificence which once distinguished the garden is to be found in pieces of sculpture that adorn the grounds, but these are defaced by age and weather and are left neglected. At the south end of the flower garden is placed a small cannon which is fired precisely at noon each day by means of a sun glass, and this curiosity probably draws as many persons to the resort as does the band on concert days.

The Park of Versailles.

I know of no park in the world that is so truly magnificent, so charming, so restful, so artistic, if you please, as the Park of Versailles. It fulfills the extravagant ideal of an extravagant monarch, and is the apotheosis of the beautiful in both art and nature. The site chosen for this exquisite creation of man's genius, aided by unlimited wealth, is nearly twelve miles from Paris, nor was it favorable for park purposes, yet by infinite labor, and by almost incomputable outlay, the place has been made positively sublime. But to the marvelous beauty of the park and palace is added the romance and interest of a history that lends fame and notoriety to the French monarchy and thus renders Versailles one of the most attractive spots on the earth's surface. The town, which has a present population of 70,000 souls, was founded by Louis XIV., who erected a palace there on the site of a hunting lodge built by Louis XIII, to escape a residence at St. Germain because of a melancholy which is said to have come upon him by having always in his view, from the heights of St. Germain, the tower of St. Denis, under which church repose so many of the royal dead. Louis possessed great wealth, and to gratify his desire to preside over the finest palace and grounds in the world, as well as over the destinies of a great people, he drew upon his exchequer to the extent of two hundred millions of dollars in carrying into effect his extravagant ideas. In its construction we are told that 36,000 men and twice as many horses were employed for several years, forming terraces, grading the grounds, making roads, and building an aqueduct from Maintenon, a distance of thirty-one miles, to supply water for the palace and park. Work on the latter was suspended after it was more than half completed on account of the great mortality among the soldiers employed. It must be understood, that under the monarchy soldiers were not only enlisted, or drafted, to fight during war, but they were likewise made to labor for the king during times of peace, for they were his minions to perform any service commanded of them.


PALACE AT VERSAILLES.

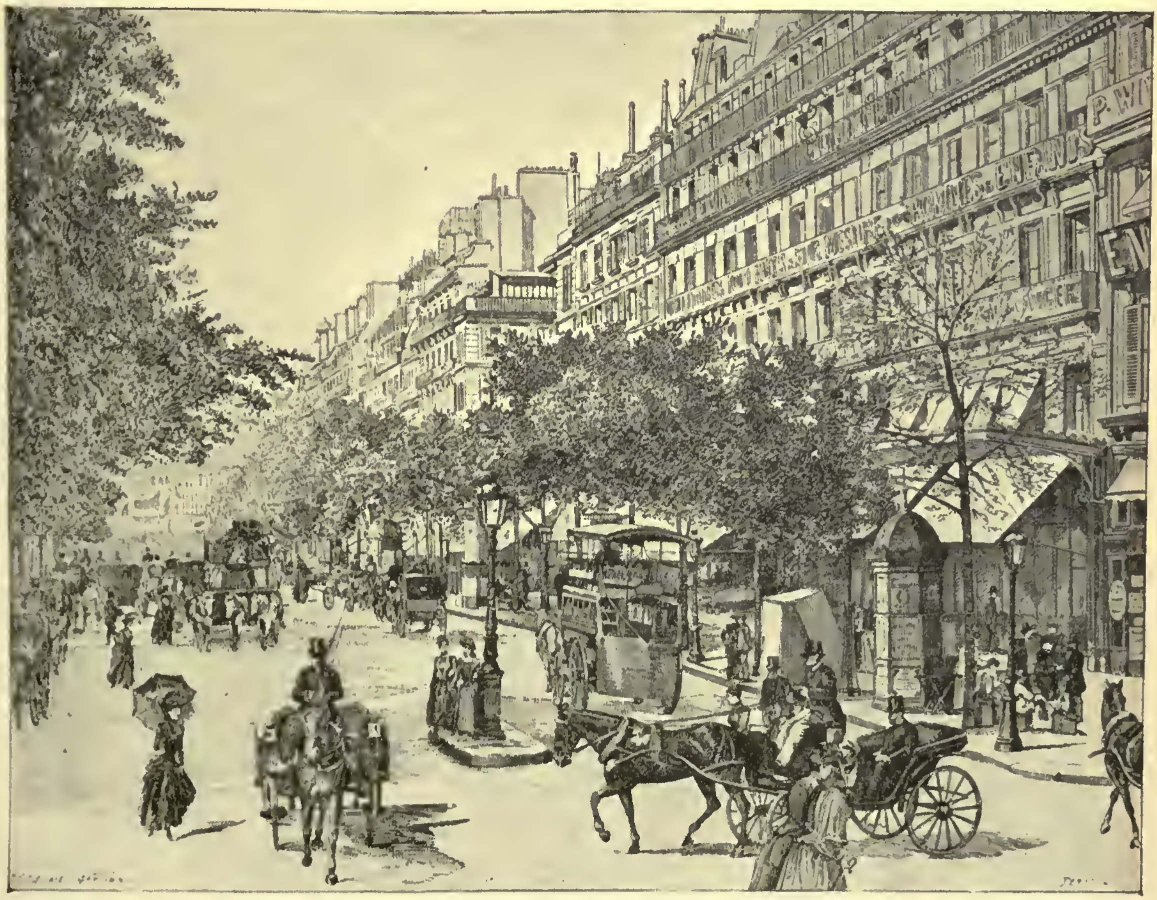
When it was finally found, after an immense expenditure, that it was not practicable to bring water from the Euré, at Maintenon, waterworks were erected at Marly, and an aqueduct five miles long was built to conduct a supply of water therefrom. The palace was so nearly completed in 1682 that Louis took up his residence there and inaugurated the grandeur and extravagance that ultimated in his undoing and the conclusion of his life in a fit of remorse. His reign has been called the Augustan age of France, and in many respects it was illustrious, but he was nevertheless a monster of vice. To his influence, if not his direct orders, was due the reign of the poisoners, the tragic death of

Henrietta, of England, revocation of the edict of Nantes, and subsequent persecution of the Protestants; revolt of the Camisards, and the singular, aye, mysterious detention of the man in the iron mask, whose identity will never be positively known. He kept a number of mistresses, of whom the Duchess Valliere and the Marchioness Montespan were most prominent, and after the death of his queen, Maria Theresa (1683), he was privately married to Mme. Maintenon, who had once been the wife of a very poor, paralyzed, and deformed street poet named Scarron. Upon his death-bed he exhorted his grandson, who was to be his successor, to avoid his vices and to imitate none of his private acts, although it is said he died a very religious man. Instead of heeding his grandfather's advice Louis XV. was even more dissolute, and under his reign the palace became the scene of such orgies as fairly shame civilization, led by his mistresses, Pompadour and Du Barry, who exercised the most powerful influence over him and the profligate court. His life was finally ended by a loathsome disease communicated to him by a young girl whom he had debauched, but the evil effects of his rule did not fully appear until after his death, for his personal vices and his misgovernment had prepared the way for the destruction of the monarchy, which was accomplished in the overthrow and execution of his successor, Louis XVI.

It was in the park that the Third Estate took the first public action that paved the way toward revolution by forming itself into the National Assembly. A few months later an overt act was committed against Louis XVI. by a mob composed of men and women from Paris, who plundered the palace and drove the king to take refuge in the city, since which time it has not been occupied, though it was restored by Louis Philippe, who converted a part of the building into a museum and picture gallery. But the palace came into special prominence again by reason of its being the headquarters of Emperor William I. from September 19, 1870, until March 6, 1871, during which time a considerable part of the building was used as a hospital, while the siege of Paris was being conducted. It was in the palace, on January 18, 1871, that the German confederation was established by solemn and impressive ceremonies connected with the declaration and acknowledgment of the Prussian monarch as Emperor of Germany, and in a house near by was conducted the negotiations between Prince Bismarck and Jules Favre, which resulted in the capitulation of Paris and the peace treaty.

Though the palace was not occupied as a residence after the flight of Louis XVI., Versailles became the seat of the French Government upon the departure of the German troops (March 12, 1871), and so continued until it was transferred to Paris in 1879. It is still recognized as the capital, however, and all presidential elections are held there by the electors, who are members of the Senate and Chamber of Deputies.

The Park of Versailles comprises less than one hundred acres, but it is laid out in such a manner as to give the appearance of a much greater area, and with studied care to harmonize with the palace. The lawns, the long lanes of shady woods, the rich flames of flowering beds, the quiet grottoes, romantic glades, and the large orangery of 1200 trees, render the view a picture so charming as to simulate enchantment. But magnificent as are these wondrous adornments, the greater glory of the park lies in the incomparable basins and fountains that so sumptuously embellish the grounds. It may be said, without boasting or exaggeration, that nowhere else in the world are there such fountains as those in the Park of Versailles, so immense in size, so splendid, so artistic, a few of which I cannot resist the temptation to briefly describe. The largest is called the Grand Basin of Neptune, which is an immense basin enclosed by heavy stone walls and adorned with five superb metal groups of the following mythologic subjects: Neptune and his wife, Amphitrite; the Ocean, Proteus guarding the flocks of Neptune, and two dragons bearing upon their backs playing Cupids. From the palace, looking down the main central avenue of the park, is the Basin of Latona, the ornate centre of which consists of four terraces of red marble, on which are gilded frogs and turtles, while upon a high pedestal rising from the centre is a white marble group of Latona, Apollo, and Diana. This fountain represents the Greek myth that Ovid has so beautifully sung in his "Metamorphosis," which relates that Latona, wife of Jupiter, and mother of


BOULEVARD MONTMARTRE.

Apollo and Diana, while wandering from place to place with her children, came to Lycia exhausted, and fainting from thirst. Discovering a pool she knelt down to drink, whereupon some rude peasants appeared and violently forbade her to touch the water. So angered was the goddess by this churlish denial of the peasants that, upon her appeal to Jupiter, they were transformed into frogs and turtles and doomed to inhabit the pool.

Further down the central avenue is the Basin of Apollo, which is embellished with a group representing the sun god standing in his chariot surrounded by tritons, nymphs, and dolphins; a charming conception exquisitely executed. At the terminus of a beautiful avenue, above which a colonnade of lofty trees clasp branches, is the lovely Basin of Ceres, representing the generous goddess of harvest reposing on a circular couch in a bed of wheat sheaves, with four children around her, typifying the seasons. The goddess concentrates her gaze towards the sun, the source of life, which she reverently regards, while her children gambol in happy abandon. The basin is embanked with cut stone and the enclosed basin simulates a lake of silver, in which the neighboring trees are mirrored with wonderful perfection. A companion lake, near by, is called the Basin of Flora, at the terminus of a wooded avenue, in which the figure on the circular base represents the goddess of flowers luxuriating in a bed of roses, while around her four cupids are disporting, the personifications of Springtime and Joy.

The Baths of Apollo are in a charming grotto, but known as the Grove of Apollo. The adornment comprises a group that represents the god seated upon a stone receiving attentions from his devotees, who, as the legend relates, was born of Latona on the floating Isle of Delos, and sprang to light not only with suddenness but in full maturity, and as a perfect musician. The goddesses who had been invited to the accouchement received the miraculous prodigy with manifestations of joy and reverence; they washed and swathed him with the greatest tenderness and gave him nectar to drink and ambrosia to eat. As soon as the divine food passed his lips he cast off his swaddling clothes, and springing up in full stature called to the goddesses to give him a lyre and a bow, in the use of which he promptly demonstrated his skill. As he stood up the whole surface of Delos became covered with flowers.

Beyond the Basin of Apollo are four lakes which constitute the Grand Canal of the Cross, at the far end of which are ten parterres, radiating from a common centre, which is called the Royal Star. This spot is the most magnificent feature of the park, for besides its wondrous beauty the four canals, or basins, are provided with fountains of gigantic size which when playing afford a spectacle of extraordinary grandeur. The volume of water is so great that a flow of one hour's duration costs about two thousand dollars. These exhibitions are generally given on the first Sunday of every month, from May to October, the time, however, being always well advertised, and the crowds that are attracted test the fullest capacity of all the regular lines of conveyance that run to Versailles.

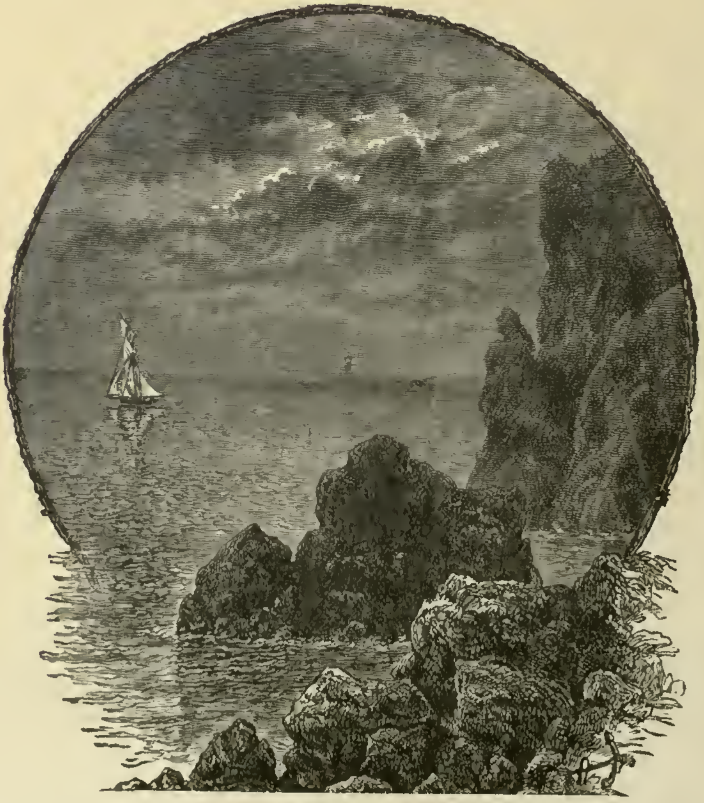
The Bois de Vincennes.

The largest park very near Paris is at Vincennes, a town of some twenty thousand population, about one mile east of the enceinte, or city wall, reached by railroad, tram-car and a beautiful driveway. The town itself is of little interest except as being the principal arsenal of Paris, and for the historic events that have taken place there in the earlier centuries. The park had its origin in a hunting château which was built there in the twelfth century by Louis VII., which was replaced by a palace erected by Philip of Valois, which was enlarged and converted into a castle by Louis XIV., who also surrounded the place with an extensive system of fortifications. The castle was more properly a dungeon, the walls of which are ten feet thick, and it has a stone tower 170 feet high, while the defences are increased by nine heavy bastions. The castle is one of the noted buildings of France, first used by Louis XI. for the incarceration of illustrious persons. Among those who have since been confined there may be named the King of Navarre, in 1574; the great Conde, in 1650; Cardinal de Retz, in 1652; Fouquet, in 1661; Mirabeau, in 1777; the Duke d'Enghien, in 1804; the Ministers of Charles X., in 1830; and a number of the conspirators against the National Assembly, in 1848.

East of the castle is the beautiful but little frequented *Bois de Vincennes* (Woods of Vincennes), which comprises 1150 acres, transformed into a park in 1858. It is charmingly laid out and picturesquely diversified but its symmetry is marred by a continuous open space through the centre which is used as a race course, and for artillery practice and military drills. There is also an experimental farm, established by Napoleon III., conducted in a part of the grounds, and a hospital for the insane, which, however, is on the borders, within the city limits of Charenton. The chief embellishment of the park is a lake covering an area of fifty acres, in which there are two islands connected with each other and with the shore by handsome iron bridges, on one of which is a beautiful artificial grotto, and a temple, and on the other a pavilion containing a museum of forestry, with a collection that was exhibited in the Trocadero during the Exposition of 1889.

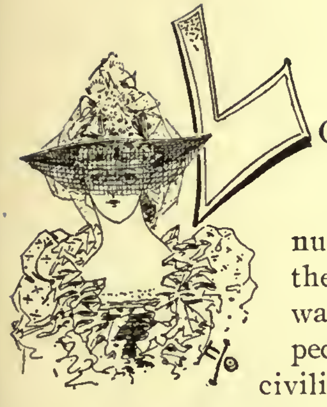
Two miles west of the Paris fortifications is the suburb of St. Cloud, which contains among other things the ruins of a palace in which Henry III. was assassinated in 1589. The place is interesting also as being once the residence of Marie Antoinette, Napoleon I., Louis XVIII., Charles X., Louis Philippe, and Napoleon III. It was here also that Napoleon initiated the movement which by a *coup d'etat* overthrew the first republic, in 1799. The capitulation of Paris, in 1815, was signed in the palace, as were also the ordinances of Charles X., which led to the July Revolution of 1830. The palace was destroyed during the siege of Paris, October, 1870, some say by hot shot fired upon it from the French fort on Valerian heights. A lovely park of fifty acres adjoins the ruins of the palace, the chief adornment of which is the Grand Cascade, embellished with statues and a fountain that throws a jet of water 136 feet high.

Other parks and stately forests in the vicinity of Paris, are the Park of Rambouillet, twenty miles from the city, which some maintain is more beautiful than the Gardens of Versailles, and which covers an area of 3000 acres. The forest of St. Germain is 11,000 acres in extent, twelves miles from Paris, terraced for one mile and a half at a considerable height above the Seine, which it overlooks, and is crowned by a splendid castle now used as a museum. The forest of Fontainebleau, which is thirty-seven miles from Paris, comprises no less than 41,000 acres, but the tract remains practically in its primeval condition, save that portions are in cultivation, chiefly as vineyards.



CHAPTER XVIII.

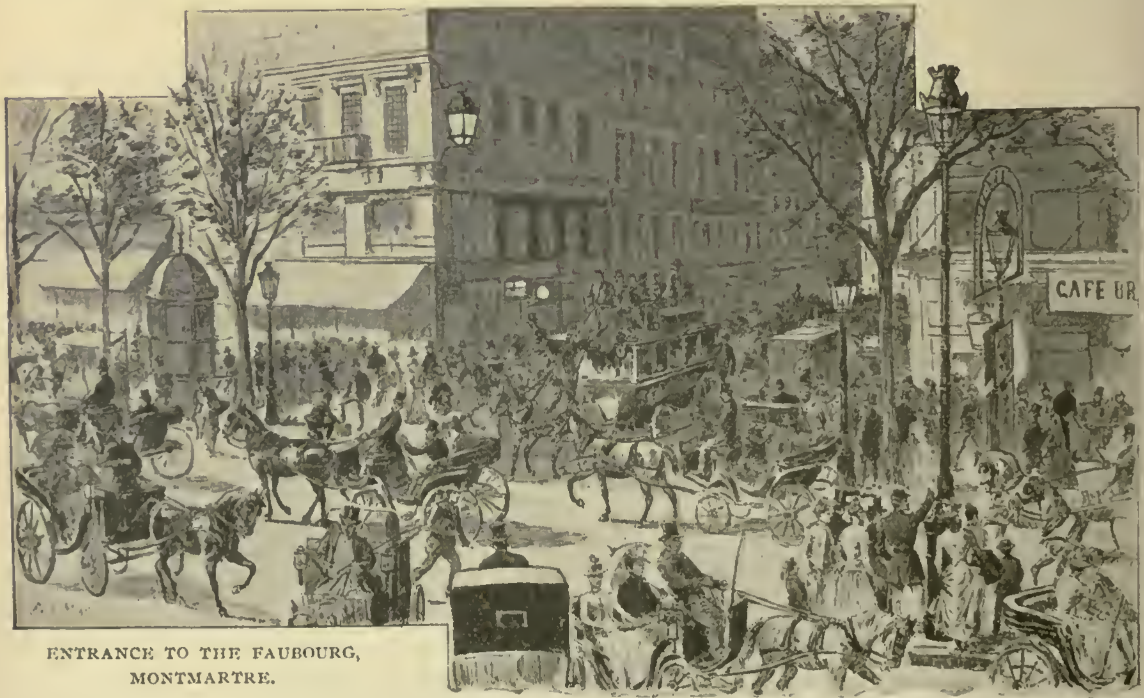
BOULEVARDS OF PARIS.



LOVELY as Paris now appears, she nevertheless represents the developement of what was a most unpromising beginning. When Julius Cæsar first discovered it, he found the nucleus of a city at that time confined to a small island in the Seine and composed exclusively of mud huts. That was two thousand years ago, and great changes might be expected, in conformity with the advance and demands of civilization, but there are people now living who mark wonderful improvements such as could hardly have been made in a lifetime in any other city. For example, London has grown at an amazing pace, but for a century her principal street is the Strand, which is less than forty feet wide, and is so congested with travel that one of the most serious problems with which that great metropolis is now concerned is how to divert travel from the street, or how to provide for it.

This same question, though in a less aggravated form, for a long time annoyed the government of Paris, for the streets were uniformly narrow and the vehicle traffic has been increasing almost without interruption. People who have traveled only in America, have not failed to notice that all the towns and cities founded by the French in this country have narrow streets, which offer serious interference with the commerce of the large cities, which, however, few efforts have been made to relieve. It was the same in Paris, until Napoleon III., by a *coup d'etat*, in December, 1851, procured his election to the presidency of the Republic of France for a term of ten years, and who, one year later, so adroitly laid his plans as to submit to an election of the people the question whether France should continue as a republic or return to a monarchical form of government. He well understood the temper of his subjects, for he had used all his wiles to ingratiate himself into their affections, and the result was as he had forecasted, for he was chosen emperor by an immense majority. War with Russia, in the Crimea, almost immediately followed, which was scarcely concluded by treaty of 1856 when the conquest of China and Japan was begun, and ended by opening the ports of those countries. But though in these military enterprises Napoleon was successful and his prestige thereby greatly increased, he was confronted by problems that seriously threatened his throne. The people were so oppressed by taxes that business became paralyzed, industries suspended, and such large numbers of workmen were thrown out of employment that the mob spirit was aroused and seemed to endanger the stability of his government, These menaces were not confined wholly to threats either, for two attempts were made upon the life of the emperor, in 1855, and in January, 1858, he almost miraculously escaped death from a bomb that was thrown at him by an Italian named Orsini.

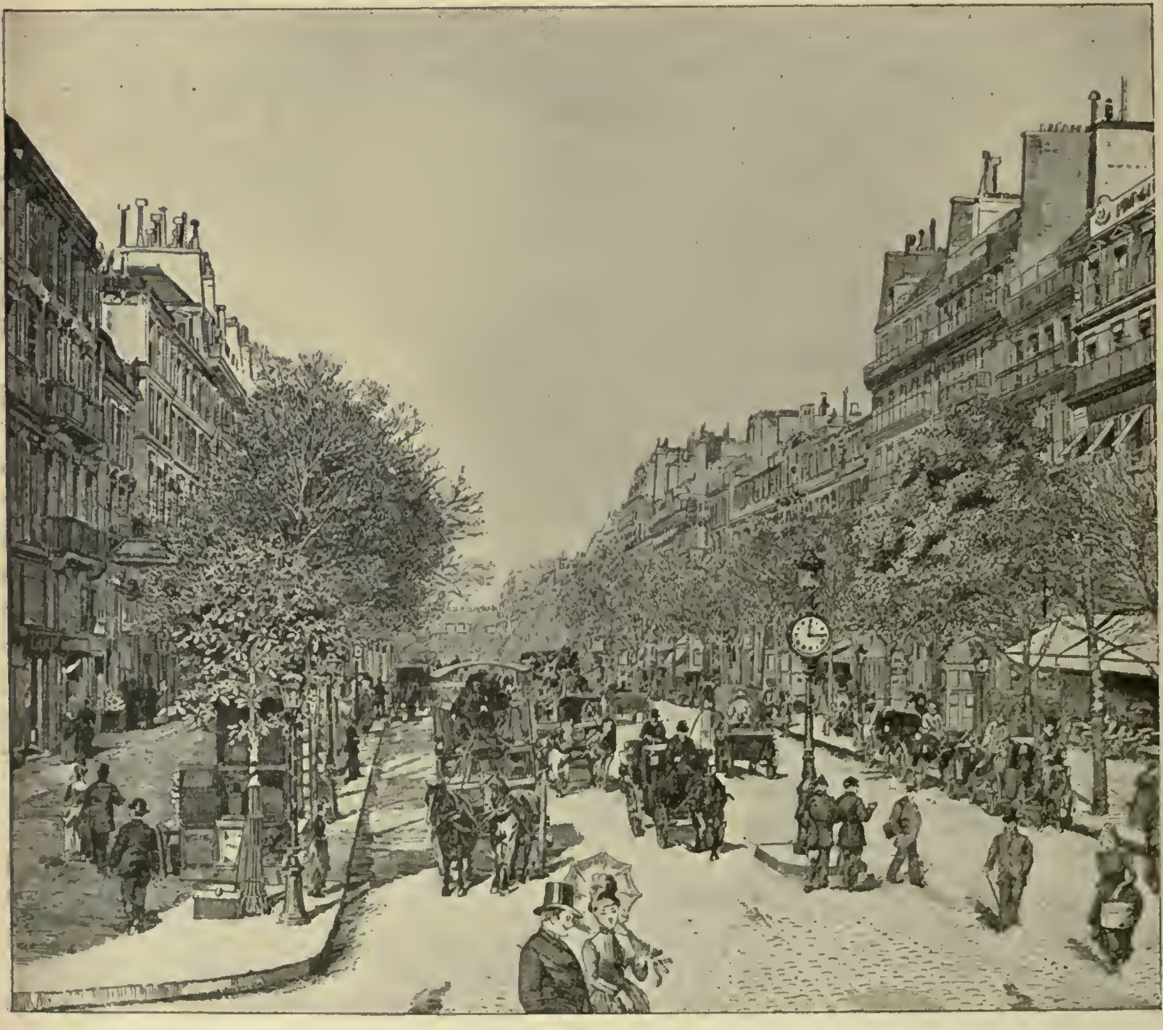
There was so much poverty and suffering in Paris, so much discontent, so much danger of an uprising, that to avert a revolution Napoleon projected a plan of improving the city, upon such a gigantic scale as would give labor to all the unemployed. Baron Haussmann was appointed prefect of the department of the Seine, into whose hands was entrusted the planning and execution of the purposes of the emperor. He conceived a scheme of public works that would impoverish a less wealthy nation, and carried it into execution against the most vehement protests of thousands of citizens who became ruined thereby. Among the extensive improvements designed by Haussmann was a system of boulevards of the most extensive character, to construct which required the condemnation of thousands of houses, the demolition of millions of property, and the expenditure by the government of enormous amounts. Narrow streets of the better quarters were thus broadened into boulevards and built up again with more pretentious buildings, a work that occupied seven years and involved an outlay of more than two hundred millions of dollars, while the expenditures on public works alone, from 1852 until 1869, exclusive of many special appropriations, was fifty millions of dollars. Among the new boulevards which were thus constructed are the following: Boulevard du Prince Eugène, extending from the Château d'Eau to the Place du Trône; Malesherbes, from the Madeleine to the



ENTRANCE TO THE FAUBOURG, MONTMARTRE.

Place Wagram; de la Reine Hortense, from the Arc de Triomphe to the Parc Monceaux; Haussmann, from the Avenue Friedland to the Boulevard Montmartre; Richard Lenoir, from the Place de la Bastille to the Douane; de Strasbourg, continued by the Boulevard de Sebastopol, from the Strasbourg railway station to the Seine; Avenue de l'Opera from the Théâtre Français to the Grand Opera. Other streets which had been established before, by Louis XIV., Napoleon I., and by Louis Philippe, but all vastly improved by Napoleon III., are the Montmartre, Rue de la Paix, Rue Rivoli, Boulevard St. Michel, Boulevard St. Germain, Boulevard Clichy, Rue Laffitte, Chaussée d'Antin, Rue Vivienne, Rue Lafayette, Rue Richelieu, Rue Auber, Rue du Quatre-Septembre, and the great central thoroughfare, extending from the Madeleine to the Place de la Republic, and named by sections Boulevards Madeleine, Capucines, des Italiens, Montmartre, Poissonnière, de Nouvelle, St. Denis, and St. Martin, covering a distance of about three miles.

An enthusiastic Frenchman once said: "France is the centre of civilized nations, Paris is the centre of France, the Boulevard des Italiens is the centre of Paris," and while recognizing the exaggeration we must concede the fact that the section extending from the Madeleine to the Rue de Richelieu is the most attractive, as it the most famous city thoroughfare in the world, a large part of its beauty and popularity being credited to Napoleon III. But while this great work was being done, equally important improvements were under way in various parts of the city; the Palace of Industry was being built, connection of the Tuileries with the Louvre was accomplished, the Halles Centrales were established, the Rue Rivoli extended for several miles, a great part of the present extensive sewer system was perfected, and a large number of parks, places and new streets were laid out. This work of construction, of such a monumental as well as of a colossal character, immensely stimulated every branch of business, because there were no idle men, and money became abundant and circulated freely. Individual effort was added to the tide of prosperity, and Paris enjoyed such an era of building and investment as it had never seen before. It is declared that of all the houses in Paris in 1870, less than one-third had been built prior to 1852; that the returning visitor might traverse miles of streets in any section of the city without seeing, save here and there a spared monument, any reminders of the places he knew familiarly twenty-five years before. It is little indeed that remains of what was left at that time of old Paris. Its crooked, narrow, and dark streets, so rich in historical associations, but reeking with the odors of garbage, breeding places of revolution, as well as of disease, were no longer to be seen, for they were nearly all superseded by the process of enlargement, by splendid streets and broad boulevards, through which a busy stream of traffic and travel flowed, and along which prosperity and respectability dwelt and bargained. The fortune of Paris seemed as secure as it was unexampled; the magnificence of its stores, the grandeur of its theatres, the beauty of its parks, the greatness of its boulevards, far excelled those of all other European capitals. The city was thronged by foreigners who brought much of their wealth with them, and added it to the capital that was already so large and moving so actively. This was the condition of affairs when France declared war with Germany (1870), over the question of who should occupy the throne of Spain. In one year the wealth, the glory of Paris had disappeared, and the star of Napoleon had gone down never to rise again.



BOULEVARD POISSONNIERE.

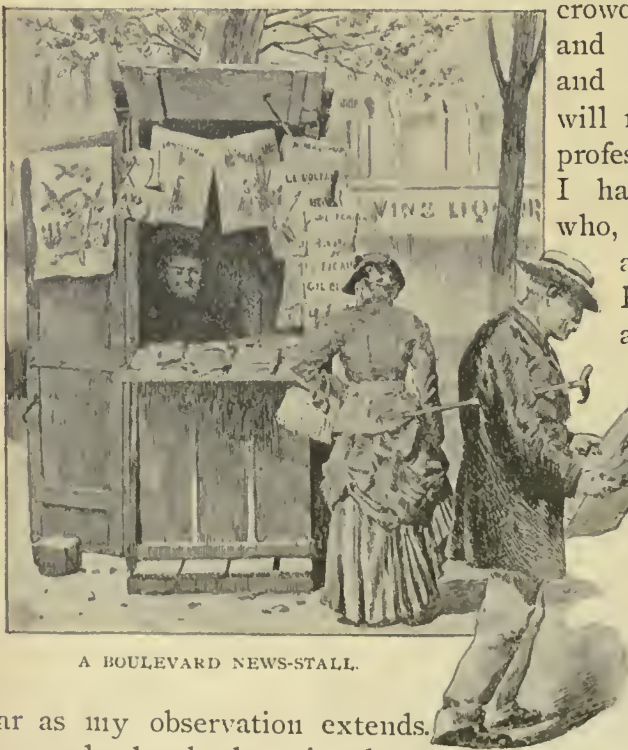
The Boulevardiers.

Paris is more cosmopolitan than any other city because she is visited by more strangers, and because the attractions she offers hold them longer. She sets the fashions for the world, and the French language is regarded as the most polished, though not the most copious. She ought, by reason of these advantages, be one of the greatest commercial nations, but so far from this being the case she falls far behind England, Russia, and her near but more energetic neighbor and ancient enemy, Germany, her rank being that of Austria. There are two chief causes for this failure upon the part of France to fulfill expectations, one of which may be found in the overweening, flippant, unstable, and egotistic character of her people, and the other—a very important commercial consideration—is in the neglect of the French to acquire other languages. Notwithstanding the nation's situation, which ought to make the people polyglots, it is seldom that a Frenchman can be found who speaks anything but his own language. Excepting the native Jews, even the government officials, occupying the highest offices, as well as the manufacturers, retailers, and chiefs of railroads, rarely speak either German or English, and cabmen never know any other tongue than their own.

Fashionable Frenchmen, and this designation applies to every one who has an income of $2000 per year, is so content with himself that he dresses to be admired, and lives to excite the envy of others. He scorns strangers, and therefore never bothers with learning their language. His resort is the boulevard, his occupation is making a show of his clothes, which it must be confessed do not fit him so well, or appear half so becoming as do the very stylish dresses of the French women. During the evening hours they may be seen on parade, walking with a studied grace, always wearing a high hat—whether it be morning, noon, or night—carrying a small cane, and ogling women who pass by probably with no thought of insult, but merely to attract attention, perchance to win a returning look of admiration. I cannot say that the Boulevardiers demean themselves offensively, for they are hardly so improper in their advances, or so brazenly impudent toward ladies as the dudes of American cities, but I speak of their actions because they are so well regulated and invariable. In the United States well-dressed young men, who have the means, have no uniformity in their conduct; they spend their evenings in flitting about between restaurants, club-rooms, parties, poker-sessions, theatres, gardens, and such other resorts, for they dislike sameness. But the Frenchmen are happy only when they are on the boulevards, watching and promenading, and in being a part of the life that makes the great avenues a wondrous kaleidoscope. When they tire of walking, they become quiet spectators by taking seats at the sidewalk cafés, where they spend hours sipping absinthe or coffee, seldom talking much, but appearing in a state of abstraction at times, and in a condition of intense enthusiasm at others.

The most popular resort for these frequenters of the boulevards is the Café de la Paix, under the Grand Hotel, and opposite the Opera House, where large numbers of these singular types of French life congregate, after lengthy strolls along the Boulevards Capucines and des Italiens to discuss themselves and engage in frivolous conversation with the cocottes who likewise make the café a congregating place. Here also is the grand assembly of guides, who haunt the corner like flocks of wise and hungry crows. They are truly members of the unchartered brotherhood of Boulevardiers, who combine business with promenading, and drink at the expense of others. And it is singular how unfailingly they guess the nationality of every stranger, whom they invariably accost in the visitor's own tongue with the expression, "Don't you want to see the sights of Paris?" or "Don't you want a guide?" And it is also a remarkable fact that of the many guides I have talked with, I never found one who was a native Frenchman. This is due, of course, to the fact I have before stated, viz: that Frenchmen, with rare exceptions, know only their own tongue. I must here give a slight warning to such of my readers as may go abroad. Be careful whom you engage to act as guide. They are often very necessary, but they are always untrustworthy, so far as protecting your interests, for if they conduct you to a store, depend upon it, whatever you buy the *commissionaire* (guide) will get a part of the profit.

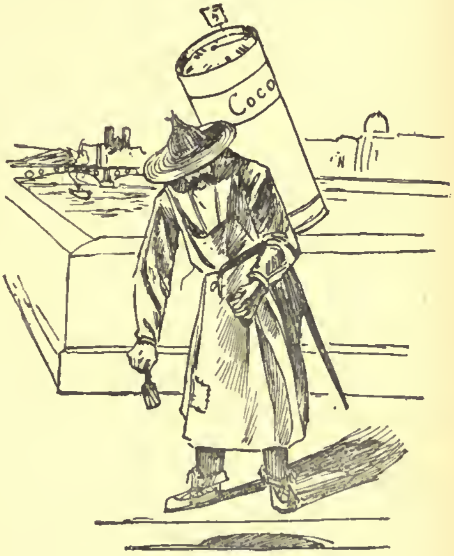
The boulevards naturally afford the most interesting sights of a city, for the largest attractions are always the people themselves, when they are seen in crowds that diversify with color, action, and appearance the great promenades and business thoroughfares. Beggars will not be found there, but every other profession of poverty is well represented. I have told you of the butt-pickers, who, after gathering cigarette stumps at night, conduct an exchange in the Place Maubert. Well, these people are interesting in a way, but there are other equally picturesque characters who make their living off the refuse of the street, such as rag-pickers, paper gatherers, and street sweepers. These, however, are to be seen in all cities, which commonness robs them of popular interest. But the absence of newsboys will be specially noticed, for there is not one in Paris, so far as my observation extends. The evening papers are sold by men, who hawk them in the same manner as boys in our country, but the sale is confined to the boulevards, nor are many persons engaged in crying papers. This would be remarked as being surpassing strange but for the fact that the frequency of bookstalls renders peddling unprofitable. The French are a reading people, and they require their papers just as do Americans, but they have an aversion, it would seem, for hawkers.



A BOULEVARD NEWS-STALL.

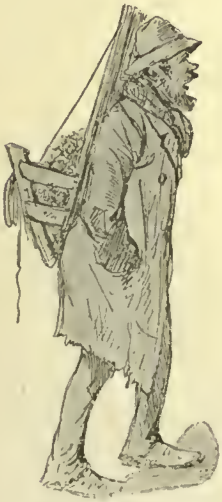
Stands for the sale of all periodicals are therefore very numerous, along the boulevards especially, where is exposed not only daily papers, but also quantities of such illustrated literature as cause the modest to blush and the timid to hurry by.

Among other characters that pick up a living on the boulevards are a set of rascals who carry contraband goods beneath their coats until they observe a stranger, when they slip up to him and suddenly flash upon his startled vision an opened book or picture that is almost too vile to burn, which they solicit him to buy, in a low voice that is made to suggest legal prohibition. There may also be seen peddlers of other articles scarcely less offensive to morality, in the form of such novelties as the French are famous for manufacturing. The police may have instructions to prohibit, or to permit, I know not which, but if the former they are singularly disregardful of their duties, for not the slightest interference is offered to what should be an outlawed trade.



THE COCO VENDER.

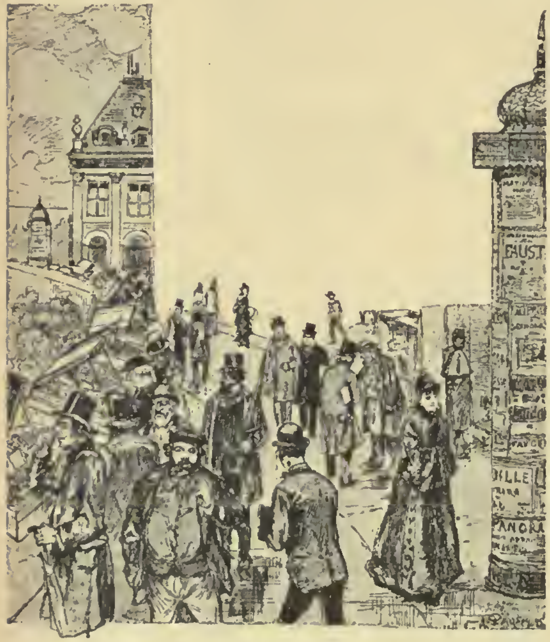
The most interesting characters to be seen on the boulevards, who are especially numerous at the races, are venders of what is called *Coco*, but which is in fact a decoction made of water and pulverized licorice root, which make a slightly sweetened drink that is sold for ten centimes (two cents) per glass. When on the boulevard the hawker usually sells from a vessel which he sets down on the edge of the sidewalk and attracts the attention of passers by ringing a little bell, or using a small clap-trap, at the same time crying "Coco, Coco," in a tone that is not unmusical, like that of the charco' man. At the races, however, he moves among the thirsty crowds with his vessel on his back, jingling his bell with great energy and bawling like a sideshow fakir, for he must make a noise above the din of babble.



THE CHICKWEED MAN.

The French people are distinguished for their love of pets, especially the women, and their regard for dogs and birds is a fad that has almost run to mania. Birds are kept in the house, but dogs accompany their lady owners constantly upon the streets until it appears that there is an equalization of population in which dogs are allowed a large representation. The boulevards are full of them, and the side streets are vociferous with their cries both day and night. Peddlers of dogs, and of birds, and of bird-weed are numerous on the boulevards, and among the kind they expose for sale are often to be seen rare species so curious or beautiful as to excite the admiration of even Americans, many of whom buy dogs in Paris and bring them to this country, though the transportation expense alone is $50.00.

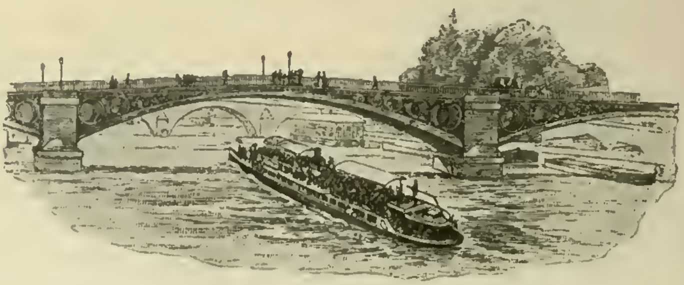
The shop-windows of the boulevards constitute their crowning glory, for they are as splendid as ingenuity can make them. The number of jewelry stores is really remarkable, and one is compelled to wonder how so many are supported. Paris is undoubtedly the dearest place in the world in more than one respect, for it is dear to the pockets as it is to the affections of visitors. There is scarcely an article, especially of jewelry, that may not be purchased at a very much less price in London than in Paris, but this fact does not appear to affect the trade of the latter city, no doubt because Americans set greater store upon things bought in Paris. But in justice it must be admitted that the shops there are more attractive than those of other cities, and it is display, as a rule, that induces visitors to make purchases. In many of these shops, conspicuously set up in the windows, may be seen cigar cases, cigarette boxes, match safes, etc., of silver, artistically illuminated with pictures that are simply shocking; not only the nude, but the lascivious, the bawdy, the outrageously indecent, thus flagrantly flaunted so prominently that no passer-by can fail to see them.



BOOK-STALLS ALONG THE QUAY.

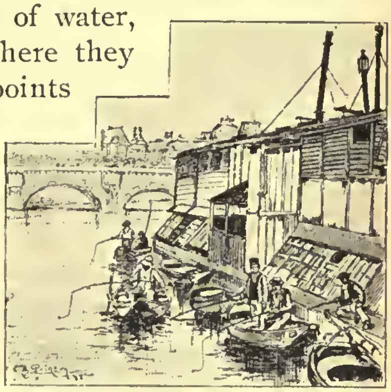
Glimpses along the Seine.

The Seine is to Paris what the Tiber is to Rome, the Thames to London, the Lagoon to Venice. Separating the city in half, it is the great artery of her commerce, the prominent highway of her travel, and a pleasant resort as popular as the Bois de Boulogne. All the houses that line the shores are set far back from the stream so as to face a broad quay, along which rows of plane trees are planted which in summer time produce long lines of green, and afford refreshing as well as beautiful shades. The river is in all respects a water boulevard, corresponding in a way with the des Italiens, for it is as fashionable as a promenade, and as popular as a loitering place. Handsome and swift pleasure boats ply regularly between the eastern and western environs of the

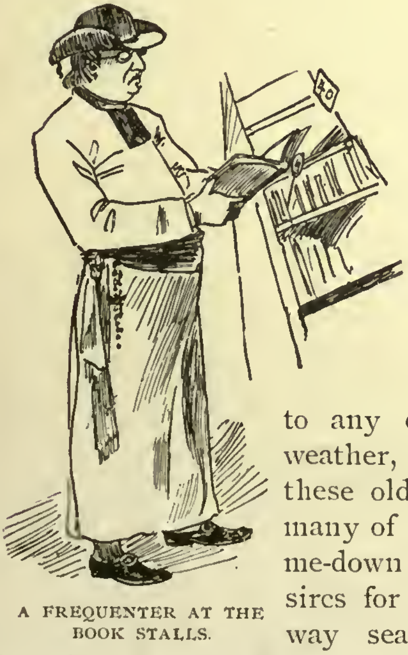


A SEINE BOAT.

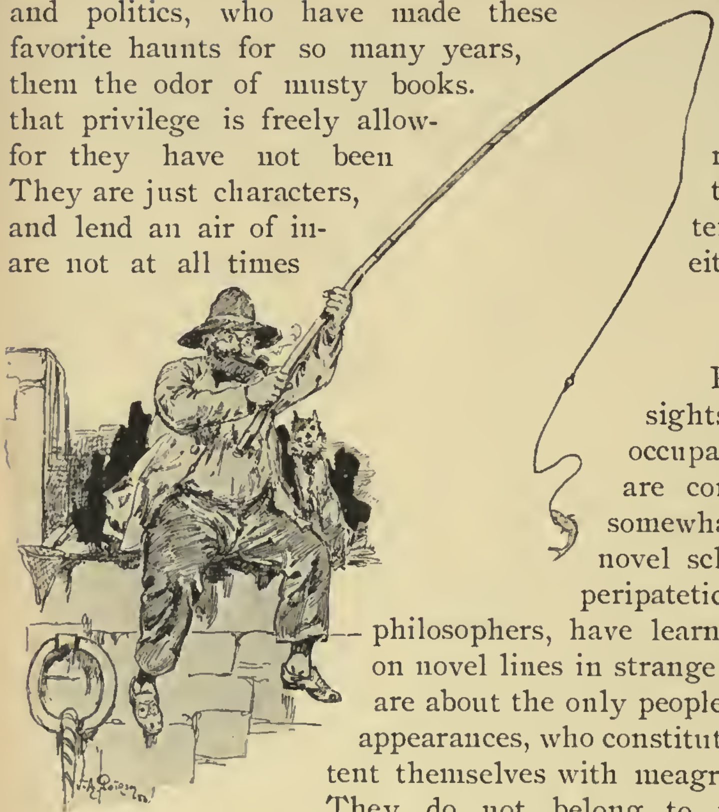
city, from Charenton to St. Cloud, a distance of ten miles, for which a charge of only five cents is made. These steamers are called *Bateaux-Omnibuses* (boat omnibuses) in which we find another correspondence with the travel on boulevards, and a trip on them, when they are not too much crowded, is one of the most delightful that can be made, for they traverse the most picturesque parts of Paris. Coasting vessels, drawing nine feet of water, come up the river as far as the Ile de la Cité, where they discharge their cargoes, which when consigned to points further west are transferred to smaller boats that run through canals built for the purpose so as to prevent congestion of river traffic.


RIVER BATH HOUSES.

The quays are at all times interesting sights, being both beautiful and busy, and are lined with many splendid buildings, that accommodate the largest institutions of Paris. Well-equipped and handsome floating bath-houses constitute a feature of the river, which are conducted by the municipal government for the benefit of the public, that all may freely lave themselves in the stream at an expense of five cents, which does not pay the cost of maintenance. Fishing is also a popular sport, and at times the shores present the interesting sight of an army of anglers, whose patience is usually not without reward, for the river is full of small fish that take the hook greedily.


A FREQUENTER AT THE BOOK STALLS.

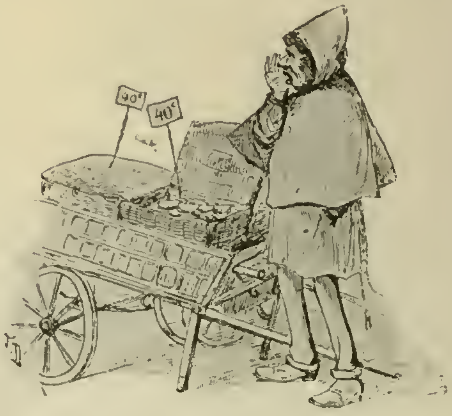
Extending along the south embankment for a distance of quite a mile is a succession of second-hand book stands, which constitute one of the unique features of Paris, for nothing like it can be seen in any other part of the world. This vast collection of old books comprises an assortment of literature that is as varied as it is extensive, the sale of which is conducted by hundreds of persons, for no single dealer occupies more than twelve feet of space, and some of them much less. The books are kept in cases which may be locked, but as there is no overhead covering to any of them the dealers close their shops in rainy weather, and abandon them in winter. Strange characters, these old book men, and scarcely less curious are a great many of their patrons, not a few of whom are of the hand-me-down class, who not having the means to gratify their desires for fine publications spend their time in an agreeable way searching for rare books, and trying to absorb the learning that the public has refused to appreciate. A large number of these are men of more or less ability in the professions of poetry, philosophy, economics, and politics, who have made these weather-exposed stands their favorite haunts for so many years, that they carry about with them the odor of musty books. They are always readers, for that privilege is freely allowed, but they are seldom buyers, for they have not been reapers in profitable fields. They are just characters, that help to diversify city life, and lend an air of interest to the affairs of men, which are not at all times either gainful or serious.



A HAPPY FISHERMAN OF THE SEINE.

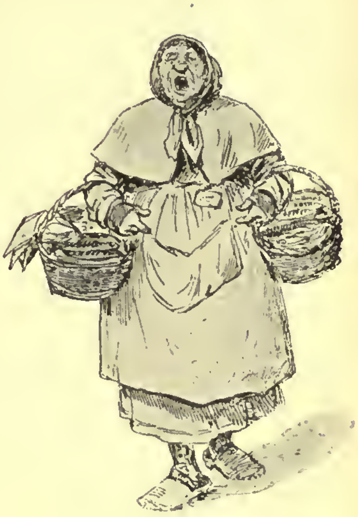
Peoples of the Street.

Paris is not unique in affording sights of persons engaged in street occupations of great variety, for these are common to all cities, but she is somewhat distinguished for the often novel schemes and engagements of the peripatetics, who, while not Aristotelian philosophers, have learned the art of making a living on novel lines in strange ways. These street merchants are about the only people in Paris who care nothing for appearances, who constitute the weary plodders that content themselves with meagre returns from laborious effort. They do not belong to the Boulevardiers, but are a class unto themselves, who find congeniality in the by-streets, where poverty is brotherhood, and hardship a natural condition. Among the characters who pursue their strange callings in the small streets we see the onion hawker, who trundles a little cart before him and pauses before every door to cry, "oignon," and wait for an answer. The vegetable man also has a hand cart, so as to move his store from place to place upon occasion, but he generally takes up a location in the morning where he remains until the close of market hours, nor does he make any loud proclamations. The oyster vender, like the fish woman, generally sets up a movable stand in the neighborhood of one of the large market buildings, where he remains during the forenoons of winter as imperturbable as a sphinx, never soliciting customers except by a sign affixed to a stick, with the simple word "huitre" thereon, while the *marchande de poisson* (fish women) is his imitator in that she, too, depends upon a sign of *frois poisson* (fresh fish), instead of shouting



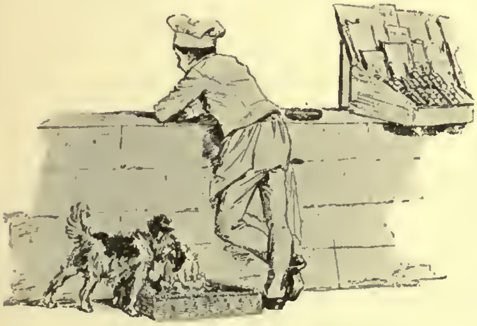
THE OYSTER PEDDLER.

to the public. The bread carrier is most frequently a young girl, who, armed with her long rolls, that look like brown clubs, hurries through the streets and mounts with nimble steps the winding stairs of the seven and eight storied buildings, whose occupants she daily supplies.

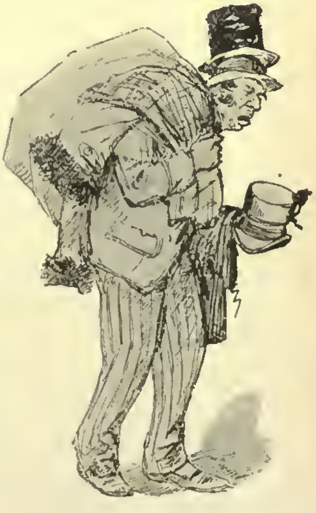

THE FISH WOMAN.

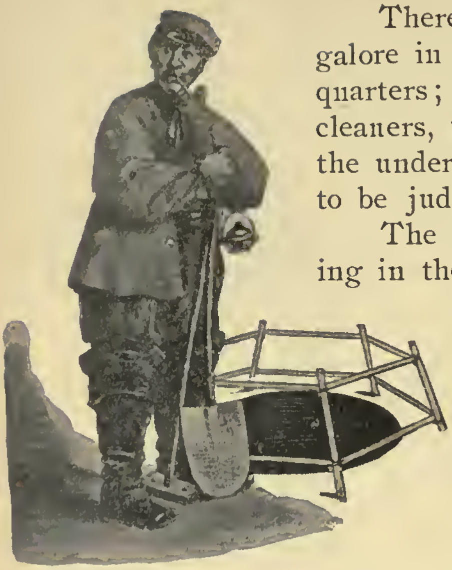
Milk dealers use carts drawn by donkeys to deliver to their customers, but there is one relic of the olden times of Paris who keeps a flock of she goats which he drives from door to door, as is done in Spain, and milks his charges in the presence of his patrons.

The chair mender is a brother in his ways to the old clothes man, in that both use donkey carts and cry in loud but mellifluent voice their proposal to serve the public at small profit to themselves, or purchase any cast-off chair or garment at the highest price. There is one of the latter who has a route from the Madeleine down to the Rue Royal and west on the Rue St. Honore, who is a genius in his own peculiar way which has made him a famous figure in Paris. He drives a very small donkey in a very small cart, and being somewhat large in size he dresses himself in the most ludicrous costume, and wears half a dozen hats, one set upon the other, by which he manages to draw wide attention to his calling and to make of himself a *noveau* (new) celebrity, who is much talked about.


AN IDLING SERVANT.

Cab drivers are distinguished for their alertness, their pertinacity, their readiness to fight, and for the high slick hats they wear. There are three companies in Paris that own all the hacks and omnibuses, and to prevent confusion one company dresses its drivers in a costume consisting of a black coat, red vest, and a high white hat; another has adopted a blue coat, black vest, and high black hat, while the third requires its drivers to wear a high black hat of cloth, black coat, and yellowish brown pants. The fiacres and cabs are also distinguishable at night by white, red, and green carriage lamps. Cabmen pay the company for the use of two horses and vehicle the sum of fifteen to twenty francs ($3 to $4) per day, according to the season, their profits being all they can earn above that amount, which is sometimes considerable.

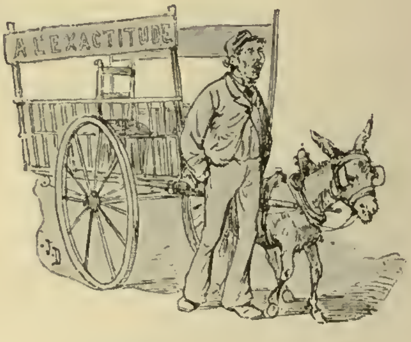

THE OLD HATS MAN.



THE SEWER CLEANER.

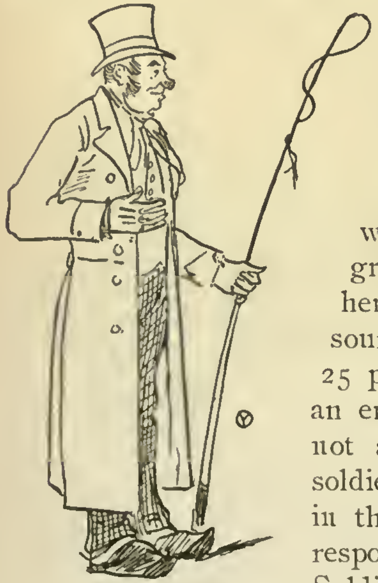
There are tinware-to-mend criers and cheap plumbers galore in Paris, who are to be met with only in the poor quarters; and occasionally visitors catch a glimpse of sewer cleaners, who live largely among the rats that swarm in the underground channels, and whose thriftiness is not to be judged by the odor of their working clothes.

The little German band that we often hear discoursing in the streets of American cities for beer and pennies, has its counterpart in Paris, where street minstrelsy is common, but the players are natives. Indeed Germans, while not scarce in Paris, are too unpopular for them to engage in any public enterprise of the kind with a show of profitableness, and it is likely that should a German band strike up the air of "The Watch on the Rhine" on any of the streets of the French capital, that every member would need another suit of clothes even more than they would need new instruments, two minutes afterwards, in order to present a decent appearance.



OLD CHAIRS TO MEND.

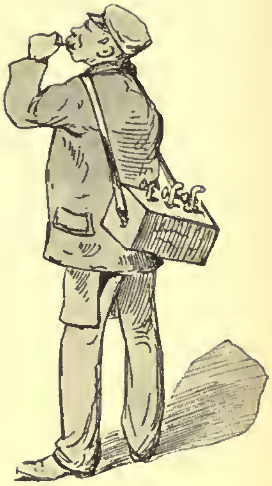
But there are French bands that roam the streets and render a noisy kind of music that pleases children, who play before cafés and in public squares—called places. Often entertainments are given in the streets, during evening hours, when these little bands serve as adjuncts to feats of tumbling, contortion, and such other clever acts as may be performed without the aid of trapeze, bar, or spring-board.

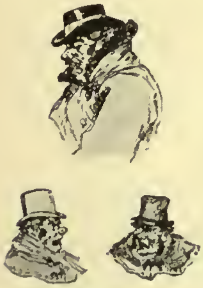


THE CAB MAN.

France maintains an immense standing army, which, according to the estimates of 1894, composed a grand total, of all officers and men, of 3,674,570, while her total peace establishment is 567,467, and her resources of able-bodied men is estimated, on the basis of 25 per cent of her population, at 9,550,000. With such an enormous number of men in the military service it is not a matter for surprise that there should be so many soldiers in Paris. Every branch of the army is represented in the city, which is ready at almost a moment's notice to respond to the call of either the municipality or the State. Soldiers in fatigue dress, and chasseurs in heavy regimentals.

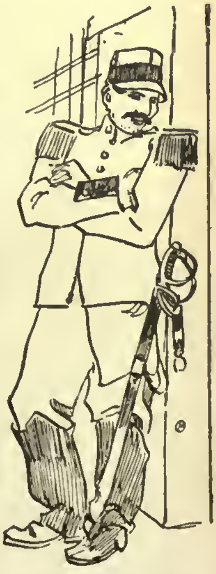
are familiar sights on the boulevards, and in all public places, and being in holiday service, they indulge with students in pranks and demonstrations, sometimes to the annoyance of the police. But a French policeman is not calculated to inspire much fear, because the force, of more than 5000 men, is composed of what appear to be boys barely old enough to grow a mustache, and just strong enough to battle with a shadow. They bear no fire-arms, but wear a short sword at the side, which might be useful to chop cats, but would be defenceless against a club. Gendarmes are dragoons that police the highways, and these are armed with guns. They are usually more able bodied, too, than the city police, and are very efficient conservators of the peace in the suburbs.

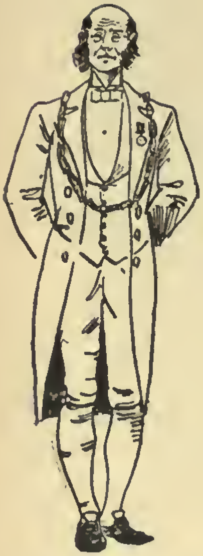

THE PLUMBER.


TYPES OF PARIS CABMEN.

But there are two other characters which I must mention, because they are positively novel. In all European cities it is the custom for every building, whether it is a residence or store, to be looked after by a porter, whose duty it is to see that the doors are opened in the morning and closed at night, and who also has general charge of affairs, for he has an office on the ground floor and must respond to every call of the bell, if it be a private residence, and conduct visitors to the person or quarters sought. In Paris, however, this supervisory and guardianship duty is most frequently placed upon a female *concierge* (porter), who watches with jealous eye everything that transpires about the building. These are generally employed in tenement houses, and live in one or two rooms on the ground floor where they may conveniently and quickly respond to any call. Such buildings are often eight and nine stories high and very few of them are supplied with elevators, so that the concierge is a blessing to callers, even if she is not to tenants, for she is advised whenever any of the occupants go out or return. But she is sometimes officious, and fees are often necessary to secure her good will or discreetness, so that she is as thoroughly disliked as a hangman.

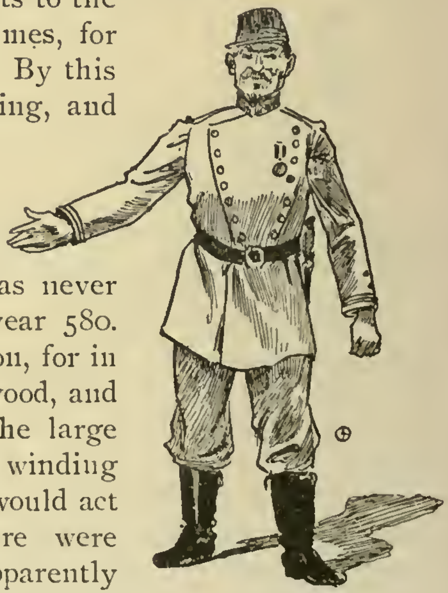
The other charming characters worthy of historic remembrance are two old birds employed at the Grand Hotel, who relieve each other in taking charge of the *Salle des lectures* (reading room). Neither of them speak English though for nearly fifteen years they have occupied a place that brought them into the service of English guests, nor are they any longer active enough to be energetic. Age and inactivity have given them the appearance of hospital invalids, but they still serve the purpose


THE CHASSIEUR.



THE READING ROOM PORTER AT THE GRAND HOTEL.

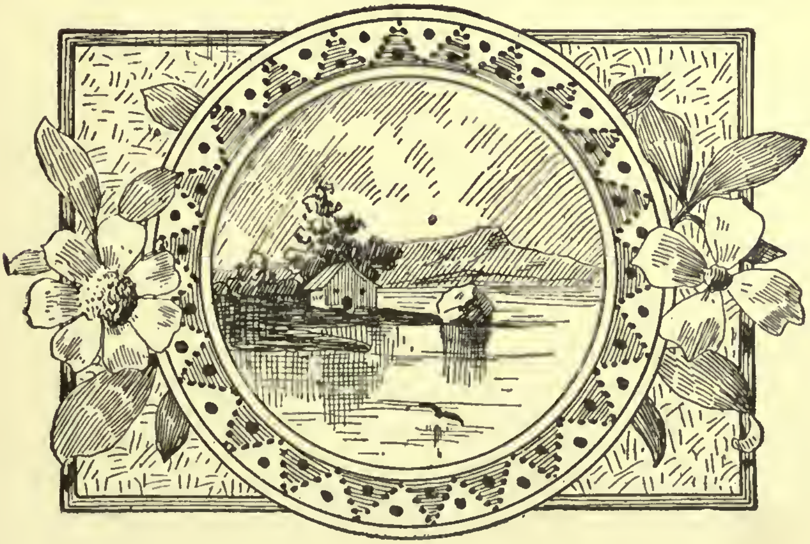
of making an odd show, and thus advertise the hotel; besides, they are clever old chaps, which counts for much in Paris. Their costumes are suggestive of the first empire, knee-breeches, silver shoe-buckles, court-style coat, full breasted vest, and, to give an air of servility to their appearance of royal entourage, they wear chains suspended around the neck and falling to the waist. There is scarcely a new guest at the Grand who does not ask, when first observing these bedizened porters, "Why are these poor dights made to wear chains; are they trustees, or are they doing penance?" And no one is able to answer. I put this question to the manager, and he could tell me nothing more satisfying than the French sign language expressed by lifting his shoulders and spreading his arms, which may mean, "it has always been so," or "God only knows." But I suspect that it is the French desire for uniqueness that prompts to the adoption of such barbaric costumes, for there is popularity in a riddle. By this means visitors are kept guessing, and this fact makes a sight of porters hung in chains excellent advertisements.



THE POLICEMAN.

THE POTATO PEDDLER

One of the most remarkable things about Paris is the fact that, with the exception of those conflagrations started by Communists, the city has never been visited by any great fires since about the year 580. This immunity is not due to fireproof construction, for in the so-called poor quarters the buildings are of wood, and while stone enters largely into the material of the large and fine houses a great majority of them have winding stairways of wood that are veritable shafts, and would act like flues in case fire were started. There is apparently nothing to prevent destruction by flames in Paris unless it be extraordinary precaution, and this cannot be too carefully exercised, because the chances of fire are greatly increased by the custom of families living in flats, so that nearly every room in the tenement district contains a stove. But Paris maintains a splendid fire department, in which the members are trained to the point of perfection, or so far as that degree can be attained. The system, too, is different from that adopted in American cities, and to an extent is better, because confusion of crowds is avoided. Alarms are not given by heavy bells announcing, as they do in our country, the call-box and ward where the fire is discovered, but is made by signal to the engine-house only. In a moment after the little bell taps, the engine is at full speed, but no one save the driver knows the point of destination, which is a wise plan to prevent the gathering of crowds that interfere so much with the work of extinguishment. Like in America, however, the Paris system includes a hook-and-ladder, a pompier, and a salvage corps at each station, which are all under the direction of a chief, whose orders, however, are usually received by assistant chiefs, instead of being given to the men in person, as in the United States. But whatever the cause, Paris seems to be almost exempt from accidental fires.



CHAPTER XIX.

FESTIVALS AND FAIRS OF PARIS.

MANY and remarkable are the festival shows and entertainments peculiar to Parisians, their fondness for these equaling that of the Germans for music, and the English for sports. It is their life, the thing that constitutes their one great desire, the one form of pleasure that fulfills their longings. Accordingly, Paris has more theatres and public places of Amusement than any other city, even in proportion to population, and the number is always increasing regardless of business or social conditions. But the Parisian finds little to divert him in regular lines of entertainment. He goes to the circus only when some new feat is to be performed, and to the theatre when there is a play that introduces some specially novel, or some strikingly tragic climax. He loves to be surprised, to be excited, to be shocked. Saturnalia is much to his liking, and it therefore abounds in Paris, because the French are nervous and require highly seasoned mental nourishment, a hasheesh that produces an ecstasy moving to revelry and rant. Many kinds of amusement I have already described, such as may be seen nowhere outside of France, but I have reserved for the closing chapter on Paris an account of some of the exceedingly popular celebrations which are peculiar to that city, and which partake of the nature of national demonstrations.

Whatever else may be said of the French, their courage and patriotism cannot be questioned. They sometimes show an unsteadiness of spirit and are unquestionably often precipitate to their injury, but they are brave, independent, and count no sacrifice as being too great when the question of either individual or national dishonor is involved. No other country of modern times has gone through such fierce furnaces of trials and bloody arbitrament, but even revolution has not dissevered, and overwhelming odds has not destroyed, the affections and the devotions of Frenchmen for their country, for every assault has been repelled either by arms, or by the no less effective agency of diplomacy, and from temporary defeat the people have time and again risen, like a Phœnix bird, into a higher condition of patriotic confederation, and thus compelled the admiration of the world.

In the United States we celebrate the Fourth of July as Independence Day, by filling the air with explosions and with noisy demonstrations from orators and guns. This serves to keep in remembrance the story of our forefathers, their sacrifices, and the wisdom of their building a form of government that has survived and prospered until it has become an examplar for all nations of the earth. In the contest which gained for us so much France was a powerful instrument, an ally which, though then a monarchy, stretched forth the hand of assistance, like a brother; that came to us with money, arms, men, ships, and commanders; that brought good cheer, encouragement and all the helpful agencies that a great nation could tender; and through whose aid, let us acknowledge, our independence was achieved. And it must be remarked, that there is much correspondence between the history of France and the United States, particularly in events that led up to the revolutions in the two countries, which resulted in the establishment of republican forms of government. France observes the fourteenth of July, for on that day took place an event—capture of the Bastille—that was as important, as a preliminary episode in the people's contest for liberty, as was the promulgation and adoption of the Declaration of Independence by the American Congress. It is therefore becoming in Americans to know what the Bastille really was, and why it provoked the citizens of Paris to an outbreak that precipitated the great French Revolution.

THE CIRCUS.

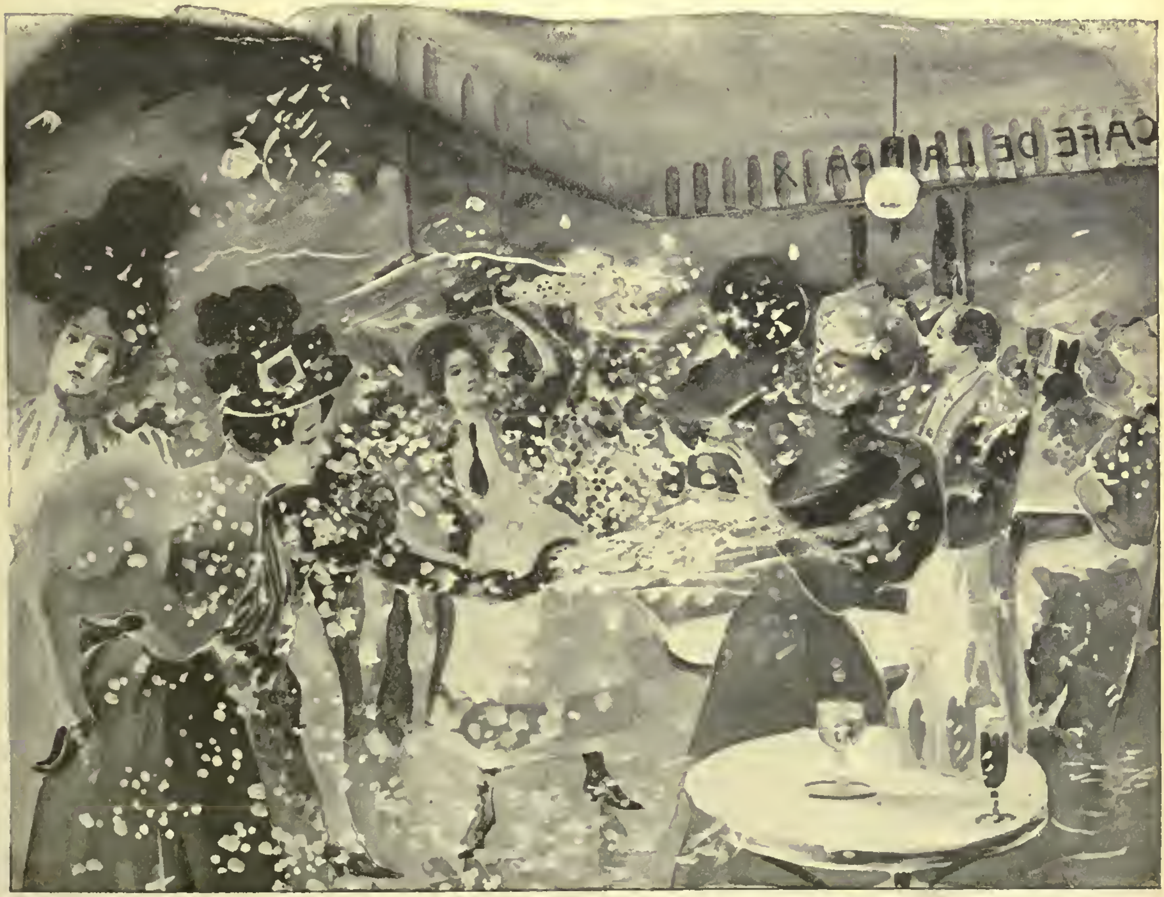
Story of the Bastille.

The Bastille was erected as a state prison by Charles V., about 1369, but which was enlarged during subsequent reigns, until it became not only the largest prison in Paris, but also one of the strongest fortresses in France. When completed it was buttressed with eight massive round towers having crenelated summits planted with cannons, while there was space on the roof for an army of five hundred men. To render approach most difficult, the building was surrounded by a broad moat twenty-five feet deep, which in turn was encircled by a heavy wall, upon which guards were kept stationed. The cells for the confinement of persons charged with state offences were situated in the towers, which were thirty feet thick at the base and twelve feet thick at the upper stories. The dungeons were placed at a depth of nineteen feet below the level of the court-yard, which brought them five feet below the moat, without any opening except a very small loop-hole, which was usually kept closed, so that the atmosphere was foul almost beyond description. The miserable prisoners who were confined here were tortured beyond the sufferings that resulted from profound darkness and stifling air, by being ill fed and denied communication with any one on the outside. This latter fault was rather with the merciless and avaricious governor than with the government, which made ample allowance for the keep of prisoners, though no attention was paid to having the sums appropriated for the purpose applied to providing the prisoners with the necessaries of life. There was a regular tariff of expenses for provisions according to the rank of prisoners, by which a prince of the blood was allowed ten dollars per day, an advocate sixty cents, and those of the inferior classes were granted four cents per diem, but it was shown that the governor did not expend on subsistence an average of more than four cents per diem on each prisoner, so it has been truthfully said since, as declared at the time, that the inhuman treatment of prisoners in the Bastille has few parallels in the history of penal cruelty. But to make the offence greater, because it involves the government of Louis XVI., as the creator of these horrible iniquities, the prisoners were not under public accusation, nor were they allowed the right of trials, but were arrested on *lettres de cachet* (warrants of imprisonment without accusation or trial), and their fates depended entirely upon the caprice of the sovereign, who made no reports of his acts.

The dreadful abuses of the Bastille were suffered to continue for a long while, though some of the most noble men of France were confined there, such as Marshal Charles de Gontaut, who died in the jail while under suspicion as plotting treason against Henry IV., Marshal Richelieu, Voltaire, Latude, and that mysterious victim of Louis XIV., known to history as "The Man in the Iron Mask." In 1418 the populace, unable longer to endure the cruelties that were thus inflicted upon unfortunates confined there, and excited to action by a Burgundian named Adam, broke into the Bastille, and other jails, and massacred the princes of the house of Armagnac, whose chief, Bernard VII., was constable of France and a tyrant of everlasting infamy. After the death of Louis XIV., the Bastille was no longer used for the exclusive confinement of suspected princes, pretenders to the throne, and subjects inimical to the State, but became a common jail in which persons of all ranks were isolated without warrant of law and subjected to the same inhuman treatment that had made the name of the Bastille so hated by every honest man in France. The administration, however, was so secret that specific acts of cruelty were difficult to ascertain until the imprisonment of Blaizot, the king's librarian, by the king's order, served to bring to light the whole system of iniquity. I have already told you, how on the fourteenth day of July, 1789, the aroused people, led by Lafayette, made an attack upon the Bastille, which at the time was defended by the governor, De Launay, with a guard of eighty-two invalids, and thirty-two Swiss soldiers, who capitulated but were massacred. The building was ransacked after its capture, and seven persons found in its cells and dungeons were released. Of these unfortunates it was found that one, Count de Salage, had been confined there since childhood (eleven years of age), that another, Tavernier, who after a ten years' confinement at the Marguerite Island had passed thirty years in the Bastille. When liberated he was for a long while unable to endure the light of day, and his mind gave way directly after his release. When the registers were inspected, a tale was unfolded that fairly froze the blood of humanity, for it was a record of horror too terrible to be told. The people, mad before, became frenzied now, and on the day following its capture the Bastille was destroyed, its dungeons filled with the copings of its battlements, and the war of the Revolution swept over Paris like a tidal wave of blood.

How Paris Celebrates Independence Day.

All France is as demonstrative in the celebration of the Fourteenth of July as we are in our pyrotechnic observance of the Fourth, and they may be credited with making it a more distinctively national festival, for in Paris especially the Fourteenth is not only a legal holiday but it is made the occasion for a most imposing military display, in which many thousands of horse and foot soldiers participate. I was fortunate enough to be in Paris and witness the army manœuvers that took place in the Longchamps, in 1882, on National Day. Moreover it was my good fortune also to ride out to the Champs Elysées and Bois in the first carriage following behind President Grevy, who was preceded by a company of dragoons. This gave me opportunity to observe the manifestations made by the vast crowds that lined the way, which were certainly loud and patriotic enough to satisfy any ruler, and which Grevy very graciously acknowledged by baring his head and bowing incessantly all the way. When we reached the Longchamps there were already assembled not less than 100,000 persons, which number was considerably swelled thereafter by fresh arrivals, and by 25,000 soldiers in new



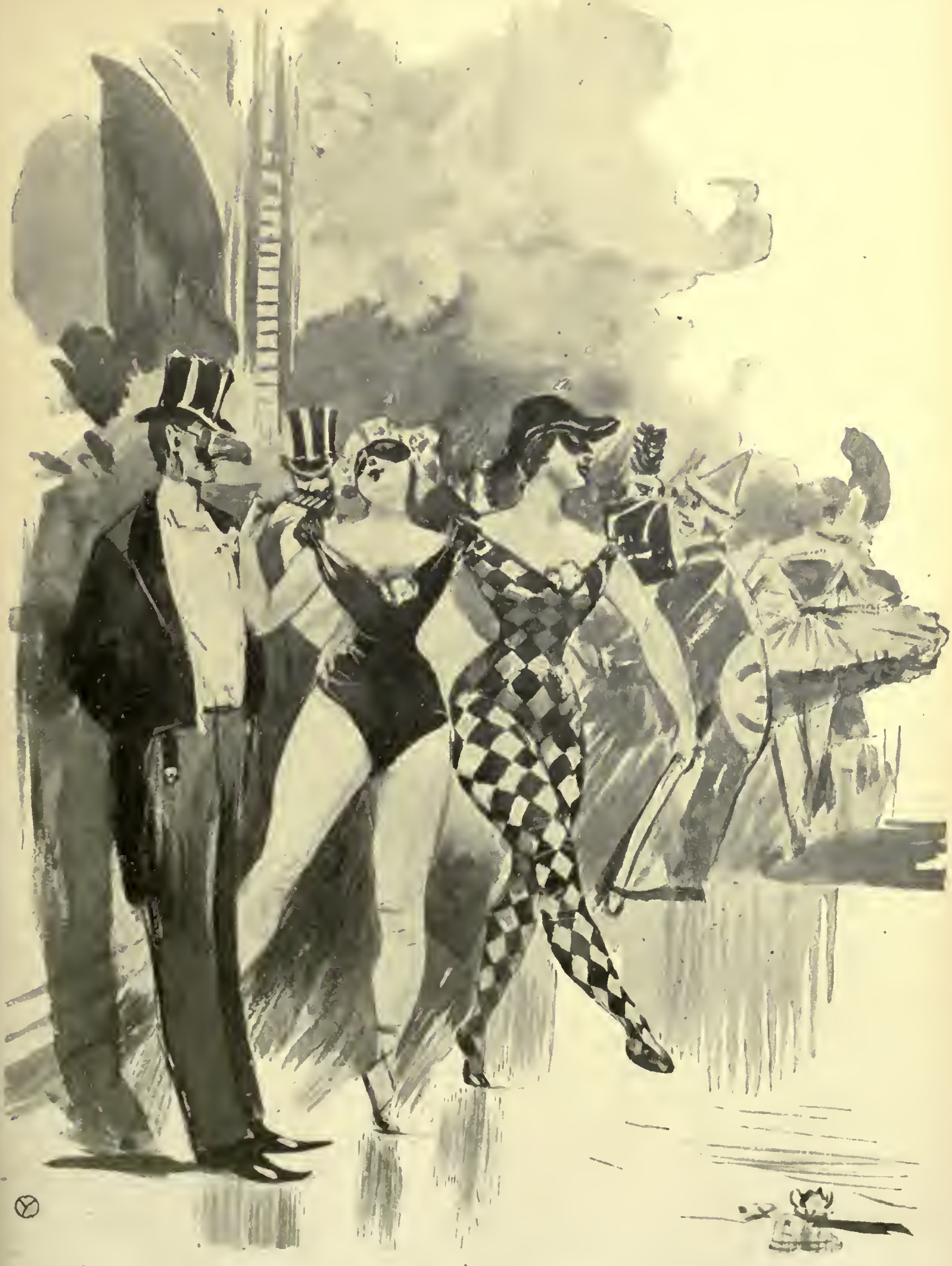
CONFETTI FIGHT, AND ILLUMINATION OF PARIS.

and brilliant uniforms, representing every arm of the service. After inspection by the President, this army of foot and horse executed a series of manœuvres, during which the crowds of spectators cheered with lustiness of voice, and waved approval with bannerets of handkerchiefs and flaming parasols, which lent color and animation to make the scene one of the most brilliant spectacles I ever witnessed.

The celebration in the Longchamps was hearty and magnificent, but it did not terminate the observance, nor was it so gorgeous and enthusiastic as the scenes and demonstrations that distinguished the night, for in everything it would appear Paris excels after dark. During the day the city was richly bedizened with bunting, that tossed in the winds in kaleidoscopic entanglement, or wrapped with rainbow splendors long lines of buildings on the boulevards; but when night threw a mantle over all the house decorations, there sprang out as if by magic a superb illumination that fairly shamed the magnificence of the day adornments. The Opera House was the golden star from which streamed a glorious tribute to the occasion, while up and down, as far as the eye could reach, along the avenues that lead thereto, there were lanes of fire from cornice to sidewalk, and loops of flames spanning the streets, until Paris seemed to be in conflagration.

But more magnificent than the streets were the decorations of the Tuileries, Place Concorde, the bridge, and Champs Elysées, which to the visitor did indeed look like Elysian fields, as we may picture them on a night of rejoicing. In the Tuileries there were myriads of Chinese lanterns, fantastically grouped to present a pleasing variety, and the fountains were like fiery bouquets. For miles the Seine was a shimmer of lights along its shores, while in midstream were barges gorgeously festooned with lanterns of every hue. The bridge was an intersecting pathway of beauty, from which swung ten thousand glasses filled with oil, and supplied with tapers, that cast a wondrous reflection upon the stirred waters running beneath, dancing and dazzling like quicksteps of joy.

The Champs Elysées, for one mile, leading to the Arch of Triumph, was an avenue gilded and glorified with every conceivable character of illumination. From one lamp-post to another, all the way, swung pipes supporting gas globes, white, green, blue, and red, that danced in the night breeze like so many fire balls, while the parks on either side were similarly adorned with a great multitude of brilliant jets, imparting to the scene one of fairy splendor, terminating in a blazing wall of grandeur at the colossal arch. But the sublime centre of all this wonderful exhibition was the Place de la Concorde, the spot most famous in the French Revolution, redeemed from its ghastly remembrances by the arts of man and the decrees of kings as a place of peace, and the most beautiful in all the world. Midway east and west between the Tuileries and the Champs Elysées, and fronting north and south the Ministry of Marine and the Chamber of Deputies, it is the grandest, as it is the most historic, spot in Europe. Two great fountains, as already described, embellish the place, which is further and more eloquently adorned by eight immense statues that typify as many large cities of France. All of these were made to contribute their grandeur and greatness to the



20 BAL D'OPERA.

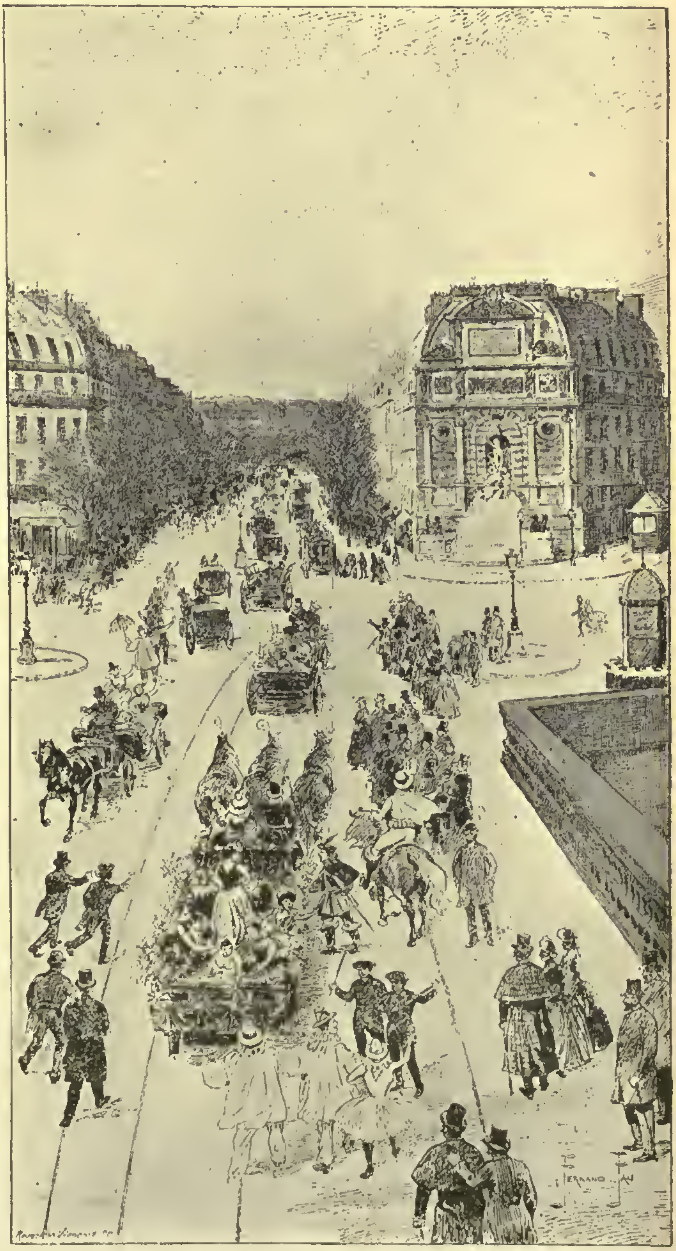
national celebration, and in a most effective way, for they were converted into objects of special attraction by the cunning arts of pyrotechny until wonderment gave place to marveling. The waters of the fountains were ingeniously colored by reflectors from beneath, which gave to each separate stream a different hue, and the basins were made to resemble beds of flowers. The statues were scarcely less interesting in gorgeous liveries of light, which formed crowns for their heads and flaming raiment for their bodies, seated in chairs of fire swimming in a flood of light.

And all Paris was astir to participate in the fête, for night gave license to wilder demonstrations than the day had seen. The Champs Elysées was thronged to its very limit, seats were hired by the hour at a round sum, and carriages could be employed by only the rich. Beggars are permitted to show themselves on the Fourteenth of July, and they are legion on this day, making up in numbers at that time for the restrictions that exclude them the rest of the year, and it is no exaggeration to say that there were ten thousand in and near the Champs Elysées on the occasion of the celebration to which I refer. But every one was in such a happy humor, especially toward the later hours, that the beggars found a rich harvest, for the French are never so generous as when they carry wine in quantity to make their clothes fit snugly.

I have seen the celebration at Longchamps three times since, but never so beautiful have the manoeuvres appeared to me as my first view of them, and I must believe that the enthusiasm of the people over the observance of their Independence Day is abating, as it certainly is in America.

The Opera Ball.

Opera in Paris has for a very long while been conducted under government patronage, during which time some strange customs have obtained which reflect no little upon the moral integrity of the courts. Louis XV. and the Regent had ways of their own, from which sermons might be preached by holding the royal twain up as horrible examples. They had a fondness for opera, but their greater passion was for female stars, whose voices, however, were not the chief attraction. In other words, Louis and his representative chose their mistresses chiefly from this class, and otherwise manifested such a liking for the stage and stage people that Chevalier de Bouillon, in 1715, conceived the idea of pleasing the king by inaugurating a mask ball in the Opera House, to which only such persons of the nobility as were pleasing to the royal debauchees might be invited, though the number was not few. The chevalier contrived a means for elevating the parquet to the level of the stage, when occasion required, so as to convert both stage and auditorium into one vast ball-room, with which the king was so delighted that he rewarded de Bouillon with a life pension of 6000 louis (or $24,000). The scenes which distinguished these royal balls may be better inferred than described, since they have not, so far as I know, been given to the press by any participant. But history relates that guests appeared so well disguised that no one was restrained by fear of a discovery of their identity, and that the excesses were as bad as those which characterized Belshazzar's feast, as Doré has pictured them. These exclusive balls continued to be a feature of Paris life for more than a century, being given every Sunday evening from St. Martin's Day until Advent, and from the King's Day (Epiphany, January 6), to the end of Lent. But under Louis Philippe their popularity waned, because of charges of indecencies, and the number of balls given each year was reduced to four, in December, January, and February, two being given the latter month, the last being in the middle of Lent, and called the Micareme. These balls are different from those that characterized the rule of Louis XV. and several of his successors, though they are still conducted with a license that gives them much fame of a kind peculiar to Paris. They all take place in the Grand Opera House after a regular performance, as a rule, and hence they are really early morning affairs, at which participants on the floor are required to appear in masks, probably to prevent surprise by Aurora. They are so far from being exclusive that every one can attend who buys a ticket, and some of the masked persons on the floor are paid to lead the dancing with wild flourish of limbs, as at the Moulin Rouge. It is therefore more a spectacle than a ball, a riot rather than a party, and its success is due to the patronage of those who buy tickets merely to be spectators from the boxes. A French ball is properly a carnival; we have them in America that sometimes



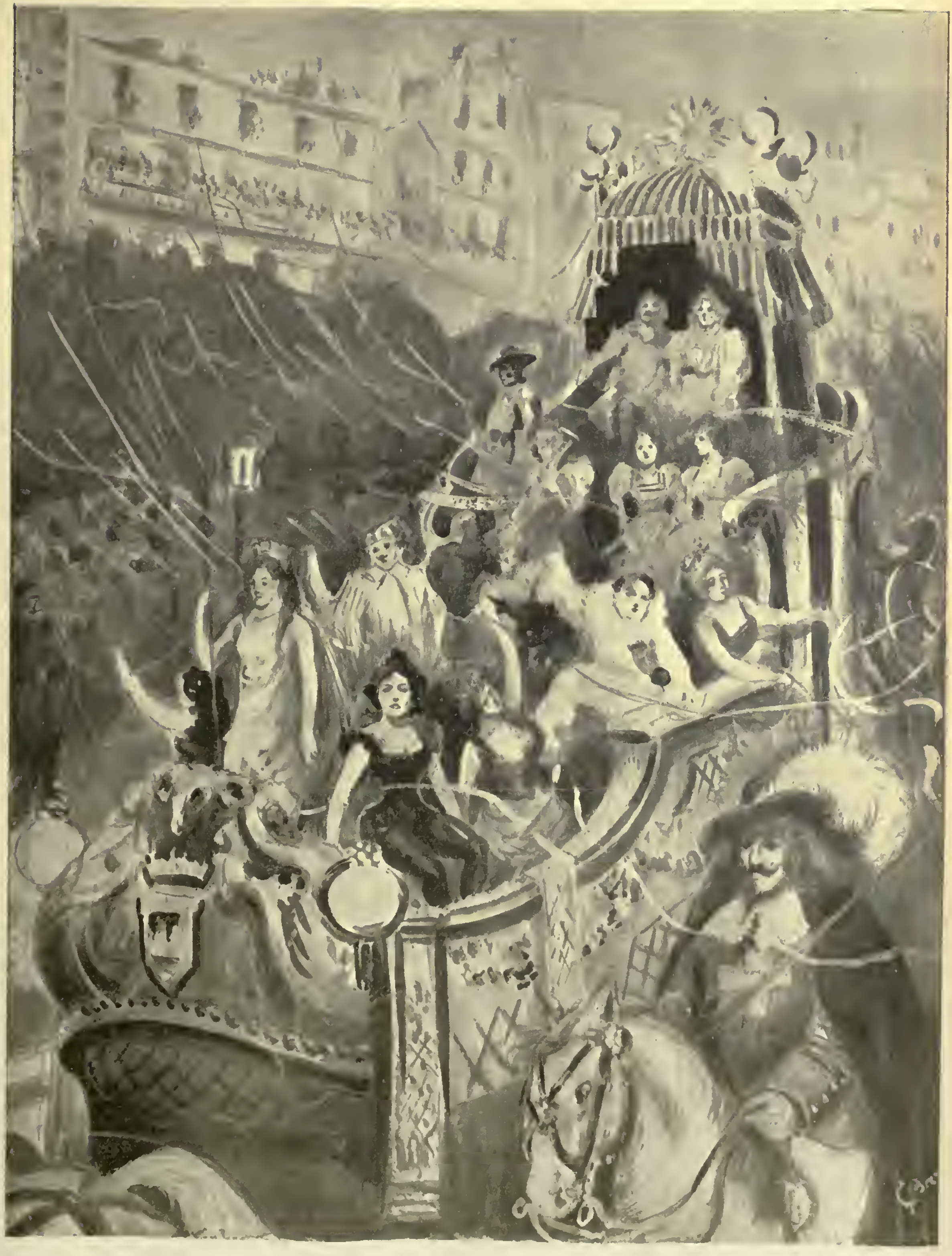
PROCESSION OF THE MICAREME.

shock New York, but like all counterfeit articles these do not have about them the astonishing abandon that charactizes the original, where participants vie with each other in making exhibitions of themselves, in which dancing is somewhat of an orgy and conversation is free because conducted behind masks.

Washerwoman's Celebration.

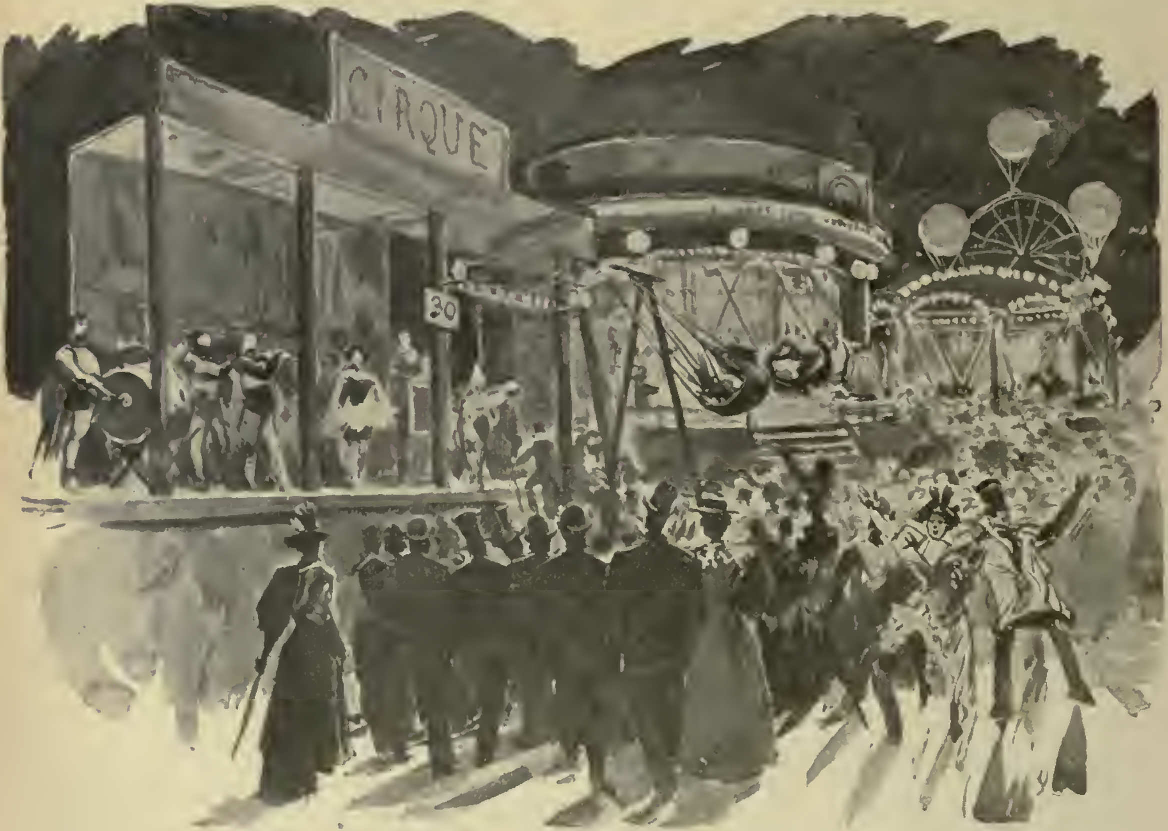
One of the most unique observances in Paris, transcending in novelty any other form of Mardi-Gras festival, is the Micareme, or mid-Lenten celebration of what has come to be known as Washerwoman's Day. The origin of this remarkable fête day is impossible to fully establish, but its development may easily be followed, for the occasion has long been an historic one. A century ago trade guilds were not only common, but they derived importance from the fact that each guild, of all the numerous trades, was presided over by a king so-called, who was elected annually by vote of all the members. The position was therefore president, instead of king, but a royal designation pleased the people best. There was, among hundreds of other kinds, a washerwoman's guild, to which every person engaged in the laundry business in Paris was affiliated, either by membership or interest, and thus the organization became one of the largest, even though it was not at once the most important in the city. A hundred years ago nearly all the *lavoirs* (washing establishments) were on boats in the Seine, where in fact many are still conducted, and so numerous did they become that washing grew to be a chief industry on the river. When the guild organization came to embrace all the laundry people of Paris, the members thought their trade confederation required a princely head, and in imitation of the action of other guilds they resolved to invest one of their number with the royal insignia, to have and to hold the same as the sovereign of the washerwomen's order for a year and a day. But it would be a discredit to the sex that composed the largest part of the membership to call to the throne a fresh creation from the ranks of men, so with commendable and loyal zeal they elevated one of the fairest of their sisterhood to the rank of queen with much ceremony and many promises to obey. This custom of annually electing a queen from the washerwomen of good standing is still faithfully observed and has grown to such importance that the election, which occurs in the middle of Lent, is one of the great annual events of Paris. There is a rivalry for the honor which convulses the municipality almost as much as does a presidential campaign in the United States affect our business interests. Everybody, the rich as well as the poor, takes an active part, for the enthusiasm is infectious until all Paris is in a state of campaign vehemence. The choice of queen is usually made from the lists of handsome girls connected with the laundry business, but sometimes cleverness wins against mere beauty; and it is pleasing to note how quickly bitterness abates in a prompt acceptance of the declared preferences of the majority.

Following the establishment of a guild by washerwomen and an election of one of their number as queen, who was installed in her royal office only after



ROYAL ENTOURAGE OF THE WASHERWOMAN QUEEN.

elaborate initiation, came the institution of a washerwoman's ball, which had its origin in a custom which had prevailed long before, of young men from the provinces giving a party on *Mardi-gras* (beginning of Lent), to the young ladies of their respective vicinages, who, to return the courtesy, gave a similar ball to the young men on the third Thursday of Lent—*Micareme* (middle of Lent)—from which came to be given annually not only a ball by washerwomen on this date, but the day was presently celebrated by the guild in a manner that very soon brought half of Paris to join in the festival. These balls were at first given *en masque* on board the *lavoirs* in the Seine, but they are now important enough to take place in the largest theatres and fashionable halls, and to be attended by many of the society people of Paris.



A SCENE AT THE GINGERBREAD FAIR.

The day celebration far excels in interest the ball festival at night, for it ranks next in importance to the Fourteenth of July as a municipal holiday. The city is gorgeously bedecked in honor of the day, the fronts of all houses in the principal streets being lavishly adorned with ribbons and streamers of calico of brightest color, with temporary arches at prominent street intersections hung with very proper mottoes. Every laundry establishment in the city provides an elaborate float, trimmed with a rich variegation of red, blue, white, and yellow, in ribbons, flags and flowers; and firms in other lines, to get the benefit of the advertising, similarly array in splendid coloring wagons that bear the names of business houses, which assemble at a designated place to form a procession that not infrequently extends for a length of two miles. This picturesque cavalcade of floats, band-wagons, business carts, and carriages, liveried footmen, and panoplied riders, are preceded by a sumptuous and marvelously elaborate equipage, or royal conveyance, in which the newly chosen queen is seen with all the splendors of gold lace, downy cushions, superbly caparisoned horses, postilions, outriders, and the royal accessories which attend a queen when moving in state among her subjects. This large and showy procession moves at measured pace, befitting great dignity, through the principal streets, which gleam and flutter with ribbons flung from upper windows, while the crowds along the way shower upon the processionists and upon each other handfuls of colored paper-balls called *confetti*, until the streets are a litter of brilliant hues, and everybody is agitated with gleefulness, from infant to patriarch.

The Gingerbread or Ham Fair.

Another very remarkable festival occasion peculiar to Paris is known as the Gingerbread Fair, a name bestowed because of the confectionery and trifles sold to the crowds that attend, and which is also called Ham Fair, for reasons soon to be explained. Under Henry II. and IV., the clergy of Paris obtained the largest privileges, among which was permission to collect certain revenues that properly belong to the State, but which at the time were applied to the support of the Church. The origin of the Ham Fair may therefore be found in the fact that all duties that were formerly paid upon the importation of pork into the city constituted a clerical benefice, to increase which the Episcopacy of the Parish of Notre Dame instituted the Ham Fair, which, until 1684, was held on Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday of Holy Week, in the Place of Parvis Notre Dame. Its origin may also be ascribed to the celebration which precedes the opening of Lent, when a forty days' prohibition against the use of pork is in force. The people seem suddenly to have a great desire to indulge their appetites for this favorite meat, and that every one may have opportunity to feast heartily before entering upon so long a period of self-denial, a Ham Fair is held, which has in the past forty years been transferred to the Boulevard Richard Lenoir, where it occupies a space of one mile on both sides of the avenue. It does not open until three days before the beginning of Lent, but continues for three weeks thereafter as a Gingerbread Fair. Farmers and dealers from around Paris bring pork supplies of every kind to the fair, and that an enormous trade is done in the product is proved by the fact that the average sales for the three days are said to be 300,000 kilos (807,700 pounds), or enough pork to build a monument as large and tall as that of the Column of July.

The fair is distinguished besides by its remarkable sales of pork, for the promiscuous gathering which it attracts, of mountebanks, beggars, monstrosities, purveyors of every kind, and peddlers of novelties without end, so that in fact it is a fair, and in some respects a festival, for there is dancing under temporary pavilions erected in many parts of the city. The attendance as I saw it could hardly have been less than 25,000 persons, many of whom, I observed, were in holiday dress, patronizing swings, carrousels, wheels of fortune, or buying hot sausages, ginger cakes, confectionery, meat pies, toys, flowers, and the thousand novelties that were on sale at numerous booths along the boulevard. A similar fair is held annually at Nuilly, but the sales and attendance are not nearly so great as are those at the one held along the Boulevards Lenoir and Clichy, which affords one of the most amusing and extraordinary spectacles to be seen anywhere in the world, a show that is essentially Parisian because it is so unique.

THE STORY OF LONDON.

CHAPTER I.

ITS HISTORY, SIZE, AND SOCIAL CONDITIONS.

MORE books have been written about London than have had for their subject any other city of the world. For ages it has been a riddle as great as that of the Sphinx, since all the delvers in antiquity have failed to discover its origin. Even the approximate date of its founding, or by what race, is a secret which may not be explored, for no hieroglyphics, or picture writing, or arrow symbols, or cufic tablatures have been left by the builders to tell, or to intimate, the story of its settlement. When Julius Cæsar landed on the Isle of Breton he found a fierce people in possession, with London their capital, and a valorous queen (Boadicea) rallying her brave subjects to resist his invasion. Troy rose and fell in the twilight of history; Babylon was the pride of the world, and went to its destruction two thousand years before the time of Christ; Thebes and Luxor were glorious cities when civilization was in infancy, and died of senility, and yet the musty covers of age have been raised that shrouded them from view for centuries, and in their coffined relics we read the stories of their founding, their importance, and their passing away. But London, the antique and the modern, the mystery of the past, and the wonder of the present, defies the researches of archæologists, and remains a Sibylline book which no priest has been able to read, an oracle that no prophet has interpreted.

From everlasting she has not existed, but from time immemorial, behind the curtain of history, she has survived, as a reminder that all that we see has not been fully written, and all that we declare may not be fulfilled, even though the earth shall pass away, and with it shall perish all the works of man.

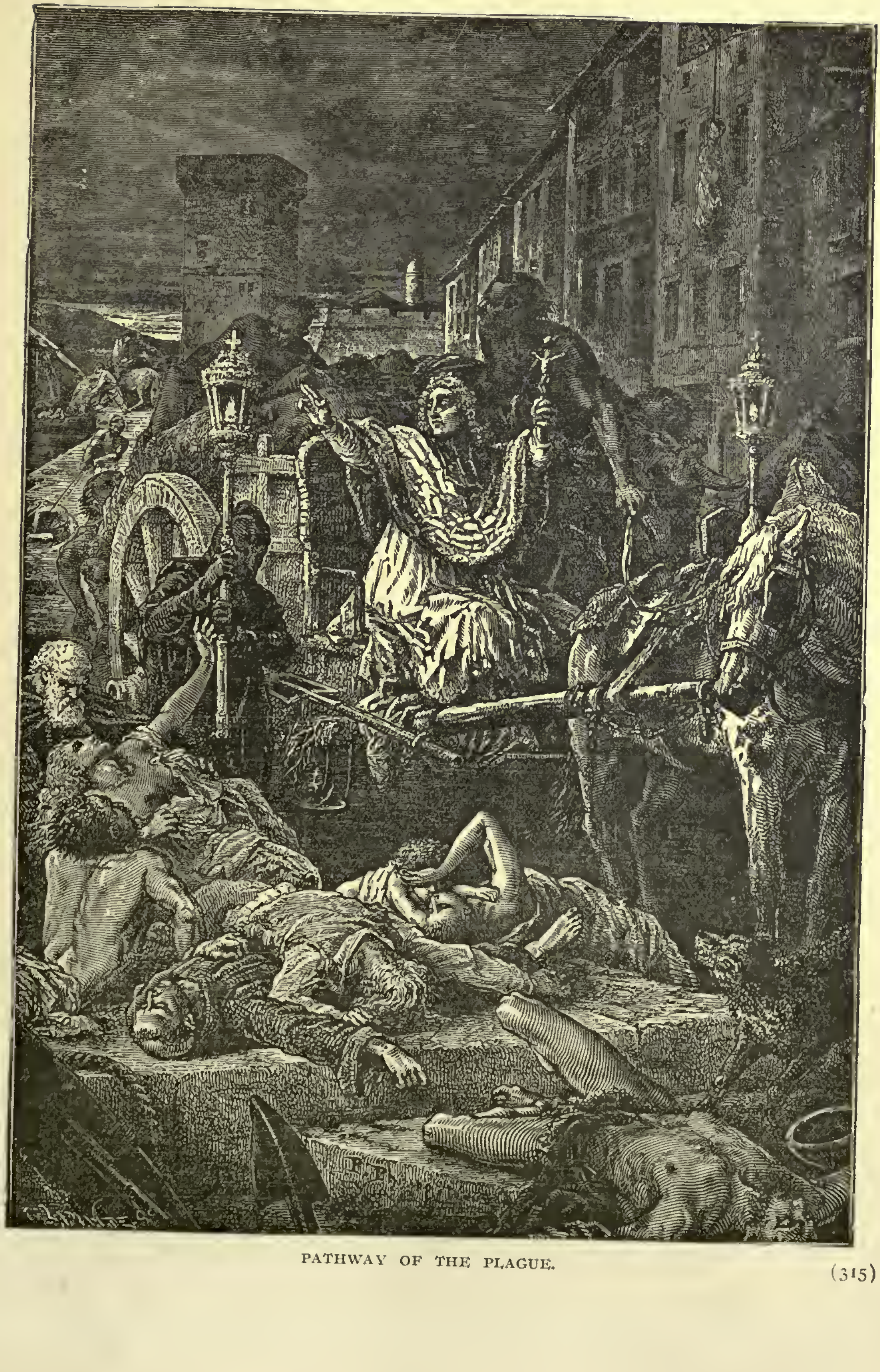
The Plague and Fire of London.

Modern London may be said to date from the years 1665 and 1666, two memorable epochs, marked by the most dreadful calamities that ever befell a municipality. In the former year came to London, from out of the far east, a visitor whose visage was horrific, and whose touch was death; borne hither by the hated east wind, in a chariot of infection, he dropped down upon the city an unbidden guest, and with hellish hands scattered the poison of disease until a plague was planted that speedily fruited in the Black Death. Under this Satanic blight more than 100,000 souls perished within six months, during the year 1665, which caused a desertion of the streets, and on all the houses which remained occupied was to be seen a red cross with the legend, "Lord, have mercy upon us," hung above the doors, in simulation of the angel's bloody touch with hyssop on the lintels of the Israelites' homes in Egypt. But the passover of mercy was not to be repeated, and London staggered under the losses of whole families, which dying, without attention, polluted the air until busy public carts could haul them away.

Scarcely had the grim, unbidden guest taken his departure, and the graves of his victims were closed, when on Sunday, September 2, 1666, fire-bells disturbed the stillness of the holy morning, calling to arms against a fiend whose laugh is a crackle, and whose breath is destruction. It was not yet day when the alarum sounded, nor had the flushes of Aurora appeared in the east to betoken the advance of her chariot athwart the heavens, for night was yet in control, and in her arms was sleeping London, like a Samson soon to be shorn of his strength by a hellish Delilah. An east wind brought the Black Death; so it was this source of evil that seemed to be the messenger of this fresh calamity to the afflicted city, for the wind blew with such fury for three days that all the efforts within the power of men were futile to stay the progress of the flames. The wind was assuaged somewhat on Wednesday, and the fire was extinguished, but singular coincidence, an east wind came up again on Thursday, and in the evening another conflagration started in the Temple, that was not arrested until two days later by the blowing up of hundreds of houses with gunpowder, which stopped the flames, but not until the east wind had subsided a second time.

The following graphic description of this mighty holocaust is by Evelyn, an eye-witness:

"I saw the whole south part of the city burning, from Cheapside to the Thames, and all along Cornhill, Tower street, Fenchurch street, Gracious street, and so along to Baynard Castle, and was taking hold of St. Paul's Church, to which the scaffolds contributed exceedingly. The conflagration was so universal, and the people so astonished that, from the beginning, I know not by what despondency or fate, they hardly stirred to quench it; so that there was nothing heard or seen but crying out and lamentation, running about like distracted creatures, without at all attempting to save even their goods; such a strange consternation there was upon them, so as it burned, both in breadth and length, the churches,



PATHWAY OF THE PLAGUE.

public halls, exchange, hospitals, monuments, and ornaments, leaping after a prodigious manner from house to house and street to street, at great distances from one another; for the heat, with a long set of fair and warm weather, had even ignited the air and prepared the materials to receive the fire, which devoured after an incredible manner houses, furniture, and everything. Here we saw the Thames covered with goods floating, all the barges and boats laden with what some had time and courage to save; as on the other, the carts, etc., carrying out to the fields, which for many miles were strewn with movables of all sorts, and tents erecting to shelter the people and what goods they could get away. Oh, the miserable and calamitous spectacle! such as haply the world had not seen the like since the foundation of it, nor to be outdone till the universal conflagration of it. All the sky was of a fiery aspect, like the top of a burning oven, and the light seen for above forty miles round about for many nights; God grant that mine eyes may never see the like! who now saw above ten thousand houses all in one flame; the noise and cracking and thunder of the impetuous flames, the shrieking of women and children, the hurry of people, the fall of towers, houses, and churches, was like a hideous storm, and the air all about was so hot and inflamed that at last one was not able to approach it; so that they were forced to stand still and let the flames burn on, which they did for near two miles in length and one in breadth. The clouds also of smoke were dismal, and reached, upon computation, near fifty miles in length."

In this frightful conflagration, the greatest in history, five-sixths of the entire city was consumed within the walls, and outside the walls as much was destroyed as remained unburnt within, the total devastated space being equal to one and one-half miles in length, by one-half mile in width, or 436 acres. Of the twenty-six wards, fifteen were wholly destroyed, and eight badly injured, while of the buildings consumed there were eighty-nine churches, four city gates, many public structures, such as schools, hospitals, and halls, and 13,200 dwellings, which involved the destruction of no less than 460 streets, while the loss as measured by money was so great that history fails to approximate it nearer than $50,000,000. When the subject of great fires is mentioned, it is common for Americans to dwell upon that which prostrated and swept up in ashes the city of Chicago, in October, 1871, and to point with infinite pride to the quick response made to her call for aid by sister cities, and to her speedy restoration. That our pride may not lead us astray by fixing the belief in our minds that the Chicago example is without precedent, I beg to quote a paragraph from Wheatley's "London Past and Present," wherein writing of the great London fire he says: "We are apt to look upon Charles II.'s reign as a very dark period of our history, and with justice; but the heroism of the sufferers in this national calamity shines out brightly, and we cannot too highly praise the fortitude which was exhibited by high and low. The merchants complied with the demands of their foreign correspondents as if no disaster had happened, *and not one failure was heard of.* Henry Oldenburg, writing to the Hon. Robert Boyle, on September 10, says, 'The citizens, instead of complaining, discoursed almost of nothing but of a survey for rebuilding the city with bricks and large streets.' "

Within one week after the fire three plans were submitted to the king for the rebuilding of the devastated city, all of which contemplated a greater magnificence than it had presented before. The architects who thus early competed for the honor of building a finer and greater London, were Christopher Wren, John Evelyn, and Robert Hooke. The plans of the former, with some modifications which were unfortunate for the grace as well as for the convenience of the city, were adopted, though Hooke was employed as Wren's assistant, and some of his suggestions were accepted, so that modern London, especially a greater number of its splendid buildings, and its most popular streets owe their origin to the creative and constructive genius of Christopher Wren.

The Magnitude of London.

By some of the old geographies boys at school were taught that Pekin was the largest city in the world, a thing which did not appear improbable, as China was reported at the time, and correctly, to have a population of forty millions of souls. And it must ever appear strange that the most populous country should not have the largest city; but so far from this natural inference being true, London not only has probably three times the population of any other city, but she, the metropolis of the world, is situated on an island that has only 50,922 square miles of territory, or 15,000 square miles of area less than the State of Missouri. That you may the better comprehend the size of Greater London, let me tell you that its present limits, with Charing Cross as a centre, comprise 690 square miles, and its diameter is thirty miles, within which space reside six millions of people. The city is so large that notwithstanding the easy, cheap, and rapid facilities of travel, there are sections of London as unknown to residents of other sections, as is the interior of Africa. People who live in Belgravia know nothing of Wapping, and the frequenters of the Strand, Oxford Street, High Holborn, the business quarters, have heard there is such a district as the West End, but it is to them only a tradition. Nor has its already enormous size ceased to increase, for with added attractions the world's floating population is ever drifting towards London as is shown by statistics compiled in 1881 by the municipal authorities as follows: Of 3,816,483 persons living in what may be called Inner London, 1,414,528 were born elsewhere, of which 80,000 were from Ireland, 49,000 from Scotland, 49,000 from Norfolk, 43,000 from Somerset, 60,000 foreigners, etc.

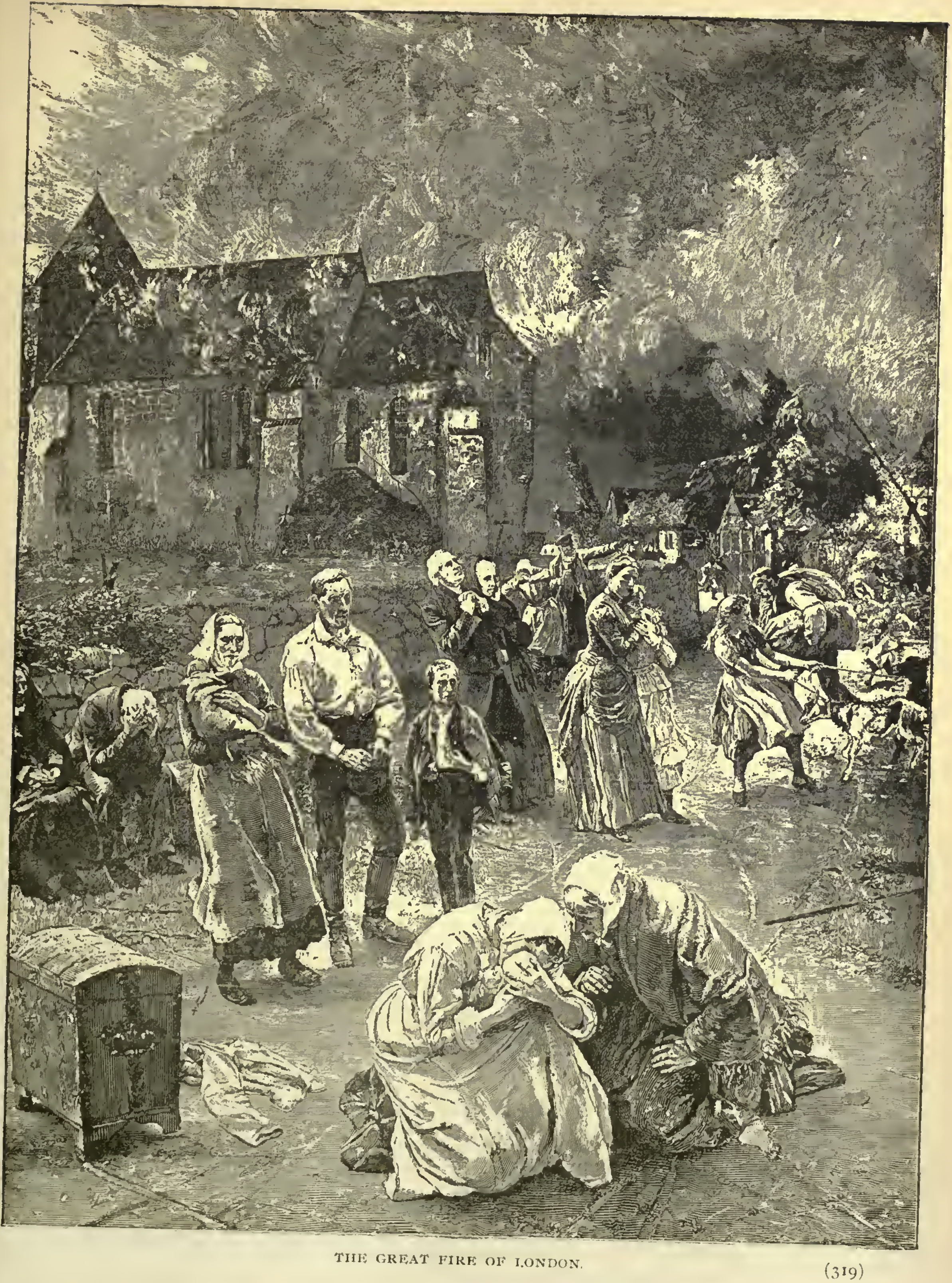
The appreciation of London is as variable as moods, as different as individuals. Boswell says: "I have often amused myself with thinking how different a place London is to different people. They whose minds are contracted to the consideration of some one particular pursuit, view it only through that medium. A politician thinks of it merely as the seat of government in its different departments; a grazier, as a vast market for cattle; a mercantile man as a place where a prodigious deal of business is done upon 'Change; a dramatic enthusiast as the grand scene of theatrical entertainments; a man of pleasure as an assemblage of taverns, etc.; but the intellectual man is struck with it as comprehending the whole of human life in all its variety, the contemplation of which is inexhaustible."

Impressions of an American.

I have impressions of my own, gained by not one hasty visit to London, but by several considerable stays in the city. These I might briefly describe by saying they are the same as I obtained when a boy reading of the quaint old places, the great bridges, the dark alleys, the 'terrorizing Tower. I regarded London then very much as I did a knight in heavy armor, bearing a spiked bludgeon or battle-axe, passing over a drawbridge while a massive portcullis drops behind him, and the guards on the battlements hang white cloths upon their spears with which to wave him adieu. This impression still clings to me, for the walls, gates, towers are so many witnesses to her history, which has been from the time of King Arthur almost to the present a record of battle gages, and before them my dream of chivalry becomes a reality.

I venerate old buildings and am partial to antique customs; I would rather look at the Beef-eaters (Yeomen of the Guard, by courtesy), who spend their no longer useful lives receiving tips from strangers visiting the Tower, than to watch a parade of English soldiers, who wear little red caps on their left ears for all the world like indifferently trained monkeys. To tell the truth, I prefer the old Gothic to the Renaissance, and would pass by the most splendid of modern edifices to view a ruin that has a history. Probably this taste for relics is accounted for by the fact that I am citizen of a country which is too young to support the evidences of senility, and my admiration may therefore be based upon change rather than upon sincere appreciation, but I believe not. I love London for so many reasons that I have neither the space nor the disposition to describe them, but I am sure I regard her with more than respectful feeling, not less for her old buildings than for her history, which is both picturesque and amazingly interesting.

I have written of Paris as a city of pleasure because she is regarded no more seriously. She has noble institutions and much that is worthy of study; her citizens are energetic, rich, progressive, and deserving, yet who would ever consider Paris from any other standpoint than that of frothy, flippant, fashionable, and, to continue the alliteration one degree further, folly. Her visitors are on a quest for amusement, and the world knows that the word expresses a multitude of sins. But when we speak of London it is like reference to a stone wall, or to some imperishable monument, though to confess the truth I cannot tell exactly why. If a person should start upon a tour of all the bad places in London, with the purpose of determining what kinds of depravity he could find, I have no doubt he would make many offensive discoveries, but, singular thing, which social philosophers have in vain tried to account for, visitors to London



THE GREAT FIRE OF LONDON.

reserve their slummy observations until they reach Paris. It is like taking a drink, I suppose—I do not myself indulge—when thirsty persons pass by places where the refreshments are just as good in order to drink at a bar that has greater notoriety. But whatever the cause, we cannot get away from the impression that London is a synonym of solidity, and that the word Englishman is but another term for stolidity, so that there is the distinction of a "t" between the city and the citizen.

National Weaknesses.

Englishmen are said to be boastful; well, the charge is easily substantiated, because it is a national weakness to be seen among all classes, from the bootblack to the premier; and small wonder, too, when we reflect upon what that remarkable people have accomplished. Greece was a small country until the Alexandrian conquests, and Rome was a petty state until Cæsar made her master of the world. The Romans and Greeks won a sovereign right to boast, and the former exercised the privilege to the verge of vanity, but great as they were, neither country wrought so wondrously by arms and culture as have the English. The tight little isle has become an empire greater in power, science, art, learning, civilization, than all the nations of ancient times; she has become the marvel of commercial genius as she has grown to be master of the seas, and the dominant spirit among governments. I am not an "anglophobiac," but an American, and, like others of my countrymen, I delight in praising the United States by indirect compliments. It is the Yankee ingeniousness that boasts of self by parading the merits, charms, and virtues of the image he sees in the looking-glass. We are not English in the sense of being subjects of the Queen, but our tongues and manners betray our origin, and the world knows that we are Americans only because we broke away from the restraints of home to seek independence in another country, just as children leave parents to be untrammeled in their quest of fortune. Whatever is great in England we must applaud, because in so doing it is a form of self-gratulation; and whatever praiseworthy thing we accomplish, as a nation dissevered from the mother country, we take to ourselves without any division of credit, so our circumstances give us an advantage which should cure jealousy of our British cousins.

Our appreciation of the English must be great even though there is some reluctance to admit it, but if I confess so much it is to gain consent to criticise them, for then no one may accuse me of prejudice. I have talked plainly, though never sneeringly, of the Parisians, and I shall claim the right now to direct some philippics of censure and complaint against Londoners who, while knowing many things, are wocfully remiss, and sometimes shockingly culpable, in a multitude of social weaknesses—from my standpoint. I will cast no shadow of reviling upon their history, for it is glorious—that is, until the time of George III.—because it is as much ours as it is England's; but there are numerous follies peculiar to London folks which it is becoming in truthful critics to hold up as dreadful examples, inconsistent with the refinement which they claim. I am neither jealous nor prejudiced; I am not jaundiced nor dyspeptic, but I take pleasure in uncovering abuses, and confess to a disposition that sometimes finds gratification in deducing morals from evil conditions, and these latter, I am bold to declare, exist in great numbers, and of an aggravated form, in London, as you shall presently know.

America through English Eyes.

It frequently happens that English writers come to America to see the country and lampoon our people. They are, as a rule, gushingly received, féted at the clubs, paraded at receptions, introduced into representative homes, and extolled in the public press. When they return it is with a mass of information that excites, if it does not edify, and we derive a benefit in an indirect way; that is, their "write-ups" is a kind of unconscious humor that compels us to laugh and forget, for the moment, the price of stocks. They seriously describe an Indian exhibition in New York, a buffalo hunt in the streets of Chicago, and a prairie fire in the suburbs of St. Louis. Then, as an evidence of their complete comprehension of our form of government, and its subtleties as well, they refer to Congress as a parliament, to the States as principalities, to governors as lord mayors, and to the President as a potentate whose powers are those of an African king, who may command his chamberlain to go out and shoot a man for breakfast. And when an English actor or actress condescends to visit us we likewise assume a reverent attitude, and vow that Sir Henry's legs are for all the world like those King Arthur must have had, and that Olga's kiss, if employed by Venus, would have won Adonis in a trice. Funny things are these, showing the rapid advance and growing influence of the yet little understood science of hypnotism. But it may be remarked that this potential force of mysticism seems to operate only on the occidental side of the Atlantic, for Americans who go to London fail to produce a reciprocal sensation, which may be taken as proof that the hypnotic law is in a gibbous state. Occasionally, we must admit, some fortunate fellow like Chauncy, or George, may obtain a private view of the Prince, who graciously advances his toe, like the Pope, to be kissed, and thereby secures notoriety by a column of matter about the jolly interview, cabled over to our enterprising papers by up-to-date correspondents. But this cordiality upon the part of Englishmen is the exception, for as a rule our representative people, whether of the theatrical or mercantile profession, find the English as frosty as a January day at the North Pole, and whatever popularity they obtain there must be purchased by patronage at grill-rooms and public houses, where they give the largest dinners and make their tips most generous.

I must tell you that the great daily papers of London print less news about America than they do about Timbuctoo. The morning following the terrible cyclone at St. Louis not a single paper in London contained a line about it, and on the second day the accounts were meagre. In Paris, to everybody's profound amazement, the New York *Herald* edition printed twelve lines about the cyclone on the morning following the St. Louis calamity of May 27, 1896, and was the only paper in Europe to mention it so soon. Yet the *Herald* is famous for devoting space to the Queen's navy, and to weather reports from points in southern France and interior resorts, so that, the sheet being small, no room is left for news that anyone cares to read. But while thus excusing a horrible example of American journalism in Paris, I cannot assign so good a reason for the exclusion of American news from the large London papers, and must rest under the belief that it is due to studied ignorance, if not contempt, for our country.

But we have the advantage, in that American papers give such attention to events occurring in all countries that we are kept fully advised as to every important happening in the world, while of affairs in England Americans know almost as much as do the English themselves. If, therefore, we are trucklers, it is our worst fault, even though it amounts to almost a vice, and yet because of this weakness we post ourselves on the conditions, both politic and economic, of all foreign countries and are thus able to intelligently discuss them and to write of them.

CHAPTER II.

THE STORY OF ANCIENT LONDON.

A BRIEF history sketch of London might properly preface all descriptions of the city, but I have chosen to slightly change a regular order, and present a touch of impressions, that the reader may first become interested in the phases of the great metropolis, and thus in the beginning obtain a more acute appreciation of the peculiarities which distinguish it from other famous capitals of the world. Though the history of London, fragmentary as it is, has been written perhaps a thousand times, it still possesses a wonderful charm, and is of especial value to Americans because it constitutes a part of our own country's annals, as an antecedent, in the relations which it bears to race, creed, institutions, and those evolutions of progress out of which has grown our own development as a people and nation.

Authentic evidence is utterly lacking to show when the Briton branch of the Celtic race, from which we are descended, settled in what is now England, or when or by whom the very ancient town of London was founded. Tacitus makes reference to the place and calls it *Londinium*, a word no doubt derivable from the Briton terms *Lin*, signifying a pool, and *dun*, a hill fort. This combination originated in the fact that the site was at one time a marsh, on the banks of the Thames, out of which rose a piece of high ground that may be Ludgate Hill, or Cornhill of to-day. The site, notwithstanding its fen-like character, from which fact Fen-church takes its name, was an eligible one for commercial purposes, being at a bend of the river where it is broad, and thus readily accessible to shipping, and easily commandable by reason of the overlooking hills referred to. To the ancient Welsh, the place was known as *Caer-Ludd*, or City of Lud, which was the name of a British king, who, tradition tells us, ruled the island long before the Roman invasion, and from which Lud-gate, which was a passage through the ancient wall, takes its name, as does also Ludgate Hill. Paris was originally a collection of mud huts on an island in the Seine, and there is evidence that London was the same. The former was difficult to approach by an enemy, because it occupied an insular site, and the latter was likewise secure against invasion by hostile tribes by reason of the marsh that surrounded it, so that the assumption is not unreasonable, especially since the two cities were cotemporaneous as villages, that the two places were founded about the same time and probably by the same people. Excavations about London show that the city was once encompassed by a wall and ditch, outside of which was a forest of such trees as grow rankest in marshy places, the drainage of which was by several small streams, which during rainy seasons poured their overflow into the Thames. Relics of these drainages still exist at *Dourgate*, which is a Celtic word signifying water gate, and at Blackfriars Bridge.

Conquests of Cæsar.

Our knowledge respecting London does not date back further than Julius Cæsar, nor do we possess much information concerning it until nearly the completion of the first century after Christ. Cæsar left us reports of his campaigns and conquests, but his account of the invasion of Britain is strangely brief. By the records he has left, we know that the Britons dyed their faces in order to be terrifying to their enemies; that they used chariots in which they dashed along the enemy's lines until a favorable opening was discovered in the ranks, when they leaped down and charged on foot into the gap. The first invasion was attempted with 10,000 men in the year 55 B. C., but being unable to land, Cæsar drew off and waited another year, when he reappeared upon the coast with 25,000 foot, and 2000 horse, but he was desperately resisted by Cassivellaunus, whose stronghold was near St. Albans, who, if treachery had not appeared on the part of some of the allied tribes would have driven the Romans into the sea; so hard pressed was Cæsar, however, that with the purpose of striking terror into the hearts of the Britons he submitted his captives to the most horrible tortures, such as suspending them from hooks thrust through the lower jaw, and allowing them to thus hang until death relieved their agonies. These measures seem to have served his end, for he conquered the Britons and established a considerable trade between the island and Gaul.

ASSASSINATION OF KING EDWARD.

The Vengeance of Boadicea.

We do not know much about Britain between the time of Cæsar's conquest and the year 61 A. D., when, during the government of Suetonius Paulinus, Boadicea, widow of Prasutagus, chief of the Iceni, living in her capital, which was London, was publicly flogged and her two daughters violated by the Romans. She excited a revolt among the whole Celtic population of the east and south of the island, who, maddened by the oppressions to which they had long been subjected by Roman tyrants, and frenzied by this last outrage to their queen, fell upon their enemies with such savage fury that in three days they massacred 70,000. A year later Suetonius increased his army to 100,000 men and resolved upon a terrible retribution, which he carried into effect by slaughtering 80,000 Britons, and in driving Boadicea to take refuge in her citadel, where she committed suicide by taking poison.

In the year 62 A. D., London had so grown in size and importance that it came to be regarded as the centre of a large maritime commerce. This reputation was not wholly to the city's advantage, however, for becoming an object for piratical emprise, and an attraction by reason of the large wealth which had been accumulated by her successful merchants, London was frequently attacked by plundering bands of Saxons, Danes, Norsemen, Franks, Picts, and Scots, who lived by marauding expeditions against coast cities. Under the Romans the place was most frequently called Augusta, and though a flourishing city, it was not elevated to the dignity of a capital until after the union of the Angles with the Saxons, who became the Anglo-Saxons, and in the latter part of the sixth century conquered the country, afterward becoming known, in their consolidation, as English. The character of the Roman buildings was such that they endured for centuries, and some of the relics may even be seen in London to this day, especially parts of the ancient wall, which remain as a part of the London wall between Wood street and Aldermanbury, to which attention is called by an inscribed tablet. Another portion of the ruin exists in the churchyard close to St. Giles, Cripplegate, and still another portion, that is eight feet thick, forms the north boundary of the new post office buildings, extending from Aldersgate to King Edward street. These titanic walls, so large and durable that modern improvements have not yet entirely effaced them, are believed to have been constructed in the fourth century by the Emperor Constantine, the several gates to which were named respectively, probably in later centuries, Lud-gate, Dour-gate, Cripple-gate, Moor-gate, New-gate, Postern-gate, Ald-gate, Bishops-gate, Belins-gate, etc., which designations are perpetuated by present street names, and by localities. "Roman London, from the Tower to Ludgate, was about one mile in length, and from the Thames to 'London wall' about half a mile in breadth. Its remains at Cheapside and the Mansion House are found at about eighteen feet below the present surface. The Roman city, as at first enclosed, must have been smaller, as Roman sepulchres have been found in Moorgate street, Bishopsgate, and Smithfield, which must have lain beyond the walled city, as the Romans never buried their dead within the walls. The Saxons, who seldom distinguished themselves as builders, contributed nothing to the fortification of London; but the Normans, who, under William the Conqueror, in the eleventh century, by defeating the Barons became masters of the country, did very much for London, beginning with the erection of the Tower."

While the Anglo-Saxons did little toward fortifying the city, they accomplished a great deal toward enlarging its commercial interests. In the seventh century they erected buildings which, after frequent enlargements, have become the Westminster Abbey and St. Paul's Cathedral of to-day, and early in the eighth century London is spoken of by Bede as being "a great market frequented by foreign traders, and paying one-fifth of a contribution exacted by Canute from the entire kingdom."

The Black Death.

William the Conqueror gave London a charter whereby he obligated himself to protect the rights of the city, and to maintain the privileges of its people, but he was so distrustful of the fidelity of the citizens that he built the White Tower as a menace against the event of any disaffection. The thirteenth century was one specially noteworthy in the annals of London. Edward III. defeated the French, triumphed at Crecy, captured Calais, and plundered Normandy, deriving such rich spoils that every subject in the kingdom got a large amount. So great was his pride that he not only surrounded himself with feasting and jollity, but he instituted the Order of the Garter, and caused tournaments to be given that were thronged with knights and ladies in gorgeous attire. The infection of aggrandizement extended to the priests, who discarded their sombre vestments for the most splendid, but unclerical, garments, and even architecture was greatly affected by assuming a more magnificent style. But alas for human conceits that goeth before disappointments, for the ostentation that precedes a fall, for during this reign of social luxury and display of vanity a terrible plague came hurtling out of Asia, and swept over Europe to grasp in fatal embrace the population of England, the conqueror and the conquered alike. Its visitation was made in the summer of 1348, and before the fall was spent the Black Death had destroyed more than one-half of all the citizens of London, and the country districts were ravaged in the same proportion. This enormous destruction of life could not fail to greatly affect the economic condition of the country, for with an increased amount of work to do, the number of laborers was so diminished that the question of wages became one for the laboring class themselves to settle. A serious contention was thus precipitated, for as competition was now entirely removed workmen made the most extravagant demands, which caused paralysis to seize every kind of business. Effort was made in 1349 to abate this anomalous condition by the passage of a law which fixed the scale of wages at the rates paid before the scourge, and which provided a severe punishment of those who demanded more. But these laws and severities failed of their effect to repress the natural laws of supply and demand, and the result, after repeated failures of new enactments, was to create a discord between employers and laborers that caused several *emeutes*, and the effects have not entirely disappeared even to this day. London was so seriously disadvantaged by these untoward influences that her progress was arrested and business stagnated, so that people actually starved in her streets, nor did she recover until more than fifty years had passed

John Wycliffe's Challenge, and Revolt of the Peasants.

In 1378, London and the whole kingdom was again disturbed and wrought into a fever of intense excitement by what is called the *Great Schism*, precipitated by John Wycliffe, who published a new translation of the Bible and placed it in the hands of a band of poor priests, who at his instigation denied the doctrine of transubstantiation, and as he had a considerable, though not at first an influential, following, a terrible reign of persecution was fomented. Wycliffe was one of the boldest men who ever led a movement; time and again his life was in imminent danger, but peril only made him bolder. A master of invective he hurled denunciations against the pope. When the pope, Urban V., demanded with threats the annual sum of one thousand marks, promised by King John in acknowledgment of the suzerainty of the See of Rome, Wycliffe cried out against such an exaction as a lawless indemnity, and growing always bolder he appealed to Parliament with an address denying the right of the Church to excommunicate, or to exact or defend temporal privileges by spiritual censures, and defended the subjection of ecclesiastics to civil tribunals. His pleas won the support of the people as of the crown, and when he was ordered to appear at Lambeth Chapel, a message from the court forbade the trial to proceed and the session was violently dissolved.

At this time London was excited also by great social disturbances, which the clergy laid at Wycliffe's door, and which proved fatal to his influence, though the cause and effect is evidently merely coincident. The baronets were at strife, and disasters of war without and anarchy within vexed the realm beyond sufferance. The French war ran its disastrous course; one English fleet was beaten by the Spaniards, another was sunk by a storm, and while increasing taxes to support a constantly failing treasury were creating intense dissatisfaction, the strife between employers and employed was fast kindling into civil war.

The actual outbreak, for two years anticipated, came on June 5, 1381, when a collector of the poll tax was killed by a tile maker for an outrage upon his daughter. Only a spark was needed to set on fire the heap of kindled rancor, and this was now supplied. Hostilities began in Canterbury, where a mob gathered, which, after forcing the gates, proceeded to plunder the archbishop's palace. Meeting with no opposition, Walter Tyler, known to history as Wat Tyler, improvised an army of one thousand Kentishmen and began his march upon London with the cry, "abolition of the poll tax and better government." The purpose of Tyler was to slaughter the nobles and wealthier clergy, and to seize the king and force the passage of laws favorable to the common people. The peasant insurgents marched towards Blackheath, killing every lawyer they could find, firing houses of the stewards, and breaking open the parks of the gentry. As the army continued the march its ranks were recruited by thousands of peasants, and on the thirteenth Wat Tyler passed the gates and made his triumphal entry into London, without opposition. They carried with them the torch of destruction, and in a few minutes after the mob had entered the city the palace of John of Gaunt, the lawyers' temple, and many houses, chiefly of foreign merchants, were in flames. But though it was a mob, the spirit of plunder was absent, for when a thief was seen carrying off a silver vessel taken from the burning Savoy, he was seized and with his spoil flung into the flames, the mob declaring at the time that they were "seekers of truth and justice, not thieves or robbers." Another body of insurgents, from Essex, marched upon London and encamped just outside the walls at Mile-end to await a signal to join in the attack, while at the same time the northern heights were occupied by a body of Hertfordshire men.

These demonstrations so alarmed the young king, Edward, that with the aim of dividing the strength of the insurgents, on the morning of the fourteenth he rode to Mile-end and to the men of Essex in revolt he gave a courteous greeting thus, "I am your king and lord, good people, what will you?" To this the response was as with one voice, "We will that you free us forever, us and our lands; that we be never named or held as serfs." Edward freely granted their request and pledged himself to at once issue charters of amnesty and freedom. The Essex peasants were rejoiced at these promises of the king and promptly withdrew. The same thing was repeated at Highbury, and the Hertfordshire discontents likewise disbanded, leaving Wat Tyler and his army of Kentishmen unsupported, who, in the king's absence, however, burst into the Tower and committed the most shocking cruelties. Frenzied by their disappointment in failing to find the young king, they glutted their vengeance upon such members of the royal household as they could seize. The primate was dragged from his sanctuary and beheaded, and the same punishment was inflicted upon the treasurer, and chief commissioner, Richard Lyons, who was held accountable for the levy of the poll tax.

Edward, after quieting the Essex and Hertfordshire men, rode to the wardrobe near Blackfriars, and opened negotiations with the Kentish insurgents, many of whom were induced to disperse, but there still remained an army of 30,000 loyal to Tyler when the king, on the morning of the fifteenth, encountered that leader by chance at Smithfield and sought to reconcile him. Tyler, however, was haughty, and uttered such threats that William Walworth, then mayor of London, struck him with a dagger to his heart. When the peasants saw their chief slain they made a rush toward the king with uplifted staves and pikes at present, but Edward faced them with a courage almost unequaled, and with sturdy speech cried out, "What need ye, my *masters;* I am your captain and your king; follow me." The effect was marvelous; the rage was instantly quelled, and when later Edward gave his pledge of charters of freedom and amnesty to the Kentishmen, they dispersed. The insurgent spirit, though quelled in London by the courage of Edward, continued rife in other parts of England, where many terrible excesses were committed, and during the summer and autumn no less than 7000 men perished on the gallows.

But repression had failed the purpose of the government, for "a hundred years after the Black Death the wages of an English laborer were sufficient to purchase twice the amount of the necessaries of life which could have been obtained for the wages paid under Edward the Third."

The Burning of Heretics.

The issues raised by Wycliffe's denial of the doctrine of transubstantiation, and of papal infallibility, raged with great bitterness during his life (he died in 1384), but the common distress of the country growing out of the peasants' revolt, and the contention between employer and employed, served to promote a reaction against Wycliffe's followers, which ultimated in the complete restoration of the clergy. With a return to power they desired above all things the possession of some lawful means which would enable them to punish their enemies and to stamp out all forms of heresy, that some successor of Wycliffe might never dare to appear to dispute their power. Accordingly the clergy petitioned Parliament for a statute which would give ecclesiastical courts not only the power to condemn men as heretics, which in fact they already possessed, but the right to punish them to the death by fire, at the stake. Bishops and abbots formed a majority of the House of Lords, and the Commons had so little sympathy with heresy that the law called *de hæretico comburendo* (the burning of heretics) was passed in 1401 with the ready consent of both houses, and promptly received the consent of the king, Henry IV. This was the first English law ever passed for the suppression of religious opinion, and it was so rigorously enforced that before the people became merciful enough to cleanse their statutes of this infamous act hundreds of useful and prominent men were publicly tortured and burned in London.

Jack Cade's Rebellion.

London was the scene of many turmoils of both a political and social character, which indeed were almost continually occurring in the Middle Ages, but history reckons particularly important some events of 1450. England was at this time greatly weakened by her unsuccessful wars with France, in which she had lost all of Normandy, and the unwillingness of the courts to minister justice had made the government despised by all save the lords and barons. The loss of the French possessions was openly charged to be due to the venality of the Duke of Suffolk, who was believed to have sold himself to France. He was impeached and sent into banishment, but the ship that was taking him to the continent was overhauled and boarded by several resolute men who dragged the unfortunate duke onto their own vessel, and after cutting off his head threw the body onto the beach at Dover. But, notwithstanding the bitter feeling that led to the murder of Suffolk, his partisans continued in power, which so incensed the men of Kent that they assembled to the number of 30,000, and with an Irish adventurer, named Jack Cade, who called himself Mortimer, as their leader, they marched upon London, demanding that the government be placed in the hands of the Duke of York. Cade's invasion was at first so successful that the militia of London was not called out to oppose him, and for a while his rabble gave themselves up to the most abominable excesses. They beheaded Lord Say and his son-in-law, who was sheriff of Kent, and carried about their heads on pikes; but they were no less animated by the spirit of vengeance than of plunder, and the wholesale robbing of shops soon turned all of London's citizens against them. The troops and citizens engaged the insurgents on London Bridge, and after some smart fighting, defeated them with heavy losses, and Jack Cade was himself pursued into Sussex, where he was overtaken and slain.

Other Great Events in the History of London.

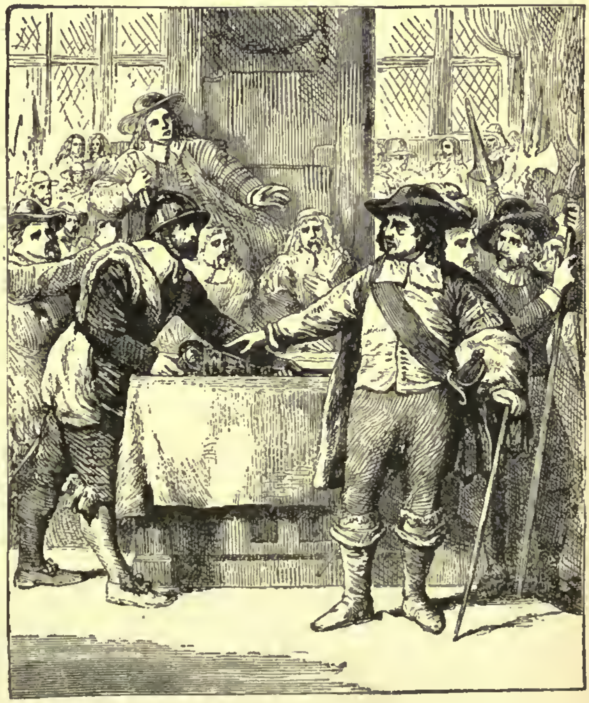
It would require several volumes to record the details of all the truly great historic events that have taken place in London, and I must therefore now restrict myself to a bare mention of the incidents that have had the largest influences for the retardation and the progress of the city. The civil wars, which raged most furiously in and about London, were precipitated by the Presbyterians and the Episcopals, in which Charles I. espoused the causes of the latter and instituted star chamber sessions that imposed severe exactions upon the people. The king was opposed by the House of Commons which denied him the right to declare war without their consent. James I., father of Charles, had in 1618 forced upon the Scottish bishops and clergy the Five Articles of Perth, which required an observance of some of the ceremonies peculiar to the Catholic Church. Charles I. went a step farther in 1637, when he commanded the use of a prayer-book that was distinctively adverse to Calvinism. The clergy rebelled, and when effort was made to read the new service, at St. Giles, in Edinburgh, a riot broke up the meeting. In February, 1638, the Scots drew up a national covenant, which, while refraining from declaring their creed, pledged themselves by all lawful means to *recover* the purity of the Gospel, as it existed before the innovations of James I. and Charles I.; directly thereafter, during the same year, at an assembly at Glasgow, Episcopacy was abolished. The Scottish Covenanters thus arrayed themselves against Charles, which presently involved all England, and finally resulted in the session of the long Parliament of 1640, which in its bickerings promoted a succession of internal strifes and open wars, until Oliver Cromwell, a member of Parliament, became the leader of the opposition. He defeated the king's troops in every engagement, and Charles being taken, he was sent to trial in 1649 before a special High Court of Justice that sat in Westminster, by which he was adjudged guilty of treason, and condemned to death. In pursuance of the sentence the king was beheaded on a scaffold in front of his own palace at Whitehall. Establishment of a commonwealth succeeded in 1653, of which Oliver Cromwell became the ruler, under the title of Lord Protector of England.

The Restoration.

The change of government, from the monarchical to a dictatorship, was in no sense conducive to the restoration of peace, for the fires of religious hatred cannot be quenched except by waters of mutual concessions. Strifes, wars, oppressions, and dire evils of every kind continued. Cromwell died September 3, 1658, naming his son Richard as his successor, but he was not acceptable to the people, and when Charles II. landed at Dover on May 25, 1660, though he was only thirteen years old, he was hailed with joy as a new savior, which he really proved to be, for under his rule the problem of civil and religious liberty was solved and the basis established upon which rests the nation's greatness.

A Terrible Storm.

It is said that London had fairly recovered from the effects of the plague of 1665, and the great fire of 1666, in the beginning of Queen Anne's reign, in 1702, but as if the fiends of destruction had confederated all their fell power with intent to destroy the city, they visited it again in 1703 in the form of a storm of almost incredible force, a cyclone we would call it now, which blew down hundreds of houses, including a dozen large churches, wrecked a large amount of shipping, sacrificed the lives of five hundred persons, and destroyed property of an estimated value of ten millions of dollars. For more than one hundred years the details of this terrible storm filled as much space in history as did the plagues or great fire, the three calamaties being so different in kind, but almost equal in their results upon the commercial interests of the city.


CROMWELL DISSOLVING PARLIAMENT.

The winter of 1739–40 is memorable in England for its unparalleled severity, in that climate, which proved disastrous to many interests in London. It is known in history as the Year of the Great Frost, which continued with special vigor from Christmas until St. Valentine's Day, during which time a large fair was held on the Thames, that was frozen to a depth of two feet, whereas ice seldom forms upon the river strong enough to support a man, and it is very rare that it is frozen over even for a night. In 1780 occurred what is known as the Gordon no-Popery riots, which were a fresh breaking out of the old fires that had been slumbering since the time of Cromwell. During these disorders several prisons were broken open and the inmates released; a large number of public and private buildings were burned and nearly a thousand lives sacrificed before the outlawry was suppressed. In 1807 the first practical demonstration of the commercial value of illuminating gas was made in London, but its use was so strenuously resisted by many citizens that mob violence was barely averted by government diligence. The opposition was made that artificially lighting the city by such an illuminant, turning night into day, would be in contravention of God's laws, who designed that night should be a period of rest, whereby He obscured the sun that man might not be able to see or be tempted to violate a natural law. The belief also obtained at first that brilliantly lighted streets would promote crime, and for these reasons resistance to the use of gas was so great that it was a long while before it came to be generally employed, notwithstanding oil lamps had been hung in the streets, especially at crossings, since early in the seventeenth century.

"Many of the handsomest streets and finest buildings in London date from the latter half of the last century. To this period belong the Mansion House, the Horse Guards, Somerset House, and the Bank. During this century the march of improvement had been so rapid as to make it most difficult to follow. In the last eighty years there have been built, among other great structures, the Mint, Custom House, Waterloo Bridge, London Bridge (rebuilt), Buckingham Palace, Post-office, British Museum, Atheneum Club, York Column, National Gallery, Houses of Parliament, new Law Courts, Tower Bridge, and the whole of Belgravia and the West End." London now supplies one-half of the total custom-revenue of the kingdom, one-fourth of the whole ship tonnage, and one-fourth of the entire exports.

CHAPTER III.

SOME REVIEWS AND REMINISCENCES.

LONDON is almost a nation unto itself, for its population is greater than that of Denmark or Switzerland, and almost equal to that of Scotland, while it is more than double that of Norway. To this surprising fact must be added the important one of having the wealth of a large part of the civilized world, and the strength of a mobilized army, for she presents the formidableness of centralized population, and hence the power that lies in combination of interests. Dr. Johnson, in a speech before a club of good fellows, once said, "Sirs, the happiness of London is not to be conceived but by those who have been in it. I will venture to say there is more learning and science within the circumference of ten miles from where we sit than in all the rest of the kingdom;" while Cowper, the Arcadian poet—let us call him—since his love was for pastoral scenes, apostrophized the city in this way:

> "Where has Pleasure such a field,
> So rich, so thronged, so drained, so well supplied,
> As London—opulent, enlarged, and still
> Increasing London?"

The metropolis is so large and so kaleidoscopic that residents fail to observe its changing aspects, or to appreciate the wonderful differences that distinguish its many sections one from another. Those who dwell in the West End are accustomed to modern streets, broad, straight, and lined with splendid buildings replete with comforts; and so seldom do they leave these quarters of refinement and luxuries, to wander among less favored districts, that they are almost unconscious of the fact that within a half hour's walk lies older London, whose features are crooked thoroughfares, ill-favored and often noisome, but which contains houses that were, in earlier times, the abodes of many of the greatest men of English history. The generation of to-day is fast forgetting, in its hurry of getting on, the generations whose strivings fill the seldom read annals of their country's greatness, nor can I believe that there still remains the deep attachments, the almost reverential regard for the city that was felt for it in the long ago by the old masters.

Charles Lamb, writing to Wordsworth in 1801, expresses the strength of his love for the place in the following language:

"I have passed all my days in London, until I have formed as many and as intense local attachments, as any of you mountaineers could have done for dead nature. The lighted shops of the Strand and Fleet street; the innumerable trades, tradesmen, and customers, coaches, wagons, playhouses; all the bustle and wickedness round about Covent Garden; the watchmen, drunken scenes, rattles;—life awake, if you be awake, at all hours of the night; the impossibility of being dull in Fleet street; the crowds, the very dirt and mud, the sun shining upon houses and pavements, the print shops, the old book-stalls, the coffee houses, steams of soup from kitchen, the pantomimes—London itself a pantomime and masquerade—all these things work themselves into my mind, and feed me without a power of satiating me. The wonder of these sights impels me into night-walks about her crowded streets, and I often shed tears in the motley Strand from fullness of joy at so much life * * * so ever fresh, and green, and warm, are all the inventions of men in this great city."

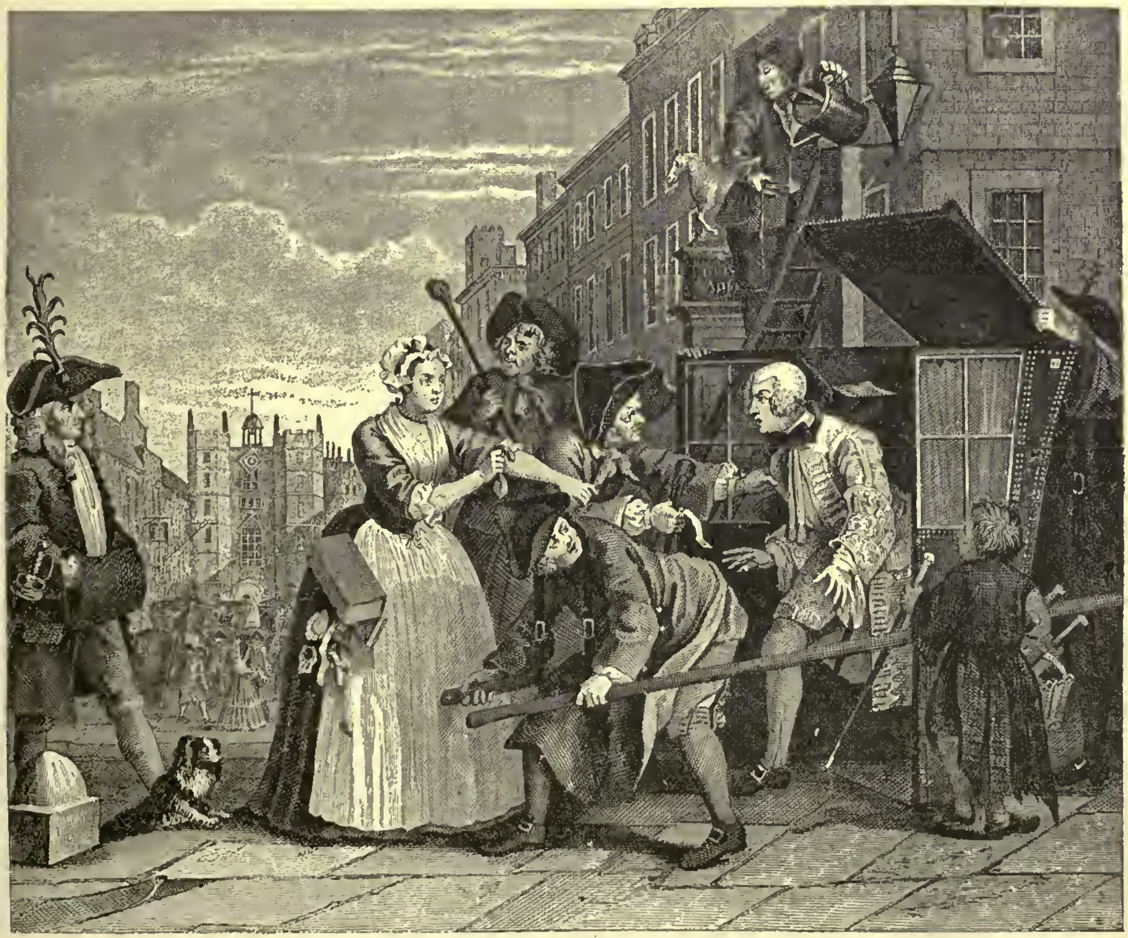
The Merchant Companies.

We have derived so much from London; and yet even though we are descended therefrom, we become almost confused in our consideration of usages, customs, and derivations, for, while retaining some we have forgotten others, so that London of the past is become to our minds a misty tradition. The word *mayor* is common in America as the designation of the chief officer of a municipality. It is derived from the French *maire*, which signifies *major*, and was first used to designate the chief local functionary as lord mayor of London during the reign of Henry II. (1154). But no man can hold the office unless he shall have first served as sheriff, and be an alderman at the time of his election.

Then we have the word *alderman*, which was originally the name of a Saxon nobleman, derivable from *eald*, meaning old, or *ealder*, signifying the older. It designates in England, as it does in America, the chief representative of a ward. In the twelfth century there were organized what were called city companies, or merchant guilds, which became branches of the corporation, but were distinct in their official relations to the city government by reason of special charters, which gave them certain privileges and immunities. This organization is still in existence, under only slightly modified charters, and is controlled by officers elected by the members, and their business, which is largely that of banqueting, is conducted in *guild-halls*. Altogether there are ninety-one companies holding such charters, the most important being those that embrace the trades of goldsmiths, haberdashers, drapers, clothworkers, mercers, grocers, ironmongers, merchant tailors, tanners, salters, fishmongers, and wine merchants. No man who is a member of any guild is eligible to the office of lord mayor, but this is a small disqualification for the class privileges which they enjoy.

How the Trades Flock to Themselves.

There is a peculiarity observable in London which distinguishes it somewhat from other cities, and which is not easily accounted for. The rich, we know, have a disposition to be exclusive, and it is therefore natural in London, as elsewhere, for those favored of fortune to form communities and thus rub among themselves. In striving to avoid the common classes, who have a tendency to encroach upon gentility, the wealthy have been gradually moving westward, a direction which, for some unexplainable cause, the successful nearly always take in all cities, in an effort not only to separate from poorer persons, but also to avoid the soot that falls from the towers of manufactories. And thus it has come about that the western section of London is populous with the very well-to-do, and is ornate with fine buildings and parks. But this flocking of classes extends much further and almost mysteriously in London, for it includes nationalities, and trades as well. For examples, the French have colonized in and about Leicester Square; the Italians are found almost exclusively in Hatton Garden, and the Germans are in evidence only in east London. And the professions are no less clannish, for nearly all the lawyers cluster about Lincoln's Inn and the Temple; if you need a surgeon you will find them all in the region of George street, or Burlington



CONVEYANCE BY SEDAN CHAIR, OLD LONDON.

street; while the doctors think there is no more proper place to live than Harley street. And the trades have a weakness for keeping themselves in close association, as if for mutual protection; nearly all the book-sellers of London hive around Paternoster Row; the clock-makers are wedded to Clerkenwell; the butchers are partial to Newgate, where criminals are executed (the prison), and to Smithfield where heretics used to be roasted; the furniture dealers couldn't exist away from Tottenham Court Road; all the hat-makers are in Southwark; the tanners are a happy class in Bermondsey; the bird-dealers do business only near the Seven Dials; and lastly, you will scarcely be able to find artists in London away from the Baltons. In the early centuries trades were confined to certain districts, a custom of government control that survives no where else as it does in London.

It is scarcely less strange that the poor classes have from time immemorial occupied the eastern and northeastern parishes, in the district about Soho and St. Giles-in-the-Fields, where poverty and crime abound in every conceivable phase, which moved Cowley to write:

> "The monster London,
>
> * * * * *
>
> Let but thy wicked men from out thee go,
> And all the fools that crowd thee so,
> Even thou who dost thy millions boast,
> A village less than Islington will grow,
> A solitude almost."

St. Giles-in-the-Fields was founded in 1101 by the queen of Henry I. as a hospital for lepers, afterward converted into a church, by Henry VIII., in which Milton was buried, and from which his body was ravished in 1790, and subjected to many indcencies. At the north wall of the garden was, for a long while, a place of execution, and despite the many changes which have since taken place, St. Giles has never been redeemed from its evil odor, while of Soho, Pope has written:

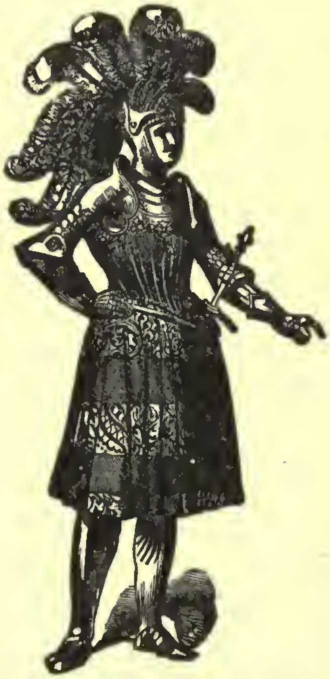
> "And when I flatter, let my dirty leaves
> Clothe spice, live trunks, or fluttering in a row,
> Befringe the rails of Bedlam and Soho."

Older London exists now as only a small remnant, for the great fire destroyed one hundred and seven of its churches, and only twenty-two were left standing, and of these only thirteen were in existence at the time of Charles II. Their places, however, were soon occupied by statelier edifices devoted to public worship, of which Sir Christopher Wren built no less than fifty-three.

The Introduction of Coaches.

The Thames was, in the earlier centuries, almost the only highway of travel in London, and to this day it remains the greatest. The streets were nothing more than byways, through which men rode on horseback, and ladies were carried in litters. Writing of this famous river, in 1645, Howell says: "The Thames has not her fellow, if regard be had to those forests of masts that are perpetually upon her; the variety of smaller wooden batteaux plying up and down; the stately palaces that are built upon both sides of her banks so thick, which made divers foreign ambassadors affirm that the most glorious sight, take land and water together, was to come upon a high tide from Gravesend, and shoot the bridge to Westminster."

The small traffic by land is attested by the fact that, except London Bridge, there was no bridge across the river until that of Westminster was built in the middle of the last century. And it is interesting to observe that hackney coaches were not even invented until the seventeenth century, nor did they come into general use until some years later. Persons who had monopoly of river transportation were called watermen, who made a vigorous opposition to the use of coaches, carrying their objections so far as to complain to the king, in 1634, in a petition which reads, "These hackney coaches are not confined to going north and south, but that their plying and carrying of people east and west, to and fro, in the streets and places abutting upon the river, doth utterly ruinate your petitioners."


RICHARD, DUKE OF YORK.

The opposition of the watermen so far availed that by a decree of 1635 the number of hackney coaches was limited to those then in use, which was about one hundred. In 1636 the coachmen sent up a petition asking the king to give them a charter of incorporation which would allow them the right of running one hundred coaches, for which they offered a license fee of £100 per year, which was granted, as was later a request to gradually increase the number, but it was not until 1833 that all restriction was removed. Before privilege had been extended to run more than a hundred coaches the cabmen were confronted with a competition which they had not reckoned upon, and which affected their business seriously. Prince Charles and the Duke of Buckingham, while making a tour of Spain, were much impressed with the comfort of Sedan chairs, which was a favorite conveyance with Spaniards, and they brought back with them to England quite a number, with the purpose of introducing them in London. At first the people refused to favorably regard a conveyance which, as they claimed, brought men to the servile condition of horses, and many authors inveighed against their use in both verse and prose. Swift hurled his opprobriums thus:

> "Box'd in a chair the beau impatient sits,
> While spouts run clattering o'er the roof in fits;
> And ever and anon, with frightful din,
> The leather sounds; he trembles from within."

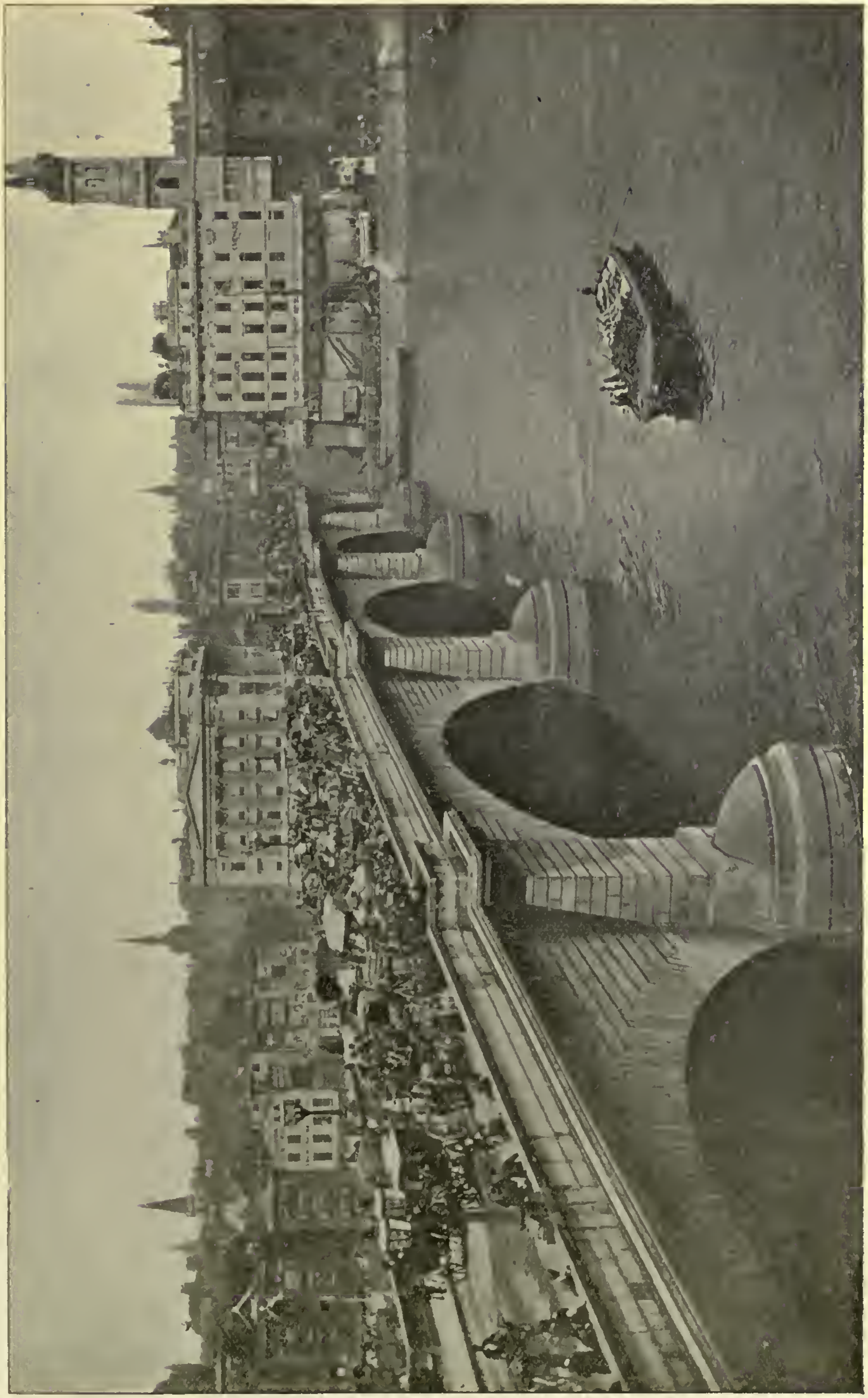
But opposition presently subsided, because of the safety of the Sedan chair, and their persistent use by persons of rank, and for nearly two centuries they were both fashionable and popular.

When finally the badly laid streets were improved with smooth paving stones, and vehicles could move over them with less jar and discomfort, the Sedan chairs were discarded and Hansom cabs, named for their inventor, took their place. Omnibuses were a much later acquisition to vehicular traffic, introduced from Paris in 1830, and now the city is full of them running in every direction, and for long distances, and charging small fares, usually at the rate of two cents per mile. In addition to all these conveyances is the Metropolitan Underground Railway, which circles London from Cannon street (Mansion House) to Aldgate, with stations every five or six squares. The ride underground is rapid, but very disagreeable on account of the darkness and smoke, so that it is patronized only by those who are in a hurry.

A Trip on the Thames.

London is well provided with transportation facilities, and the cab and omnibus service is all that can be desired, but a trip on the Thames has lost none of its charms, and for strangers especially it is greatly to be recommended. In no other way can such a vivid impression be had of the real beauties of London, and the magnificence of the embankment. Small, but swift, passenger boats ply constantly between extreme points of the city, and the fare from one end to the other, even when transfers must be made, does not exceed four cents, and the trip from London Bridge to Hampton Court, twenty-two miles, is only thirty-six cents. The river is usually laden with barges and shipping, which lend a pleasing variety to the water view, while there is wondrous activity and delightful diversity in the clattering of trains, the endless processions of wagons and foot passengers passing over the many bridges, and the ever moving panorama along the shore. Several of the most splendid edifices in London, such as Montague House, Somerset House, Millbank Penitentiary, Cecil Hotel, the Temple, Westminster Abbey, Cleopatra's Needle, Lambeth Palace, Chelsea Hospital, Parliament buildings, New Law Courts, Scotland Yards, St. Thomas' Hospital, the Tower, and dozens of others line the shores, besides being crossed by twelve bridges, while rising far into the sky above them are the tall steeples of St. Paul, and the spires, towers, and chimneys of churches, palaces, and manufactories. London has always owed the largest part of its prosperity and renown to the Thames, indeed its very existence; or, as Sir Denham has poetized the claim:

> "As a wise king first settles fruitful peace
> In his own realms; and with their rich increase
> Seeks wars abroad, and then in triumph brings
> The spoils of kingdoms and the crowns of kings,
> So Thames to London."



LONDON BRIDGE AT MID-DAY.

The Names of London Streets.

If you would see London aright you must either walk or ride outside on the omnibuses. But these public conveyances will take you through only the principal streets, where nothing but the busy commercial life of the city is to be seen; so, after all, I again recommend rambles on foot as being the most satisfactory way of observing the phases, the infinite varieties, the historic places of the metropolis, as they are to be met with in the by-streets rather than in the great thoroughfares, for as Shakespeare says:

"I pray you, let us satisfy our eyes
With the memorials, and the things of fame
That do renown this city."

You will find, if you search for them, so many things of a rare interest that, however long be your stay, it will be too short in which to gratify your desire to see more, and you will gather information of a kind that will give you pleasure through your whole life. Some of these interesting sights, these memorials of history, these footprints of a charming past, will be described in subsequent chapters, which shall be devoted chiefly to great men and famous places of London.

A matter very much to be regretted is that there should be such an ill-considered regard for old places as to find manifestation, not in a preservation of landmarks, but in perpetuation by repetition of name, which leads to interminable confusion and intolerable annoyance. Whenever a new place is projected, or a new street opened, it is almost invariably christened after the name of the prominent building replaced, or the leading square adjacent. It is because of this idiotic custom that London has 99 streets called Queen, 95 named King, 78 called Prince, 109 George, 119 John, 87 James, 47 Henry, 54 Alfred, 91 Charles, 58 Thomas, 88 William, 57 Elizabeth, 151 Church, 69 Chapel, 129 Union, 166 New, 90 North and South, 50 East and West, 87 Gloucester, 127 York, 56 Cambridge, 76 Brunswick, 50 Richmond, 60 Norfolk, and 70 Devonshire. There are many more duplicated names, but it would serve no end to recount them. How postmen deliver letters on these streets I confess I do not know, having neglected to call at the post office to inquire.

CHAPTER IV.

AFTER HOURS IN LONDON.

LONDON at night is a world in eclipse, when things of evil issue forth upon missions of crime, followed by angels of mercy seeking whom they may reclaim. Pluto himself does not rule over subjects that are more riotous, and Hecate might blush if she were called upon to preside at the nocturnal horrors which distinguish certain districts of this modern Babylon. It cannot be justly charged that London is more corrupt than other cities, unless it be understood that her wonderful congestion of population, greater as it is than elsewhere in the world, compels such a condition as an unavoidable result. To the extent, therefore, that London is larger, so she is mother of a greater brood of wickedness than may be found elsewhere on the earth. But against this ill reputation must be credited the fact that she supports more noble institutions, and exerts more uplifting influences through the untiring agencies of organized effort to redeem the fallen, save the tempted, help the unfortunate, and to do all manner of good among the needy, than any other city, large or small, in the world.

One of the most general and most destructive vices of London is intemperance, a sin that has grown to amazing proportions, that is slaying thousands, filling mad-houses, multiplying crime, and impoverishing the common classes. The sacrifices to Moloch were a custom of small importance as compared with the self-immolation of such vast numbers of English men, women, and children, who venerate Bacchus and die, cursing themselves, at his shrines. To write of London without calling attention to this monstrous sin would be to ignore the most conspicuous and the most appalling custom that characterizes the people. Public houses, as groggeries are called, are so numerous in some districts of the city, that it would appear to the casual visitor no other business engaged the people than the selling and consuming of drink. In Paris all kinds of so-called amusements, however demoralizing, is licensed, often to the shame of the municipality; but in London the evil of granting license to so many dram-shops is even more debasing, for the effect is incomputably bad.

Bar-maids are a feature peculiar to the city. In Germany it is a custom to have girls serve beer at the public gardens, but there is a modesty in their clean and very attractive costumes as well as in their looks, that seems to forbid the idea of impurity. It would be better if it were so in England. In the finer public houses girls are employed more for their comeliness than for their promptness as strictly bar-maids. They often dress extravagantly, do little serving, spend their time persuading gentlemen to treat them, and in performing such acts as seduce men to spend money liberally. I have seen bar-maids who would entertain a half dozen loungers at one table for an entire evening, serving them a few times with her own hands, dancing for them between drinks, offering toasts at the proper time, and singing wassail songs such as may be heard at some of the variety places in Paris. Efforts have been made time and again to prohibit this offending against public morals, but sentiment permits its continuance. I have seen it gravely asserted in editorials of the leading papers of London, that abolition of the bar-maids would work an outrage by depriving a large number of girls of honest employment, whose earnings now go to the support not only of themselves but of needy mothers and families. God save the mark! The same argument might, with as good reason, apply to that other class of unfortunates who live by scandalous importunities. There may be honest bar-maids, as the papers assert, and if so the abolition of their improper calling is the more to be demanded, because to remove them from dens of vice would be to save them from a temptation that is certain to damn them in the end.

A Consideration of Social Evils.

London is one city in which the greatest of social evils is not legitimated by license. It is right, no doubt, but is it politic? For more than twenty years the experiment has been under trial of outlawing all establishments that minister to the evil passions of the sexes. In Paris all such houses are distinguishable by the large numbers that are above the doors, and which are most frequently set in a transparency so as to be easily seen at a distance. They are thus advertised and proclaimed to the passing public by red lights. In London there are no legalized houses of prostitution, and the activity of the police prevent those that are set up in a secret way from continuing for any length of time. But this lawful prohibition is so ineffective that certain streets fairly swarm with social outcasts who make their solicitations in the very presence of the police. Girls, like other people, must have rooms in which to eat and sleep. A number may not take a house for bawdy purposes, but the evil is not lessened by thus driving these women to the streets, whence captives are lured to their rooms, where the wickedness is consummated.

Within the last two years the police have been instructed to abate the nuisance, which prior to that time disgraced the principal streets after night-fall, and it is not now so flagrant, but I have seen files of brazen women standing at Charing Cross boldly soliciting men, and assailing those who repulsed them with the vilest language that tongue can give utterance to. These shocking scenes were of momentary occurrence, and took place in the presence of the police, who opposed no objection whatever, but on the other hand seemed at times to enjoy them.

On my first visit to London, in 1882, I attended a performance by Charles Wyndam at the Criterion Theatre, when upon emerging I was pushed into the most remarkable gathering I ever beheld. The streets for two squares was so completely blocked with people that vehicles made no effort to pass through, and were forced to find another route. My thought was, at first, that some accident of a serious nature had occurred, but upon inquiring the cause, I ascertained to my astonishment that this great crowd was a nightly gathering of bawds, who had made this place their rendezvous for a long while, by which it had become a vast Street Exchange, where honor was bartered and souls disposed of to the highest bidder. The number of women composing this nightly collection was not less than five thousand, and included every conceivable kind, from the under-age to grandmothers, thus constituting a scene so dreadful, so horribly depraved, so beastly, that remembrance of it causes me to shiver with disgust. For the honor of England such gatherings are now prohibited, but while the evil is no longer so public, it has gone to cover to increase its kind.

There is a great deal of wealth in London, the city being in fact, banker for the world. A large part of the male population of marriageable age are serving in the army, and thus unmarried women are largely in the majority. But they are at a disadvantage, too, in other respects. In no other city is club-life so general, and experience teaches that young men who once become attached to a club, seldom change their affections for a wife. Rich men, as a rule, do not marry, and soldiers cannot afford to; so, under such adverse conditions, a very large proportion of girls have no chance of securing a husband, and the result leads inevitably, in many cases at least, to loss of honor. I regret very much to have to say that this observation does not present the worst phase of the subject. Wealth is a screen behind which many social crimes hide themselves; but accident often reveals them, and by exposures thus made, the public has become acquainted with some horrors which were it not for the proof, it would seem impossible to exist. The Hammond street bestialities, which Mr. Stead was bold enough to uncover, though several of the most prominent men in London were shown to be participants, by the exposure; and the shocking practices that were later revealed, the disclosures of which sent the great sun-flower æsthetic, Oscar Wilde, to servitude in one of the worst prisons in England, are cases in point. Unfortunately, this dreadful crime against society and against nature, is like the many-headed hydra, which when one was severed, quickly grew another. Stamped out in one place, the bestiality that shames mankind reappears in another, and total suppression is impossible.

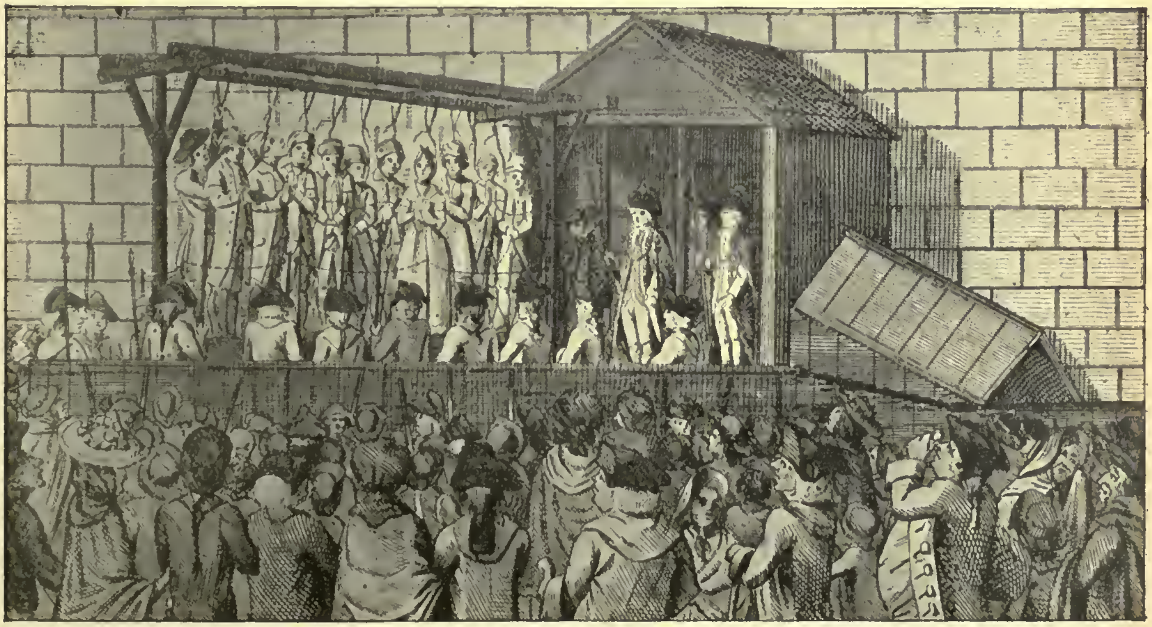
Evil Examples of the Wealthy.

Wealthy men, as a rule, are more treacherous in this respect than the moderate circumstanced, probably, because they have more idle time, live higher, drink more, and feel a degree of security in the influence which their positions give them. I have no disposition to describe or to dwell upon this abnormal, perverted passion that is so exceptional, I am glad to record, as to render it a subject of rare psychical interest, if such persons are possessed of spiritual or rational faculties, which we may doubt.

London is a vast maelstrom, its outer edges swirling around the empire, and whose attraction encompasses the civilized world. People are drawn to the great metropolis from remote places, just as those of the English country districts long constantly to behold the scenes and to feel the sensations of the largest city in the world. Though it is quite unlike Paris, the very antithesis in fact, there is a fatal fascination for the opportunities to flitter about the vice that is there so abundant, and this desire draws a constant stream of country girls and boys into the deadly vortex. In Paris every form of wickedness, being licensed, is publicly displayed, it is on parade, it is advertised, but in London the opposite is true. There is a surface of propriety, but beneath the innocent cover is a den of iniquity more terrible, if possible, than any place in Paris; so foul that its odors often discover it to the not always vigilant police. Dual characters as monstrous as Jekyl and Hyde are not uncommon, nor are they to be found in men alone, for there exist in London women as fell as fiends, harridans that are as monstrous as harpies, whose vocations are the capture of innocence and the sale of souls. I speak of these foul creatures because their profession has grown to be one of the most horrific schemes for the perpetration of unspeakable crimes that disgrace humanity, and because men and women cannot be too well warned against them. In America we know how great is the number of girls lured to New York by solicitation and golden promise, to recruit for monsters that live in dens of vice which, like the minotaur, are always devouring; but the curse is more terrible in London, for there it is a veritable plague. These emissaries of hell are always active, robed like queens of fashion and radiant with jewels, bearing honey on their lips and welcome in their eyes, they journey through country villages, always in splendid equipages, or move mysteriously from place to place, watchful as basilisks, and just as fascinating, seeking for young girls among the mountain homes of Scotland, the green lands of unhappy Ireland, and the towns of England, wherever parental love is strongest, where purity is guarded by the watchfulness and companionship of mothers, and where confidence lends willing ear to promises of betterment. It is thus, I say, that London is a maelstrom, in which youths ride in a circle of intoxication until at last they are drawn into the vortex and dashed to destruction.

Horrible Crimes of London.

A few years ago London authorities were disconcerted, and people of both continents were shocked by repeated murders in the White Chapel district, the victims being always women of the street, and their bodies invariably mutilated, as if by a surgeon's knife. How strangely like the crimes of the apocryphal Mr. Hyde, and so similar, too, in that no discovery of the perpetrator has ever been positively made. These assassinations served to bring White Chapel into great notoriety throughout the world, and the section, which is under the very shadows of Parliament and Westminster, has since become a shrine, so to speak, for nearly all visitors to London, as the scene of a tragedy has about it a fascination which no sage has ever been able to explain. White Chapel is not the only district of London occupied largely by the unfortunate class, but it is representative in kind. When girls are brought to London through the specious promises of infamous procuresses and forced into a life of shame, their condition is not at first, aside from loss of soul forever, without some recompense of comfort, for they generally become mistresses of rich men of swelldom, who provide splendid quarters and are lavish in their bestowals of gifts and attention, which are particularly mollifying, perhaps very pleasing, to a country lass raised in honor but a stranger to luxuries. They are for the time petted and cajoled in a variety of ways; every wish, save the honorable one, anticipated; taken to theatres, fed on the daintiest foods, driven behind the most spirited teams, introduced to circles of those occupying a like social plane and all the rosy lights of a gilded life are turned upon them; but the current sets steadily in one direction. They hear the strains of soft music floating over the water, and mellow voices are attuned to sweetest melodies; but these soothing sounds are the songs that sirens sing, these wooing notes are made to charm the senses, and to close the ears against the splash of waves and the distant



GALLOWS SCENE IN THE OLD BAILEY.

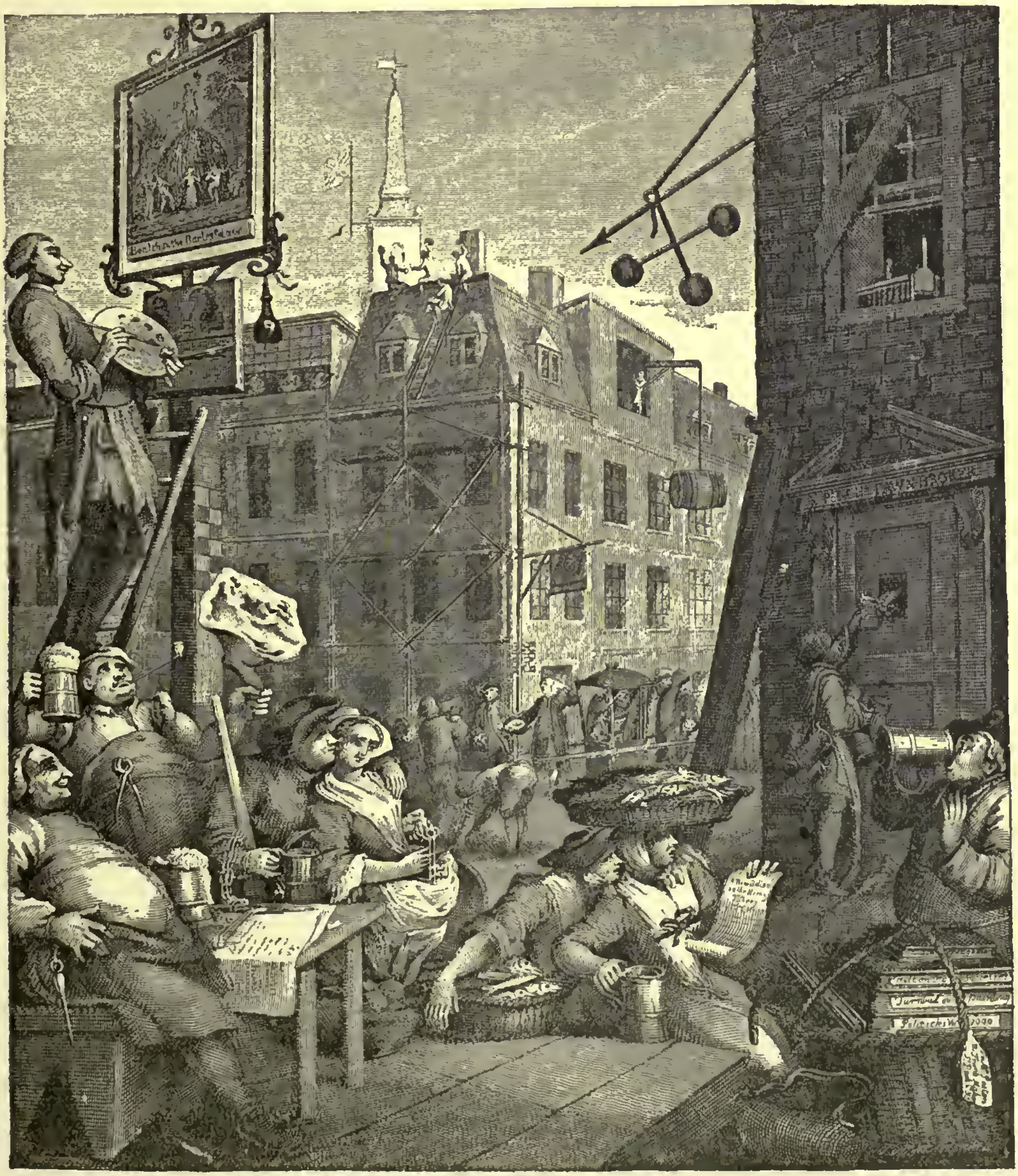
roar of the cataract towards which the enraptured victim is rapidly drifting. Suddenly the rocks heave in view, the current becomes swifter, the Niagara of destruction envelops them in mist, and a plunge ends all. Poor girl, so dear a dream, so dread the awakening. If death comes not by hand of suicide, there is the graveyard of White Chapel, the living sepulchre, the life entombment, the marriage with hell. The once innocent child, the charge of a poor mother's love, the sport of a heartless man, has become the chaff that is fit only to be cast off and burned, to be consumed by accusing conscience, to feed the flames of torment, to illumine the caverns of despair.

London life, for those whose means can afford it, is essentially a fast life, by which I mean that men and women indulge in dissipations which must end in moral and physical corruption, if not degradation. It is the reproach of all large capitals, that social crimes dominate, or greatly influence society, and one potential reason, among many others, is to be found in the feeling which large cities excite in individuals that identity is lost, that the social unit is destroyed, that like bubbles upon the ocean, persons who have not attained to prominence are so blended with a multitude of others that conduct is not observable, and this error removes restraint to follow the blind dictates of a passion evoked by evil counsel, to ignore consequences in the momentary sensualism which whispers, "eat, drink, and be merry."

You may think that the impurities and conditions of which I write are common to all cities, and to an extent this is true, but to London they are peculiar in the sense that the evil is greater in an arithmetical ratio. There is a larger concentration of wealth, there is a more cosmopolitan population, there is more inducement to barter honor for pride of self, to subordinate the better instincts to those desires that gratify to our undoing, and for this reason London has been called both a Sodom and a Babylon. You may walk the streets of Paris by night without being once accosted; not that sin hides its face after nightfall in that city, but because it is ubiquitous there, and therefore no solicitude is required to direct strangers to it; but you cannot move a square's length in London after dark without being hailed by some miserable relic of womankind who will most likely ask you for the price of a drink, failing to secure which she will persistently follow, block after block, with a variation of appeals that are scarcely more pathetic than they are offensive. Paris, too, has few dark alleys and evil-reeking streets, as explained in an earlier part of this work; but London is famous for its blind-alleys, cavernous by-ways, dingy passages, dusky avenues, in which the besotted live, and the criminal rendezvous, as Dickens has so realistically described.

Drunkards and Thieves.

In Paris drunkenness is so uncommon that its absence is a matter of surprise to visitors. In London it is so great as to be the prevailing vice, and almost as prevalent among women as it is among men. The poor classes, who constitute a great majority of the population, raise their children on the bottle, and it is not on milk either. Malt liquors are the sedatives they use, heavy and strong drinks, such as ale, stout, and porter, the latter as bitter as quinine, and as intoxicating as proof spirits. Whiskey and brandies are also used to a considerable extent, but wine is too mild to satisfy the English craving. Everything appears to tend toward increasing the desire for drink. Groggeries abound, but every grill-room has a bar attachment, and public houses almost line the highways. Breakfast is an egg and a bottle of ale; lunch, a piece of meat and a bottle

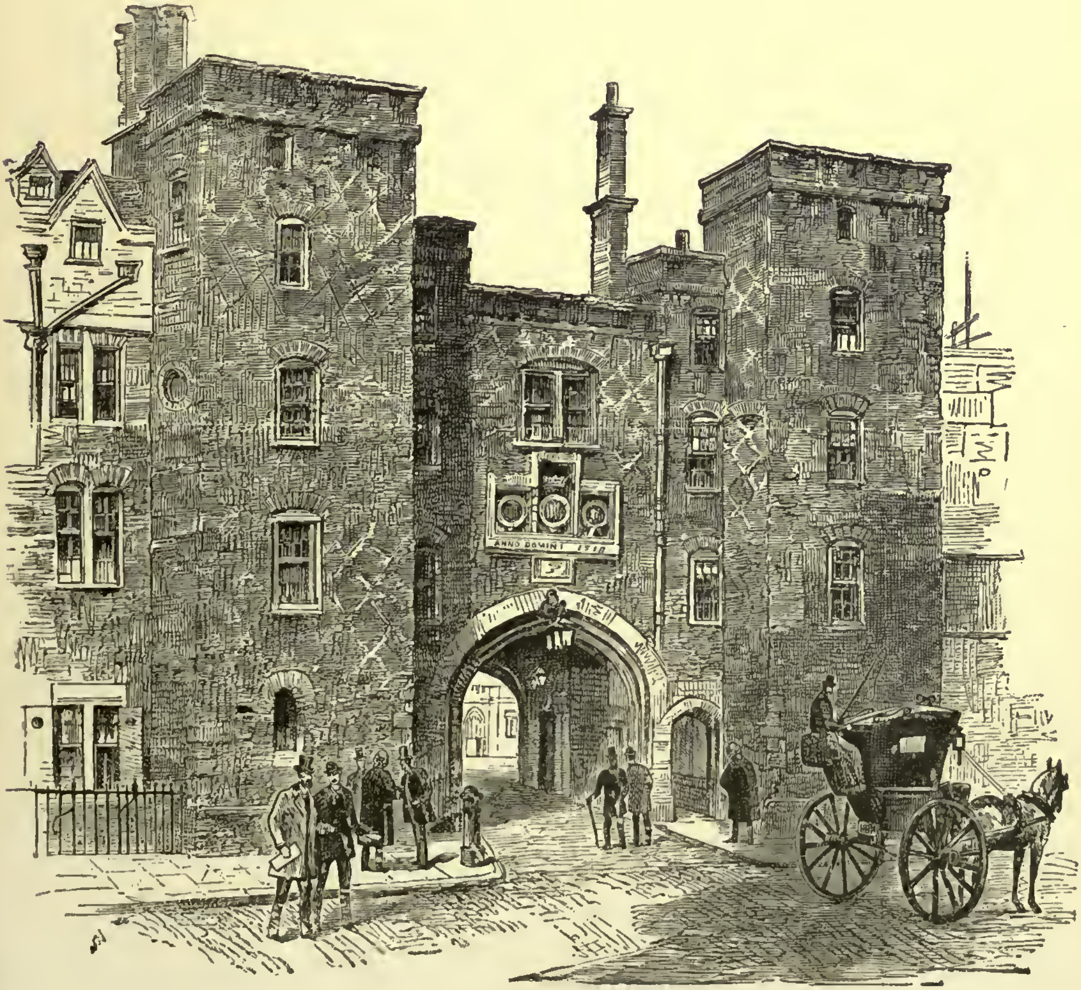


GIN LANE.—HOGARTH'S CARTOON.

of porter; dinner, a bit of roast beef and a tankard of brandy; and night is a swill. This regulation is hardly an exaggeration, for the English live by drinking, rather than by eating. This being the example of the rich, what may be expected of the poor, who have a passion for aping superiors? They borrow the vices and, as a rule, ignore the virtues, so that the spectacle is afforded of a city so powerfully afflicted with drink that, in order to carry on necessary affairs, one-half is sober while the other half is drunk, and alternating that none may be denied the privilege of debauching. This is strong language, and would lay me under the charge of immoderateness if I did not refer as my authority to many English writers themselves, of which we have a very recent instance in a work extensively circulated, entitled, "In Darkest England," which in some respects transcends Mr. Stead's recent book, "If Christ Came to Chicago," and which stands unanswered, I believe. My own observations, I am free to admit, do not fully warrant all the accusations above set forth, but what I have seen, considered in conjunction with what I have read in English books of intemperance among Londoners, seem to justify the assertions here made; but that I may not appear prejudiced I beg to give the good people of that great city the benefit of this qualifying explanation.

Despite the vigilance and intimidation of Scotland Yards, thieving in London is not only alarmingly prevalent, but it is a profession which ranks almost as an art. Honesty is a virtue that exists only in spots in all large cities, and London has her oases, but there is no gainsaying the fact that she is cursed with more than a fair proportion of criminals of all classes, from the sneak to the garroter. And it is noted that the most dangerous and accomplished villains in the history of crime have from time out of mind made London the scene of their desperate emprises. In the earlier centuries Claude Duval, Sixteen String Jack, Dick Turpin, Jonathan Wild, and a host of imitators of their daring, infested the highways of England and with remarkable iteration of fortune escaped from Newgate before the hangman could reach them. But even in recent times, since the roads were purged of malefactors, attempts have been made, and partially succeeded, to rape the crown jewels from their strong repository in the Tower, and to rob the Bank of England, in which latter effort money to the value of five millions of dollars was carried off by an American rascal, though a greater part was recovered.

Where so much wealth is gathered as in London, thieves must abound, just as bees are most plentiful where honey-flowers are in profusion; for while the prize to be gained induces the most daring effort, London offers more chances for escape than any other city; not because her police and detectives are less alert, but because the avenues of flight and concealment are more numerous. It is a truth that there are hundreds of dark, dank cellars in London that have not been entered by honest persons for scores of years; and there are nooks, elbows, recesses, and ruins that are so rarely examined by the police, and so dangerous to passers by, that they afford a safe retreat for criminals, whose identity may be destroyed in a trice in case suspicion or sight should cause their pursuit. There are also schools in London to-day, just as there were in the time of Dickens, in which young Oliver Twists are educated in the art of stealing, and there are dozens of old Fagins to receive the stolen goods "at the highest market price." Why, every character in the works of that master painter of life in London has a counterpart now, from Little Dorrit to old Scrooge; from Nicholas Nickleby to Bill Sykes, innocence and crime, pathos and vengeance, luxury and misery, personified by living examples that make London what she has been for a thousand years, and what she will, no doubt, continue to be till the millennium.



THE OLD GATEWAY TO LINCOLN'S INN.

CHAPTER V.

SOCIETY AND CLUBS OF LONDON.

SOCIETY in London is essentially different from society in America; quite as distinct, in fact, as is a country husking from a New York charity ball. In all European countries rank takes precedence of wealth, and society of London is built on the basis of rank. Of course there are degrees, for English scullions do not dance with rich tailors, and lords of poverty are not often to be seen at royal receptions. But even the poor may ape their superiors in a way, and so there is never to be seen, at any social function in London, that democratic equality which distinguishes parties in America.

The Prince of Wales is, by right of his position, the social umpire, who adjudges every question of etiquette, and sets both the pace and fashion among men; but the Princess relinquishes her rights so far as to allow Paris to fix the styles, which she is quite content to follow. Society in London is what may be called stiff, because warmth is considered condescension, and a sacrifice of dignity. But this observation applies only to the ballroom, where the attendance is so large that there is no wide acquaintance, and "it beseemeth men and women to be very dignified in the presence of strangers." The greatest event in society is the Queen's Drawing Room, which is held usually twice each year, when presentations may be made to the Queen of such candidates as have received permission to appear, by card issued by the Lord Chamberlain.

London society is not, as it is in this country, confined to receptions, balls, and teas, nor indeed do such entertainments constitute the chief social gatherings of the great metropolis. The English are, above all else, devoted to outdoor sports, whether it be winter or summer, and if you would see London society at its best you must follow it into the field. English women are strong, rugged, full of vitality, because they walk, ride, and play in open fields, and regard the house as we do a hotel, good to sleep and eat in, but an unpleasant place in which to spend the active hours. Men and women delight in wild riding after the hounds, in leaping ditches and winding the horn; they lend their presence to the great Henley regattas; to the hurling matches, the golf tournaments, the cricket contests, and the races, of which the society classes are inveterate and enthusiastic patrons. They find great pleasure in forming coaching clubs, and in riding over vast stretches of superb country roads; and in wheeling, not only through parks but in extending their excursions to other cities, which gives exercise to the muscles and relaxation to the mind, for which good reason the English are a healthy race and the women are well developed. Society in America will be better when we have fewer balls and more out-of-door amusements; when our women leave off their corsets to take up the battledore; when they cut their breath-shortening girdles in order to ride afield; when they discard trammels of unnatural dress to gather blooms of health from gardens of exercise.

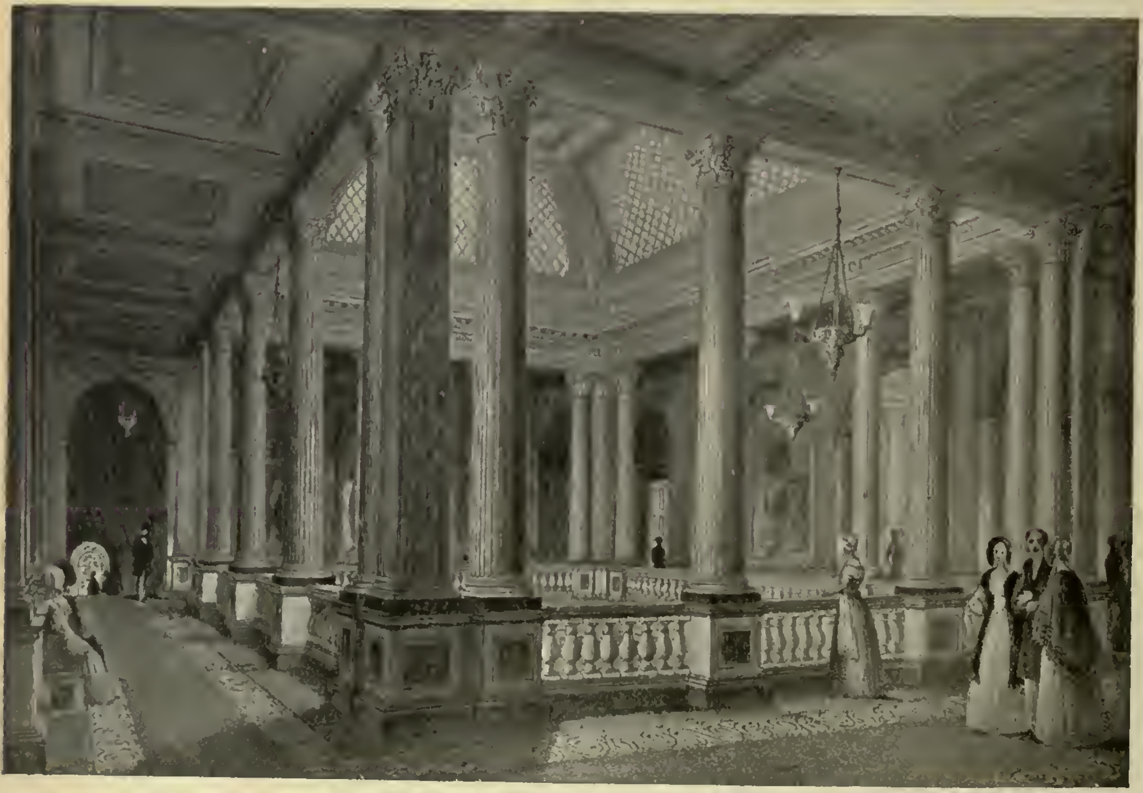
Club Life in London.

But aside from the enjoyments which society of London obtains from active sports, the club is a favorite resort, which is indeed so popular as to be a prime feature of the city life, and any description of London that omits to notice the clubs would be as awkward as a jug without a handle. Clubs had their beginning at a date anterior to the time of Plutarch, for he tells us of the clubs of the Lacedemonians and how they conducted them, but it was reserved for the English to perfect these social organizations, on lines totally different from their management in America. In England the club is a severely exclusive affair, for friends of members admitted by either card or personal introduction are rarely permitted to enter what may be called the sanctums, or inner rooms, whereas in America they are given the fullest freedom to visit any apartment. Persons, too, who are proposed for membership do not as a rule obtain prompt admission, for they must pass a rigid examination as to character and social qualities, and also abide their time until there is a vacancy in the membership, so that years often elapse between the date of proposal and election. Indeed, in the old and very exclusive clubs members not unfrequently nominate their sons and heirs on the day of their birth, so numerous are the applications, while the limit of membership is unchangeably fixed.

The clubs of a century ago were little more than gambling dens, with quarters most frequently in taverns, whereas to-day they have very palaces of their own, and their respective memberships include all classes, above the lowly, and all professions and pursuits. The best are to be found in or near Pall Mall, St. James street, St. James Square, Piccadilly, in the White Hall and Trafalgar Square districts, where the largest wealth and opportunities abound.

It is singular how tenacious men are of those old customs that have a tinge of wickedness about them, in which respect the club members of our times are faithful followers of their old preceptors. In 1770 Walpole observed: "The gaming at Almack's is worthy the decline of our empire, or commonwealth, as you please. The young men of the age lose ten, fifteen, twenty thousand pounds in an evening there. Lord Stoverdale, who is not one-and-twenty yet, lost eleven thousand pounds there last Tuesday, but recovered it at one great hand at hazard." That appeared like playing at high stakes, but modern gambling so far exceeds it that it takes its place alongside of other mighty advances of the period when everything is great.

Mr. Hatton, a member in good standing of the Garrick Club, thus writes: "The modern phase of gambling is well represented in the old street where Sheridan and Fox, and the Prince of Wales (gay Hal), and Brummell, and the rest, drank and gamed and fought, and, according to the tenets of the day, proved themselves gentlemen. At the top of the street, on the west corner, with an entrance to Piccadilly, there is a West-end Stock Exchange, Limited; and another kindred institution on the east side, near the bottom. You will find in the windows the opening prices of consols, rentes, Eries, Midlands, Egyptians, etc., with their varying quotations during the day and their closing prices at night. You can go in and speculate and gamble, at a rate never dreamed of by those wild, tearing, dueling gamesters of Walpole's time: You can do it in cold blood, in your morning coat, then take a ride in the park, lunch calmly at your club, go home unruffled to dinner, and escort your wife to the opera in the evening, or to a meeting at Exeter Hall with the mild air of a bishop."



SALOON CORRIDOR OF THE REFORM CLUB.

The Largest Bet Ever Made in London.

The Stock Exchange of London is not different from similar places in other cities, in none of which can it be called a club, so the inference is clear that Mr. Hatton has meant to use the Exchange as a parallel of the gambling spirit that prevails at many of the high-toned clubs of London, where wealth meets wealth to precipitate a tug of war. To be more explicit, therefore, I must relate an incident which, while not falling under my own eye, was reported in the metropolitan dailies while I was in London, about the first of June, 1896. Enormous profits have been realized during the past few years by speculators in South African shares, one man being reputed to have cleaned up a small fortune equal to one hundred million dollars by fortunate investments in that far away field.

A certain very swell club in London numbers among its members several of these extremely lucky investors, who, for lack of better sport, while away much of their time behind the club's strong doors in smoking expensive cigars, drowning their thirst with costly potations, and exercising their nerves at cards. On the evening in question four millionaires were at the table playing America's favorite game, draw-poker, which has of late years become firmly intrenched in the affections and customs of London club-men. There was a large ante and the limit was out of sight; in other words, it was a rich gentleman's game—no words and plenty of money. Towards the midnight hour there was an unlimbering of ordnance for heavy action, and the contest grew very spirited, metaphorically as well as in fact. Satisfactory hands were dealt all round and the raising began, first by thousands and then by tens of thousands, until in the centre of the table was a deposit of Bank of England notes amounting to the sum of $750,000. It looked large, and was large. One man drew two cards, another drew one, and two stood pat, and looked satisfied. The man who drew two cards made a small full hand, the second had three aces pat, which he did not improve, the third man had a ten-full pat, and the fourth was a speculator. None of them seemed inclined to call, for there had been considerable bluffing during the evening and the hands now held were comfortable. A crisis was at length precipitated by the last gentleman unshucking himself of English bank bills of large denominations, to the amount of one million dollars, which he threw upon the already enormous pile as his raise.

There was now a lull in the proceedings; two dropped out with precipitation, but the man who held the ten-full hesitated; he wanted time to think, to go over all his affairs, for the loss of such a sum would certainly interfere somewhat with his prospects in life. He already had nearly $300,000 on the table, a million more would mightily affect his plans. For half an hour his brows looked like overhanging cliffs with storm clouds above them, but finally, with a great sigh he "passed."

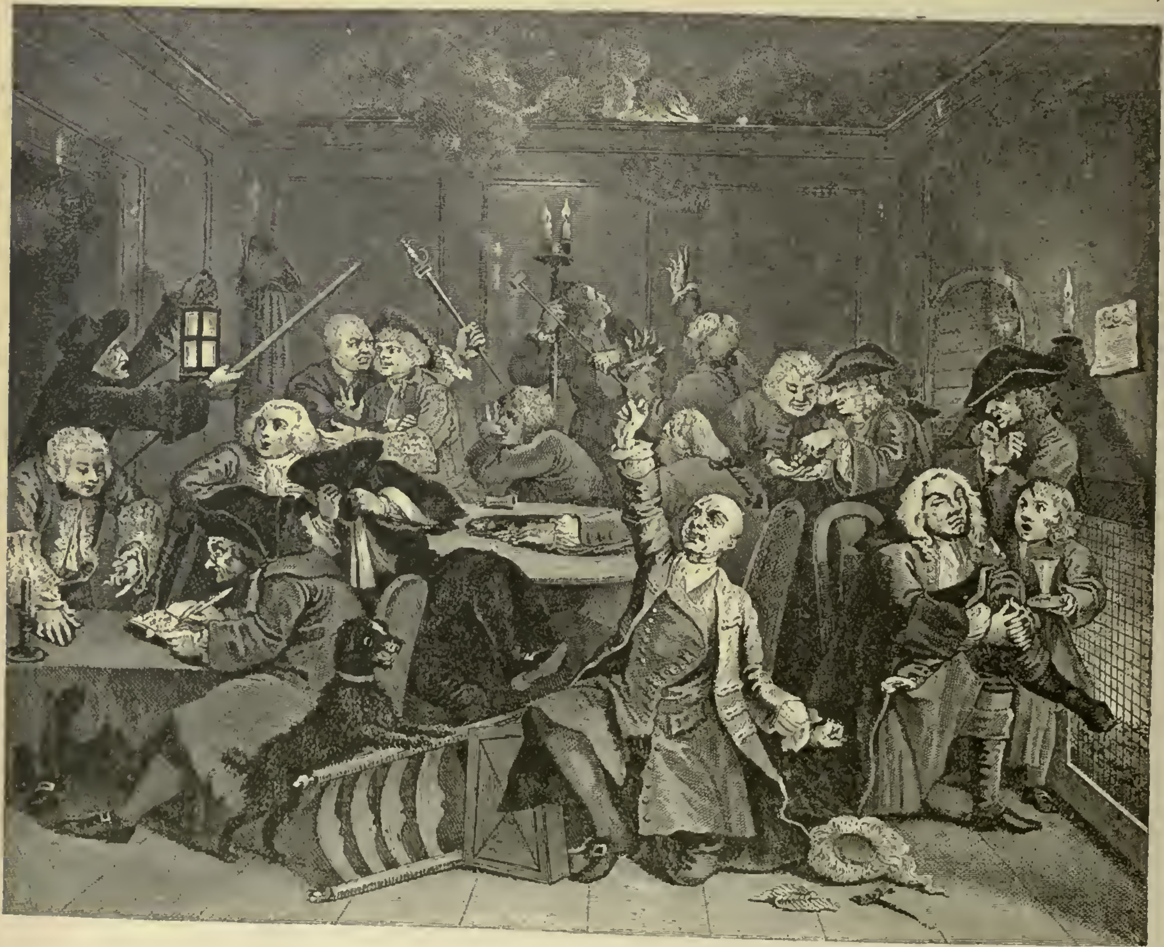
The winner, a cousin of the Kaffir gold king, threw his hand upon the table, and the other three players examined it while he raked in the pile of bank notes, which approximated in amount *two million dollars.* He had won, on a bluff, with two pairs, *sevens and deuces.* This is not a story, but a fact, which admirably illustrates the gambling spirit that dominates club life in London.

White's Old-Time Club-House.

There are club-houses galore in London, supported, as I have said before, by all professions, civil and military, and not a few of them have a history that is well worth the telling; but while there are many more magnificent, there is not one in London more famous or aristocratic than *White's*, berated by Walpole and stigmatized by Pope,

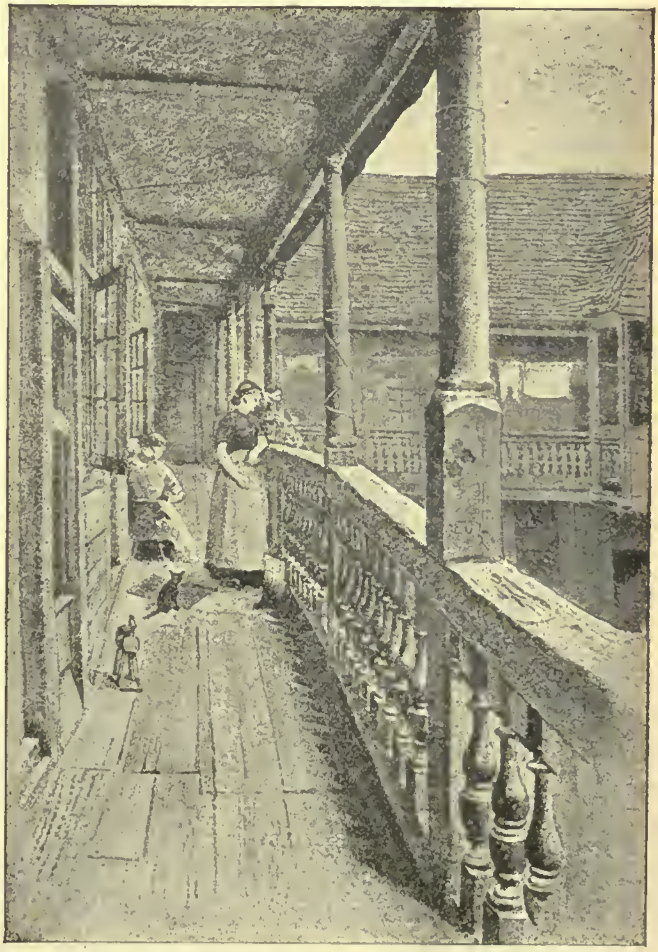
> "Or chaired at White's, amidst the doctors sit,
> Teach oaths to gamesters, and to nobles wit."

In the times of Addison this then notorious resort was near St. James's Palace, and its predecessor was White's Chocolate House, which in 1698 was close to the end of St. James street, a place with a garden attached and seemly to behold, but of such an ill fame that Doran intimates the character of its patrons by declaring that "more than one highwayman took his chocolate there, or threw his main, before he quietly mounted his horse and rode down Piccadilly toward



THE RAKE'S RUIN AT WHITE'S.—CARTOON BY HOGARTH.

Bagshot." Evil as was its odor, it had somewhat of royal custom, for when the house was burning in 1733, it is said the King and Prince of Wales went to the rescue by throwing guineas to the firemen as an encouragement to the greatest possible exertions to save it. Yet at this time so abominable were the excesses at White's that Hogarth used the incident of the fire for one of his popular serial illustrations of the "Rake's Progress." And the initial number of *The Tattler*, a breezy periodical of the day, went further by announcing that "all accounts of gallantry, pleasure, and entertainment shall be under the article of 'White's Chocolate House.'" The popularity of the place was so great that it was directly restored after the fire, but became a private club in 1736, some of the charter members being such distinguished persons as dear Colley Cibber, Sir John Cope, Bubb Doddington, General Churchill, and the Earls of Chesterfield, Rockingham and Chalmondeley. And then it grew into a place of aristocracy, and to-day many think it the most fashionable club in London, not even excepting the Turf, or the Marlborough. I am told that "dinner at White's is a ceremonial business—wax-candles, stately waiters, carefully decantered wine, courses that come on with procession-like solemnity, a long sitting over the wine and with the older men a 'white-wash' of sherry before your coffee and cigars."



BALCONY AND COURT OF WHITE'S CLUB HOUSE.

One of the curious memorials of old times, which is preserved at White's, as a reminder of a custom prevalent a century and a half ago, is what is called the "bet-book," to which Walpole makes an uncomplimentary reference, in 1748, in this wise: "There is a man about town, Sir William Burdett, a man of very good family, but most infamous character. In short, to give you his character at once, there is a wager entered in the bet-book at White's that the first baronet that will be hung is this Sir William Burdett." And I may add, this bet-book is still in use, though it has now grown into several volumes, in which are to be found recorded many of the most extraordinary wagers that is conceivable, the fantastic speculations of maudlin brains, for there are bets on everything material, immaterial, metaphysical speculative, public and private, scandal and virtue, life and death, to illustrate which a writer presents this amazing observation: "A man dropped down at the door of White's, he was carried into the house. Was he dead or not? The odds were immediately given and taken for and against. It was proposed to bleed him. Those who had taken the odds that the man was dead, protested that the use of the lancet would affect the fairness of the bet."

The club on June 20, 1814, gave a ball at Burlington House to the Emperor of Russia, the King of Prussia, and the allied Sovereigns then in England, which cost in American money $47,245, covers having been laid for 2400 persons, and three weeks later the club gave a dinner to the Duke of Wellington that cost $12,400; two functions which afford some idea of the wealth or extravagance of the members. In 1755 the club moved to its present site, Nos. 37 and 38 St. James street, when its membership was fixed at 151, and the annual dues raised to $50. The membership has been increased several times since and is now limited to 750.

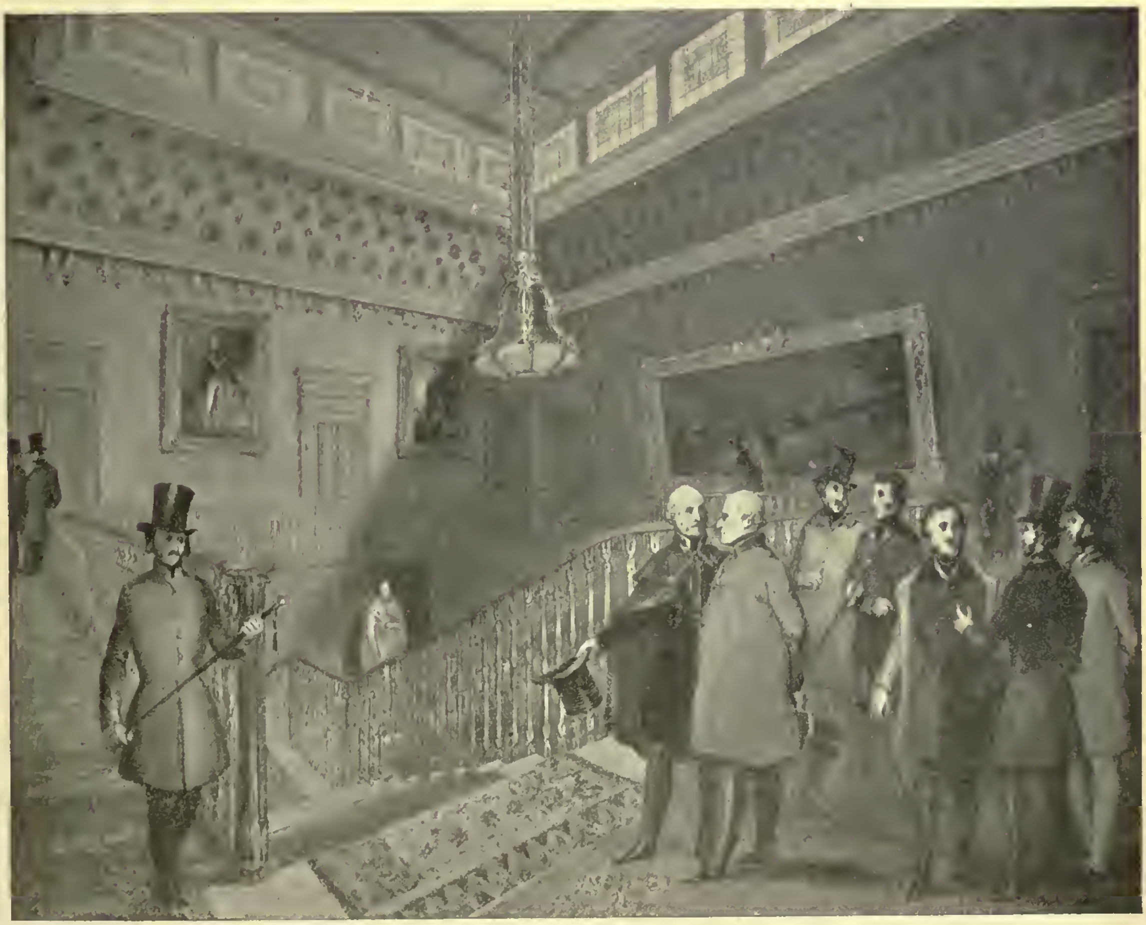
The Union Club.

The Union Club is centrally located at the southwest end of Trafalgar Square, organized in 1808, and has a distinguished membership of members of Parliament, merchants, and lawyers, all men of large means. Among other things, the Union is famous for its cellars in which is carried a larger stock of wine than is to be found in those of any other club of London. As its members have ever been very wealthy men, we are not surprised to learn that in former years, whatever may be done there now, gaming was a feature of the Union, and the stakes were high. Lord Rivers is said to have lost £100,000 ($500,000) at play in the club-house, and to have drowned himself as the easiest method of disposing of his regrets. An anecdote is told of an eccentric Irish member who being expelled for tampering with the ballot box, from which he had extracted two black balls from a total of nine which had been cast against an objectionable candidate, had the charity to send a $500 bank note to the servant who exposed him. This generosity was exceeded, through another motive, however, by a rich member who was in the habit of carrying away slices of meat from the dinner table to help out his next morning's breakfast. This looked like stinginess, but when he heard of the distress of a friend he sent him unsolicited a present of $15,000. A good heart may beat under a rough exterior, and a saving hand may carry relief in the hour of need.

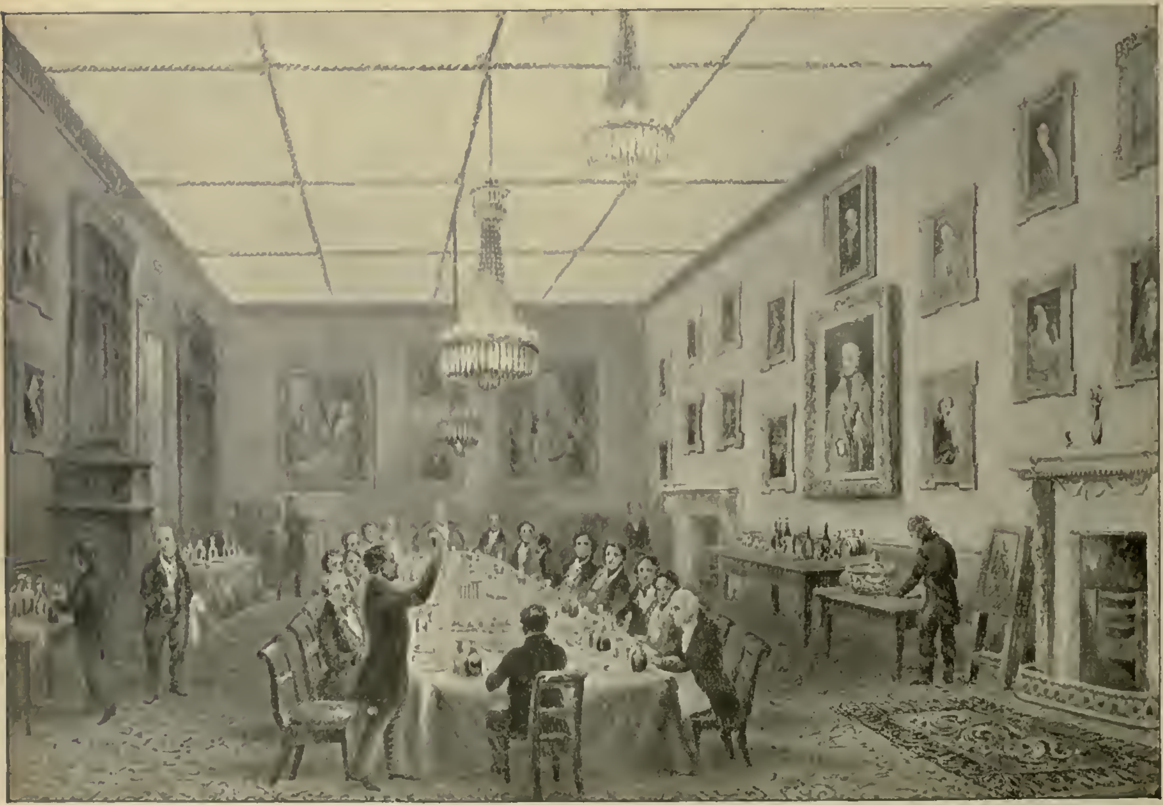
Other Great Clubs.

Pall Mall is veritable club-land, and it will be noticed, too, that the club buildings are the finest edifices on that splendid thoroughfare. At the entrance of St. James Park we observe the United Service on one side and the Literary Athenæum on the other, with the Travelers adjoining the latter, whose small shoulders are pressed against its imposing neighbor, the Reform, which is political and radical. Then comes the great Tory Club, the Carlton, which the Duke of Wellington organized, and which has been increasing its fame ever since. There has long been a rivalry in clubs between the Tories and the Liberals, and there is no seeing the end. Of the former there are the Carlton, the City Carlton, the Constitutional, the Conservative, the Junior Carlton, the National, the City Conservative, the St. Stephen's, arrayed against the Liberal Reform, the Brooks, the Devonshire, the City Liberal, the National Liberal, and the Cobden.

Besides all of these political clubs there may be mentioned the Army and Navy Club, the Oxford and Cambridge, the Guards, the Marlborough, the Beaconsfield, the United University, the Wyndham, the Salisbury, the Raleigh, the St. George, etc., in various parts of the city. Literary, fine art and dramatic life in London is quite as well represented in clubs as other professions; perhaps better, and if their buildings are not so magnificent as some others, several of them have more artistic interiors, and present a greater air of elegant refinement, and for numbers there is no lack, as you shall see by some of the


GREAT HALL OF UNITED SERVICE CLUB.

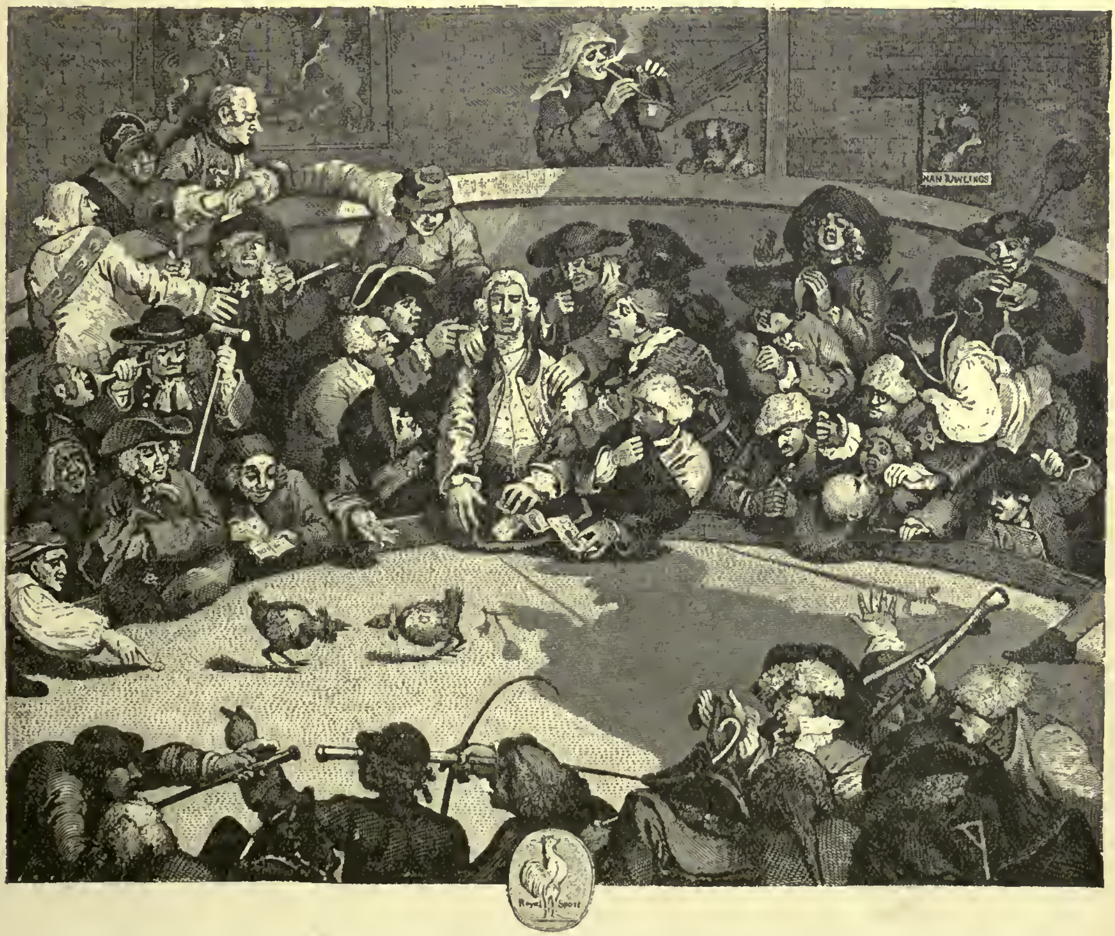
names I give you: There is the Millais, for painters, the Irving, for actors, the Mackey, Dickens and Jerrold, for novelists. But by no means are these all, for there are the Arts and the Hogarth Clubs, whose members are largely sketch artists and painters; and there are the Savage, the Green Room, and the Beefsteak, of which latter Peg Woffington was a member; the Fielding, the Covent Garden, and the Our Club, of which latter Mr. Charles Dickens, Jr., was honorable secretary at the time of his death; the Arundel, and the Garrick. This latter is a famous club in its way, numbering among its members many of the brightest writers and the best actors in London, which provides a richer feast for the mind than a savory banquet for the stomach. It is noted also as containing a finer collection of pictures than any other club, largely contributions, too, from the artists who made them, and presentations from actors.



A DINNER AT THE LIBERAL CLUB.

Then there are also the Lyric Club for musical patrons, and the magnificent Liberal National Club, which takes its place among the largest and finest in London, with a dining room 108 feet long, 38 feet wide, and 24 feet high, as rich in its embellishments as art can make it. And there is the Constitutional, founded in 1883, that is quite as large and almost as magnificent, and which has a coffee room that is 140 feet long by 30 feet wide. But all of these so far fail to exhaust the list that the half has not been mentioned. Let it not surprise you to learn that of the thirty-eight yacht clubs in Great Britain, London supports twenty; and then there are other sporting associations such as the Jockey Club, the Harlingham, the Turf Club, the Marylebone Cricket Club, the Gun Club, the Four-in-hand, and, in short, like associations for the promotion of all athletic pastimes.

The Jockey Club is an open-air organization; that is to say it has no building and its home is, like the beggar's, wherever its hat, or the president's, is. Yet for all this it is the most powerful organization, in its way, in Great Britain, counting among its membership the Prince of Wales, the Emperor of Russia, King of the Belgians, the Emperor of Germany, and a great many dukes and earls, so that its rules are inexorable wherever promulgated.

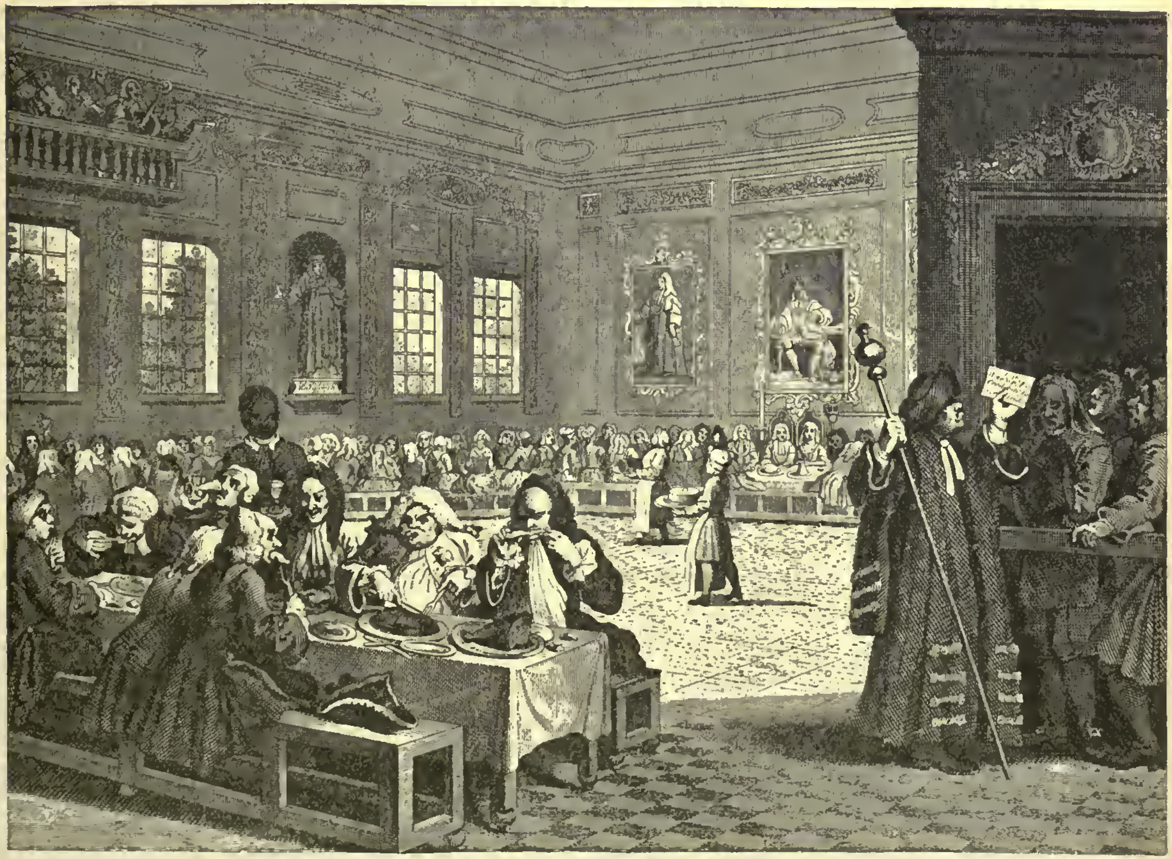


A COCK FIGHT AT WHITE'S CLUB HOUSE.—HOGARTH'S CARTOONS.

In his excellent work on British Club-land, Mr. Joseph Hatton closes his descriptions of the great social organizations with the following eloquent peroration:

"The more one thinks of London from what may be called a sportsman's point of view the less towny it becomes, the more pastoral its attractions, and the more certain does it seem that one would require a volume to attempt even a sketch of the out-door attractions of this very pleasant club-land. Club-land is not that mere luxurious lounge which a great minister recently described it, and if it were, what is a club for but a pleasant, social resting place? A political exchange, where men may intrigue and scheme in the interest of their party, is one thing; a Carlton, or Reform, an Athenæum, a Garrick, or a Badminton, is another. As for London club-land, it has in it the perfume of flowers, the crack of the whip, the splash of the oar, the sound of the hunter's horn, the merry laugh of girls and boys, and the admiring murmurs of Hyde Park corner on a coaching day, and the shout of enthusiastic crowds at Lord's. Who does not recall gay meets of the Four-in-hand at the Magazine in Hyde Park, the chestnuts all in bloom, the trees dancing upon the lake? Who has not pleasant out-door memories of bright days under the auspices of the Marylebone Cricket Club at Lord's, of triumphant London boats at Henley regatta, of polo matches at Hurlingham, and of racing yachts that sailed on summer seas?"

There are, of a truth, so many clubs in London that the reader may come to think that Londoners have no other life, and no thought of anything but eating, drinking, and speculating. But while there are many clubs organized purely for the pleasure of members, there are others where instruction and real social benefit are the prime motives, where ladies attend and lend the refinement of their manners to some and their indecorum to others; places in which good conduct is enforced, and likewise where every evil thing doth abound to the undoing of morals. Not a few are exclusive lodgings, so to speak, in which bachelor members live from one year to another, and where the service has all the completeness of first class, aye, very aristocratic, high priced hotels. And for banqueting, there are no people the equal of the British; it is an undying rage, a craze that increases, a fad that has grown, like a bad habit, into an instinct that manifests itself in offspring. An Englishman's cordiality is expressed in the words, "Come dine with me." It is the "How d'ye do, let's have a drink," of Americans, and if you refuse it matters little because the invitation is passed quickly to another, so that no Englishman need be without company at his meals. And you may have gained the impression that Britishers are large eaters, on the contrary they are capacious drinkers; with them food bears the relation to drink that butter does to bread with us; that is, a necessity which is merely a vehicle, for an Englishman, when feeling himself, can dispose of a pint of sack to every bite of aliment. And his eating, too, from an American standpoint, is not over fine. Hot bread is unknown; pies, except of meat, have yet to be introduced; and his marmalade is made of bitter oranges, so that you may take it, as our children are fed quinine, by disguising it in scraped apple and swallowed from the point of a spoon. They do have excellent mutton chops, but their steaks are tough and underdone; their sole is delicious, but their oysters are good only for boot-heels; their roast beef is fair, but their bread can be reckoned for nothing better than as a whetstone for dull teeth. At table they are garrulous rather than conversational, and loud rather than deferential, but I dare say our faults are no whit less, even though we live infinitely better, on so many good things which Englishmen cannot be persuaded to try. But there is much merit to be found in the fact that the cost of living in London—and just as well, too—is not more than half what it is in Paris, whether it be in private, at hotel, or at club, for which grace let travelers be thankful.



THE HIGH SHERIFF'S BANQUET.—CARTOON BY HOGARTH.

CHAPTER VI.

RACING AND ATHLETICS.

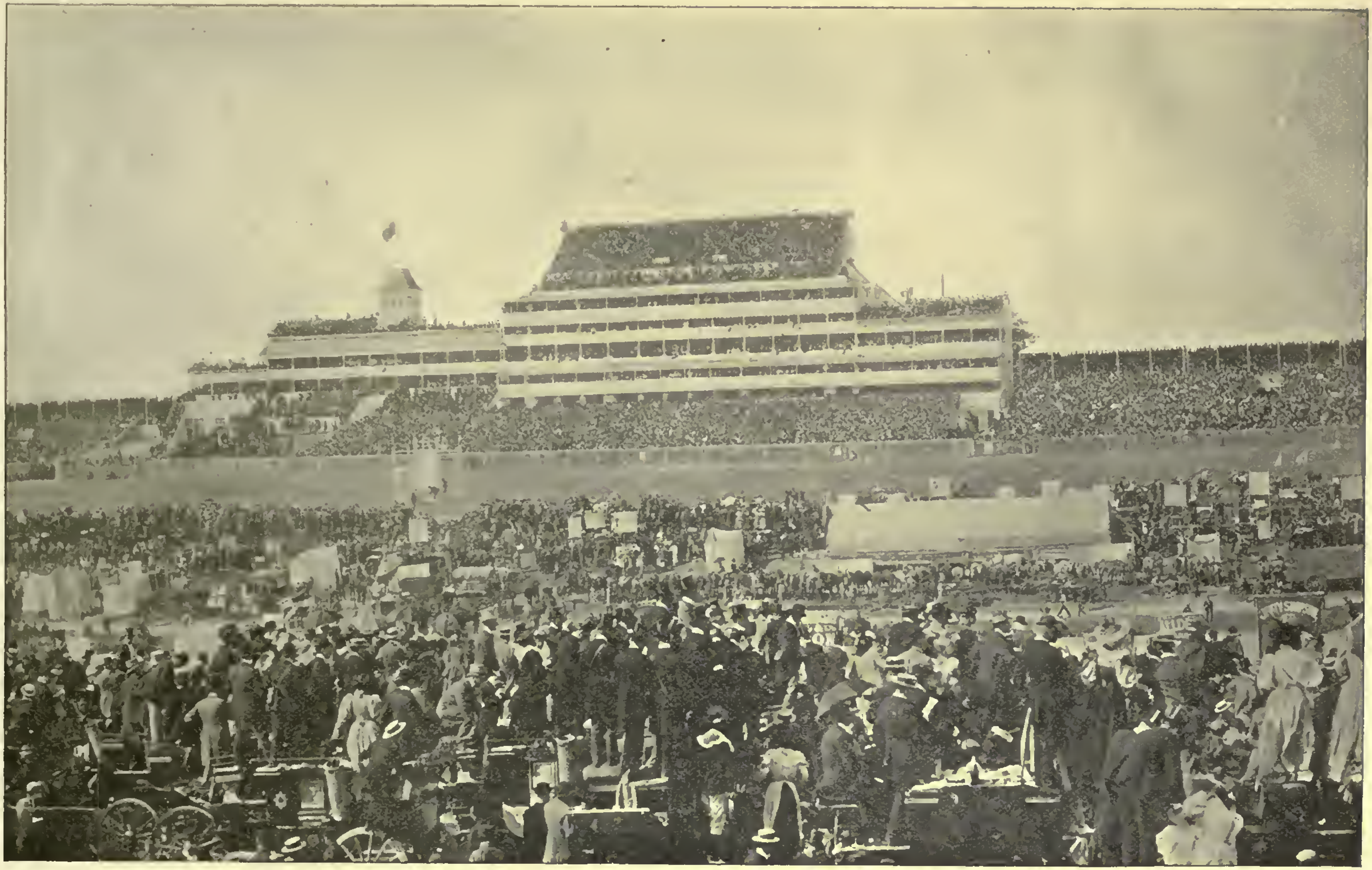
I HAVE told you that the English are a great people for sports, but they are more than this, for they are what we designate in the caustic phraseology of the day *inveterate cranks*, who know no limit to the enjoyment of those amusements which call into fullest exercise all the muscles of man and beast.

You have no doubt seen all kinds of racing, hare-coursing, deer-chasing, hurdle-riding, horse-racing, etc., but if you have not visited England you can really form no appreciation of the extent to which this kind of sport is indulged, or abused. Can you believe me when I tell you that the Epsom races are so mightily regarded that Parliament suspends its sessions and all London takes a holiday in order that everybody may attend them? So that, being so very important, as a chief event in London life, it would be unpardonable in me to omit description of the Epsom meet, though to confess the truth I have neither interest in races nor special regard for those who attend them.

Guide books, which are supposed to epitomize the most curious things of ancient history, tell us that the Derby was instituted by the Twelfth Earl of Derby in 1780, which I am prepared to believe, because he is reputed to have been not only rich, but somewhat gay, who, eschewing the advantages of rank, was more pleased to marry an actress, the well-known Miss Farren, with whom he lived more or less happily. The place of meeting is the Epsom Downs, a fine and rolling piece of heather about eighteen miles by wagon road, and some three miles less by the London and Brighton railway. The race track is a straight-away, one mile in length, on the sod, with short turns, enclosed by an open fence, and provided with a grandstand which rises to a height of fifty feet, and with its wings seats above 50,000 persons. Derby day, when the great race is run, for a stake of $30,000, is the Wednesday preceding Whitsuntide, near the first of June, and all horses or mares three years old and over may enter, the former, however, being handicapped with three pounds weight.

How the Prince Won the Derby.

I attended the Derby race which was run on June 2, 1896, when the Prince of Wales' horse, Persimmon, won the prize, the first time within a century that the heir apparent to the throne of England has carried away the honor and the money, although they have always been contestants. The scene was one which outdoes all description, which makes "cheering" a poor word, and "enthusiasm" a misty term. The crowd of one million persons turned loose their bellows at



THE GRAND-STAND ON DERBY DAY.

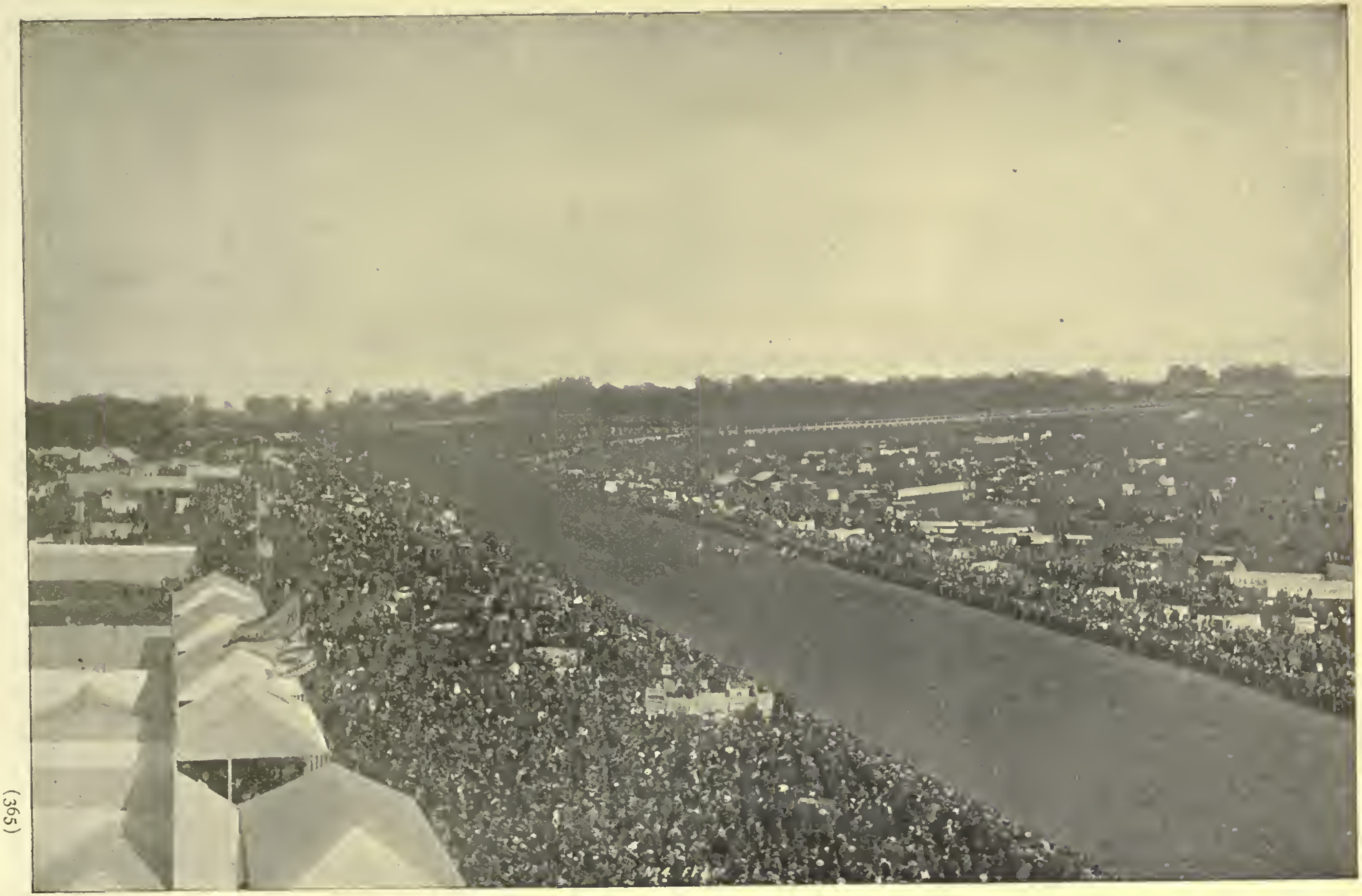
one time, after a hush that was set with a hair-trigger, until Persimmon pushed his nose under the string. The rush of noise came like the boom of cannons, and rolled in swells of tumult that subsided only to roar again, until throats were dry, and arms were tired of waving handkerchiefs, hats, umbrellas, aprons, and unmentionables, for pandemonium was at the bat, and no ceremony was allowed to interfere with the turbulent demonstration. The Prince, who is always popular, was never so popular as on that day, nor will even his coronation be cheered more lustily.

The greatest interest that attaches to the Derby race is to be found in the almost incalculable crowds that attend. Nothing like it is to be seen elsewhere in the world, for the number is twice as great as gathered at the Coliseum in the days of Vespasian, or that ever assembled in Athens to witness the Olympian games. One million is a conservative estimate of the attendance when I was present, being the number which all the London press reported. And your curiosity may well prompt the query, "How do so many persons reach the grounds?" There are three ways of going to Epsom Downs—by wagon, rail, and foot—all of which were fully availed of, but if you wish to see the races let me advise you to follow the highway, even if for lack of money you have to walk. As every vehicle in London is engaged on that day, transportation is of course high. By rail the round trip costs $1.75 second class, $2.50 first class, but you cannot get a seat in a coach for less than $10, and if you go in a fine coach, carrying ten persons, and have wine lunch included, the cost will be $25. Omnibuses are taken off the streets and put into service on the highway for that day, in which you can engage a seat for $2, and be packed in with twenty-five others so tightly that upon emerging you will look as edgewise as a pair of freshly-ironed pants.

Some Amazing Sights on the Highway.

But the sight, the panorama, the marvel, is the moving crowds on the road, for it is the very middle of a circus all the way, with every conceivable variety of things, human and inhuman, in strange commixture, but all working towards a common end. Of vehicles there are more than a patient man may count, and they comprise an exhibition, and compose a procession, of extraordinary comparisons. I saw a ducal party in a coach panneled with gold, drawn by two horses worth a thousand each, in trappings that cost a fortune, behind which, for a little way at least, was a ragged coster-boy on a go-cart, twisting his donkey's tail in a vain effort to keep within reach of the fine people.

And for every handsome turnout there was a shay, and well-dressed couples had to divide the road with less fortunate neighbors who, in a seeming effort to burglarize the house of prosperity, had been pitched into the sewer of adversity. I saw country-folks befrocked in blue and red, trundling along beside race touts in big-striped clothes and high hats; young fellows in green getting holiday comfort from a close union with girls in rainbow hues; great fat men, and



RACING SCENE ON DERBY DAY AT THE DOWNS.

more corpulent fish women, auburn-faced and sweating like stokers, behind ponies with tongues hanging almost as low as their tails; men staggering under loads of dust and beer, blowing horns, caterwauling and singing songs; boys hobbling along on sore heels and bandaged toes; tramps following their noses, as pompous of carriage as knights of the road; wagons that hadn't known tar for a year, their wheels crying like hurt children and wabbling as if they had stopped too often at the pot-houses, some way back; handcarts drawn by mules hitched to improvised shafts; furniture vans, vegetable carryalls, buggies that had just come out from under the chicken's roost; ancient chaises that had lost their canopies and retained only their wheels. In short, if you will pardon me, every class of humanity had its representatives, and every kind of conveyance was in service, even though many were withdrawals from seldom used places whence they had been relegated.

Circuses on the Road.

All along the highway, at intervals of never more than a few hundred yards, while in many places they were bunched, were public houses, where mixed drinks were handed out by bar-maids to already overburdened customers, who made much noise because they could not drink at the trough. The road was as thick with all grades of beings, and all kinds of vehicles, as bees when swarming; some parts were sprinkled, and others were dust inches deep at the surface and furlongs thick above, so that muddy feet, and muddy faces, where dust had been puddled with perspiration, were phases of the great procession, which added homeliness to variety.

The drive was necessarily a slow one, for efforts at haste would have precipitated confusion among drunken men and crazy carts, so that the trip from the Metropole Hotel, from which I started in a tea cart with four friends, a driver and fifty pounds of lunch, occupied nearly five hours. When we came in sight of the Downs there were something like a half million of persons ahead of us, and a babel of voices that sounded like riot. Over a vast space were scattered "residential" wagons, in which gypsies made their peripatetic homes, and who had located here for the profits that follow race-crowds. Small boys and girls, clad like tatterdemalions, were wheeling, turning handsprings, and gyrating along the way, and asking passers-by to "give what you like;" old women in red shawls were industrious in making petitions with outstretched hands, and coatless men were red of face crying the advantages of their horse-stands with free water. Oh, what a jumble, and rumble, and roar! But we drove through the confusion, and upon payment of ten shillings for our vehicle and two shillings each for our party, were admitted to the grounds, which were already covered as far almost as the eye could reach, while the great grand-stand was alive with flutter and color. The track is the largest in the world, being one mile in length on a straight line before reaching the turns, and is therefore nearly three miles round the full circuit. The green without the track rails and the immense paddock within was crowded, as it appeared, almost to the full capacity, while outside the grounds there were as many more vehicles, which the owners left in charge of hostlers to save the price of their admission. And what a sight did this unexampled gathering of people and conveyances present! All along the rail were betting stands, hundreds in number, where book-makers stood on boxes marking and crying the odds on the horses entered for the several races, for it must be understood that the Derby is only one of half a dozen races run on that day. I observed that at these stands bets above one pound were very rare, and that one shilling was the favorite wager, while at the grandstand stalls bets of very large amounts, one thousand pounds not infrequently, were booked, so that I was prepared to believe that often as much as $50,000 changed hands on the result of a single race.

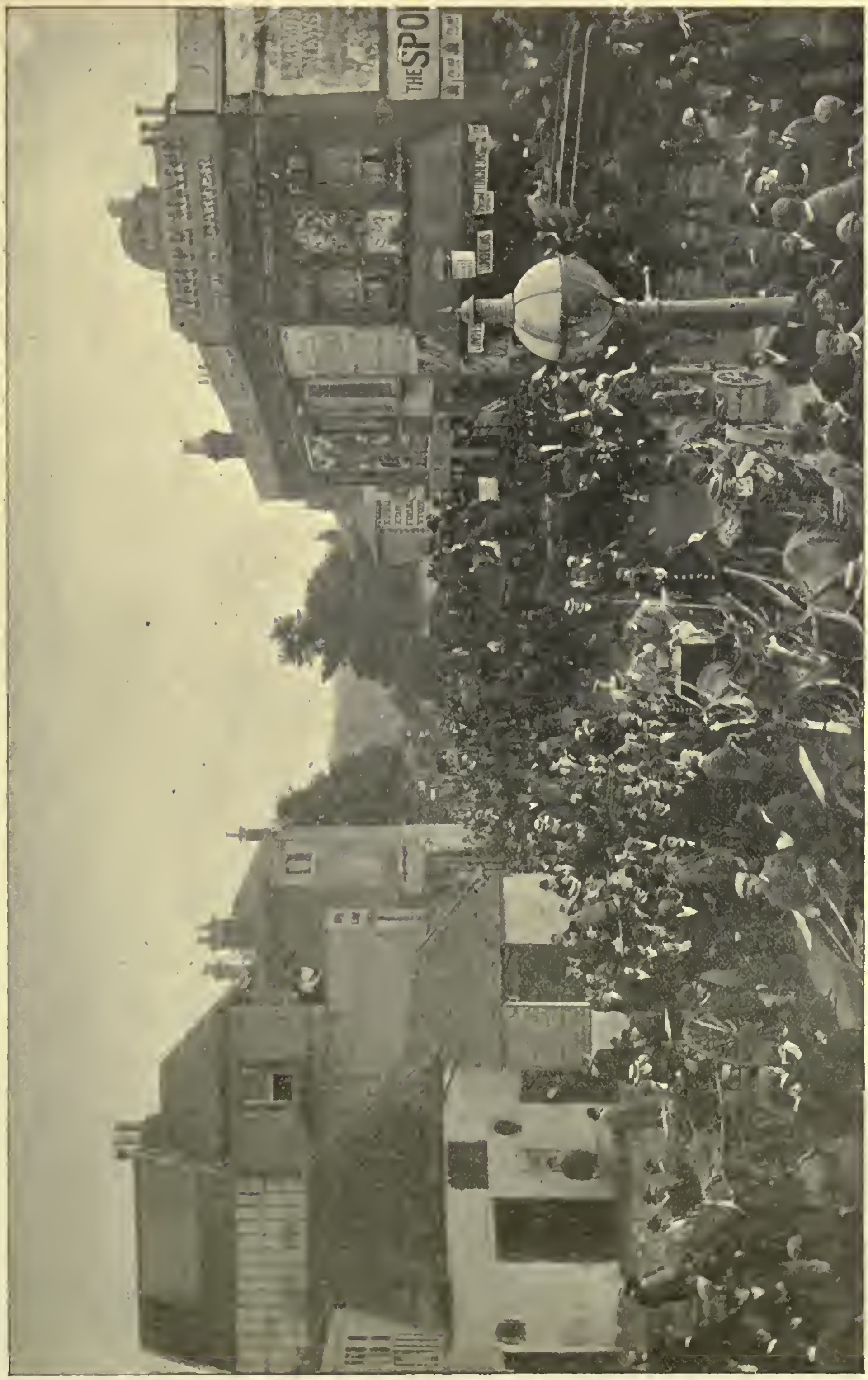
What I Saw on the Grounds.

Within the paddock there were refreshment stands, swings, merry-go-rounds, shooting galleries, a great variety of fakir machines, and several sixpence shows, all of which did a large business, but these are things common to be seen at fairs and such gatherings, and did not entertain me like the crowds themselves. Wagons of every kind were packed so closely that it was impossible to stir after once securing a place, and those who came in them kept their seats until the races were over. And everybody brought a lunch! It looked as though all London had come out to dine on wheels, and to drink in open fields. Notwithstanding the extreme difficulty of moving through this vast bunch of vehicles, beggars were plentiful, asking for refuse of cold chicken, ham, eggs, pickles, and bread, and fortune tellers were as numerous as witches at the great convocation of Sabbat. There were also fellows who sold tips on the races, and wandering musicians, darky minstrels, whistlers, soloists, fun-makers, everything to give excuse for taking up collections. This melange of divertisement continued until the races were over, when with one sudden impulse everybody tried to make a hurried departure for home, whereupon there was the greatest confusion imaginable, for all things seemed to be locked. It was above an hour before those in the inner circle were able to move, but when at last the procession formed for a return, trouble appeared to increase, which the police were unable to adjust. It had been four hours of cheering, betting, eating and drinking, so that small wonder many persons were unable to locate the points of the compass and were as misty in their minds as they were tangled in their legs. As a whole the crowd was good natured, but among so many occasional fighting could not be prevented, especially as there was abundant cause for irritation in the frequent jamming of wagons, as parts of the procession would suddenly stop, which would be followed often by the vehicle behind running violently into the one in front, and then billingsgate and beer would fill the air. At one place where such a forced halt was made I saw a man and woman in the throes of a savage encounter with teeth, claws, and feet, as indifferent of rules as they were of spectators. The woman presently proved the better man of the two by knocking her enemy down and pounding him until she was pulled away. It was beer against beer, but I do not know what brands. And the trip to town was a repetition, in the matter of animated scenery, to that taken to the Downs, except that as we approached the outskirts we were hailed with shout and jest from standing crowds that lined the way. Persons of London who for good reason—which it must be—cannot attend the races, have a custom of going out some way to meet the returning procession of those who do, and I am sure they are recompensed by the picturesque sights which the rollicking, dirt-begrimed, unsteady picnickers present, who come with song and bugle blast, a motley throng that looks as though it might reach from John O'Groat's to Land's End. The next day about half of those who have seen the races take bromide and keep their beds.

The Ascot Races.

The Oaks is another race run on the Friday following the Derby and is in the Epsom summer meeting but it draws only fair sized though more select crowds. Next in importance to the Derby are the Ascot races, run on four days about the middle of June at the course beyond Windsor Castle. I say next in importance with some fear that I will be criticised for not appreciating the good and for setting too great store on the bad. The Derby is an incomparable spectacle for the number in attendance and the marvelous democracy of its patrons; marvelous, because it would appear so to see the extremely poor and roysterous in company with the wealth and rank of England, which allows no such commingling at any other time of the year. But the Ascot races are more interesting in the opposite respect, viz., that they are attended exclusively by the dignitaries, the royal functionaries, and the fashionable of London. The prizes contested for are a gold cup and the Ascot stakes, which are made up by pooling the entrance money with the subscriptions, which usually amounts to about £25,000 ($125,000). Mr. Charles Pascoe, in his excellent work entitled "London of To-day," or year book for 1896, writes thus charmingly of the Ascot races:

"It is the annual festival of the aristocracy, as the Derby is that of the people; the rendezvous of the most illustrious personages of the English fashionable world. The gathering is, moreover, a royal one—princes and princesses, together with their august relatives, being present in state. Her Majesty, who before her widowhood followed the example of her two immediate predecessors in being present at Ascot races, is now represented by the Prince and Princess of Wales. The royal party drive on to the course in State carriages, preceded by the Master of the Buckhounds, and attendant huntsmen in State uniforms. This little piece of pageantry forms a very effective prologue to the proceedings of the principal race days. The royal enclosure is filled with elegantly dressed ladies, whose chief object would seem to be to rival each other in the richness and splendor of their costumes. The Ascot comes to most of them as an opportunity for displaying the resources of their wardrobes. The attendant gentlemen, for the most part, are no less elegantly attired in the choicest



CROWDS RETURNING FROM THE DERBY RACES.

garments. The members of the Four-in-hand and Coaching Clubs muster in great force. Their 'drags' are, however, but units in the multitude of greater and lesser vehicles which fringe the course, in most seasons forming an unbroken line, at many points three and four deep, for over a quarter of a mile. There is no race meeting which depends so much for its success upon fine weather as Ascot; but if the skies are propitious the scene upon the Berkshire heath is one of no ordinary brilliancy, and entirely worth the trip from London to view it."

Hunting about London.

The English are fond of the field but they do not shoot over dogs so much as do American sportsmen, a good reason being found in that the English roads, fields, and preserves are so well adapted to coursing on horseback, a kind of sport that cannot be successfully indulged or encouraged in America because of the inequalities and roughness of our woods and fields. In England the hunting season is from early autumn to late spring, so that the close interval on running game is a short one. Buck hunting begins in September, and hare and fox chasing opens in October, during which seasons there are so many hunting meets that visitors to London if they desire to be witnesses of the sport will generally have no difficulty in obtaining permission to do so. There is a large pack of fox hounds at Surrey, very near London, and another of harriers at Brighton. But the royal buckhounds often meet in the neighborhood of Windsor, when the date having been ascertained, persons interested may make the journey by train and obtain a horse at Eton on which to follow the course. The quarry is a stag, which having been captured a short while before in some small preserve, is conveyed to a proper place and allowed to escape from a cart, the hounds being held in leash until the animal has a mile the start. Then the whole pack is loosed and the hunters being mounted, the mad pursuit begins, across ditches, over fences, through woods, up slopes, each rider trying to keep in front until the scent is lost, when the winding horn brings back the dogs and they are sent off upon the trail again. At these royal hunting meets both the huntsmen and the whippers-in (those who keep the hounds from wandering, and who whip them, if necessary, to force them to follow the trail indicated) wear uniforms of scarlet, embroidered with gold, while those who follow the hounds are not restricted to any special uniform but adopt a variety of bright colors, which lends picturesqueness to the scene. At the meet there is always a large number of persons in carriages, on horseback, and afoot who wait the sounding of a signal before being allowed to advance to any new position.

Sport on the Thames.

Field sports can hardly be held to rank higher in England than amusements of an athletic character on the water, for among the chief events of London sporting life is the annual Oxford and Cambridge boat race, rowed on the Thames the second Saturday before Easter. There has for ages existed a spirited rivalry between the students of these famous colleges, which time can never be expected to destroy, but it is so far removed from jealous hatreds that they affiliate in name, if not always in fact, at the Oxford-Cambridge Club, though it is next to the war office, on the Pall Mall. This eventful race, which is run as often as decided, in order to be run again, is over a course of little more than four miles, from Putney to Mortlake, and usually occupies from twenty to twenty-three minutes. It is a pleasant sight to behold a gathering that often numbers 300,000 persons on the banks of the Thames, lining up nearly the whole course, many dressed in fullest sympathy with the contestants, wearing the dark blue colors of Oxford, and the light blue of Cambridge, ready to give encouragement with lusty shout and sweeping wave of whatsoever can be wielded. Nearly all fashionable London assemble about the boat-houses in splendid array of brightest hues, while the less favored of fortune, but no less enthusiastic, enjoy the scene from the grassy and shade-canopied banks. The river, too, presents a charming aspect, of swift moving launches, rowboats, yachts, and pleasure crafts of every kind all deep-freighted with laughing crowds, speeding about for points of vantage, but warned away from the course by patrol boats, that no interference may interpose. Occasionally the event is varied, and the interest intensified by rowing contests at Henley, on the Thames, between picked crews from the universities of Oxford, Cambridge, Dublin, Eton College, London Rowing Club, the Thames Club, and the Leander Club, against representative crews from Yale or Harvard Colleges. When the Henley regatta is thus made a rivalry between the English and Americans, the interest in both countries is immense, the betting extravagant and the crowd in attendance not infrequently numbers half a million persons.

Other Sports in and about London.

Cricket is a game quite as popular with Englishmen as baseball is with Americans. The chief cricket ground in London is St. John's Wood Road, which is just west of Regent Park, where the Marylebone Club, the largest in England, has its headquarters. When the principal cricket matches are played, during June and July, when Cambridge contests with Oxford, or Eton with Harrow, the grounds are thronged with a brilliant crowd of spectators, for fashionable London attends in a body, or rather that part of fashionable life that is not away from the city for the summer season. It is hardly less than an imposing spectacle upon these occasions, for those who attend are afforded not only a glittering sight of gay dresses, flashing and glimmering in the sun, beautiful women, fine equipages, pretty lap dogs, and well-dressed men with such barbaric accessories as clubs and monacles, but also a skilfully played game, that is of itself worth the price of admission—one shilling. The large tract of ground thus occupied is very valuable, but was purchased by the Marylebone Club to prevent encroachment of residences. as the city is growing rapidly in that direction. It contains a large pavilion and is supplied with refreshment stands, where lunches and drinks may be had.

Football is another national sport, the season for which is from October to March, when the most interesting matches are played under the Rugby Union rules at the Rectory Field, Blackheath, Brandesbury, Richmond, Old Deer Park, and at Remington Oval, under the Football Association, which latter ground is very central, being just south of the Vauxhall Bridge, where the most exciting matches take place.

Lawn tennis also enjoys much greater popularity in England than in America, being governed there by a body known as the Lawn Tennis Association, established in 1888, which has served to promote the game into a fashionable pastime. The championship of the world is annually competed for, early in July, on the grounds of the *All England Lawn Tennis Club*, at Wimbleton, while other great games take place at Stamford Bridge, Hyde Park, Crystal Palace, and Battersea Park.

There are many boxing clubs in London, among the largest being the West London, and the Cestus boxing clubs, where exhibitions are given almost nightly, but on one night of each week, usually Saturday, there are contests that may be justly called prize fights, for they are knock-outs with light gloves, but only members are admitted. A competition for amateur boxers is held yearly, at which handsome challenge cups are presented to the winners by the Marquis of Queensberry, who has long been a world-famous patron of the sport.

Of cycling there is scarcely any end in London, the oldest club there having been founded as early as 1870. The chief bicycle race-meetings are held at Alexandra Park, Stamford Bridge, Surbition, and the Crystal Palace, at all of which places are annual musters, in the summer time, which attract thousands of cyclists and tens of thousands of spectators.

The principal scene of nearly all kinds of athletic sports is Stamford Bridge, where the London Athletic Club has its headquarters. The amateur championships of the United Kingdom are decided here every third year. The university sports between Oxford and Cambridge take place at Queen's Ground, Kensington, always during the week in which the boat race occurs, in which there are nine events, the university winning the majority being declared champion. The leading, club of its kind is the German Gymnastic Society, whose headquarters are 26 Pancras Road, Kings Cross. Notwithstanding the name, half of the society's 800 members are Englishmen.

CHAPTER VII.

SOME OF THE GREAT STREETS OF LONDON.

THE Strand is the most important street of London, and, as Dr. Johnson says, "I think the full tide of existence is at Charing Cross, where Charles Lamb says 'he often shed tears of joy at such multitude of life.'" The name was bestowed because it skirted the river bank in the long ago, but has been gradually elevated and built up on both sides until now the river is concealed by magnificent buildings on the right side, which in turn now overlook the Thames. Though the greatest artery of traffic between the city proper and the West End, busy almost beyond conception, it is a narrow street, upon which travel is at times so congested that blockades are raised only after long efforts made by the police, who patrol the street over beats that are rarely longer than one square. Relief of the tremendous traffic on the Strand is one of the most serious problems that have the attention of the authorities, who cannot divert it to other parallel streets on the north, nor can the thoroughfare be widened now because of the almost incalculable expense such a work would involve. The greatest travel is from Victoria Embankment up the very broad Northumberland Avenue to Trafalgar Square, and thence along the Strand to Fleet street, which forms a continuation at Ludgate Hill to St. Paul's Cathedral, where it divides, passing on the north by St. Paul's into Cheapside, and on the south by St. Paul's churchyard to Cannon street. This wonderful thoroughfare was unpaved down to the year 1532, at which time it was described as "full of pits and sloughs, very perilous and noisome." At this period, however, many mansions of the nobility and hierarchy lined the way stretching down to the Thames. "The names of several streets and houses recall those days of bygone magnificence, but the palaces themselves have long since disappeared or been converted to plebeian uses. Jay Bridge Lane, and Strand Bridge Lane commemorate the sites of bridges over two watercourses that flowed into the Thames here, and there was a third bridge further to the east."

Charing Cross.

The chief point of interest on the Strand is Charing Cross, at the west terminus, where in 1266 stood a village called "Cherringe," celebrated in history as being the place where the Bishop of Landoff asked permission of Henry III.

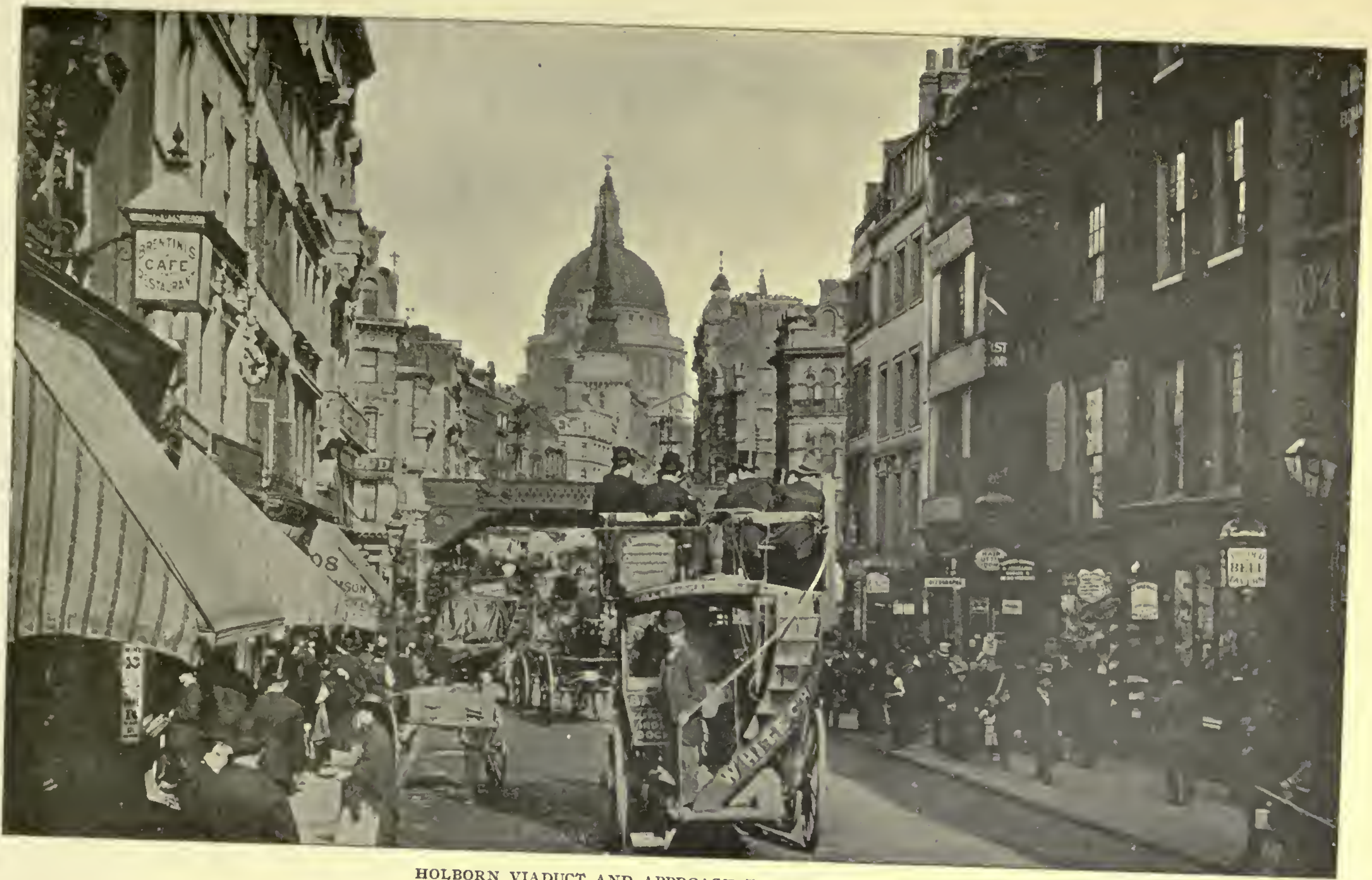
to take up his abode in a hermitage during his visits to London. It derives some of its fame also as being last of the twelve resting places of the body of Eleanor, wife of Edward I., when being conveyed in 1291 from Lincoln to Westminster for burial. At each of these twelve resting places a cross was set up, from which fact Charing Cross is said to have taken its name, especially as that erected at Charing, which was designed by Richard and Roger de Crundale, was more magnificent than any of the others of the twelve. The one which now marks the site is a reproduction of the original, the original having been pulled down by the Puritans in 1647. But other mighty events took place on this historic site, among the most notable being the execution of the regicides in 1660. Here the gallows were set up upon which perished Major-General Thomas Harrison, followed three days later by the strangling of Hugh Peters, who while preaching against Charles I. at St. Margaret referred to him as "the Great Barabbas at Windsor." Cook, the republican who defended Peters, was also executed on the same spot, and shortly afterwards eight other of the regicides.

In Evelyn's Diary of October 17, 1660, occurs the following: "Scott, Scroof, Cook, and Jones suffered for reward of their iniquities at Charing Cross, in sight of the place where they put to death their natural prince, and in the presence of the king his son whom they also sought to kill. I saw not their execution, but met their quarters, mangled and cut and reeking as they were brought from the gallows in baskets on the hurdle. Oh, the miraculous providence of God!" .

THE STRAND, LOOKING WEST.

"Here, in the pillory, stood Edmund Curll, the notorious bookseller; and here, June 10, 1731, Jophet Crook *alias* Sir Peter Stranger, the Jophet of Pope's 'Essay on the Use of Riches,' was punished, after standing an hour in the pillory, by having his ears cropped, and his nostrils slit and seared by the common hangman."

In 1674, near where the regicides perished, a statue of Charles I. was set up, which met with several vicissitudes, among which was its sale by act of Parliament to a brazier named John Rivet, who several years afterwards was forced to restore it. The statue suffered no injury, however, and was remounted as it stands to-day.


BRENTINI'S
CAFE
RESTAURANT

HOLBORN VIADUCT AND APPROACH TO LUDGATE HILL,

Singular Street Signs.

Augustus Hare, writing of the strange things that once distinguished this ancient and now most popular thoroughfare, says:

"As the houses closed in two hundred years ago, and the Strand became a regular street, it was enlivened by every house and shop having its own sign, which long took the place of the numbers now attached to them. Chaucer and Shakespeare, when in London, would have been directed to the Sign of the Dog, or the Golden Unicorn, or the Three Crowns, or whatever the emblem of the house might be at which they were residing. The signs were all swept away in the reign of George III., both because they had then acquired so great a size, and projected so far over the street, and because on a windy day they were blown to and fro with horrible creaking and groaning, and were often torn off and thrown down, killing foot-passengers in their fall. Many old London signs are preserved in the city museum of the Guildhall, and are very curious. The persons who lived in the houses so distinguished were frequently named from their signs. Thus, the famous Thomas à Becket was in his youth called 'Thomas of the Snipe,' from the emblem of the house where he was born."

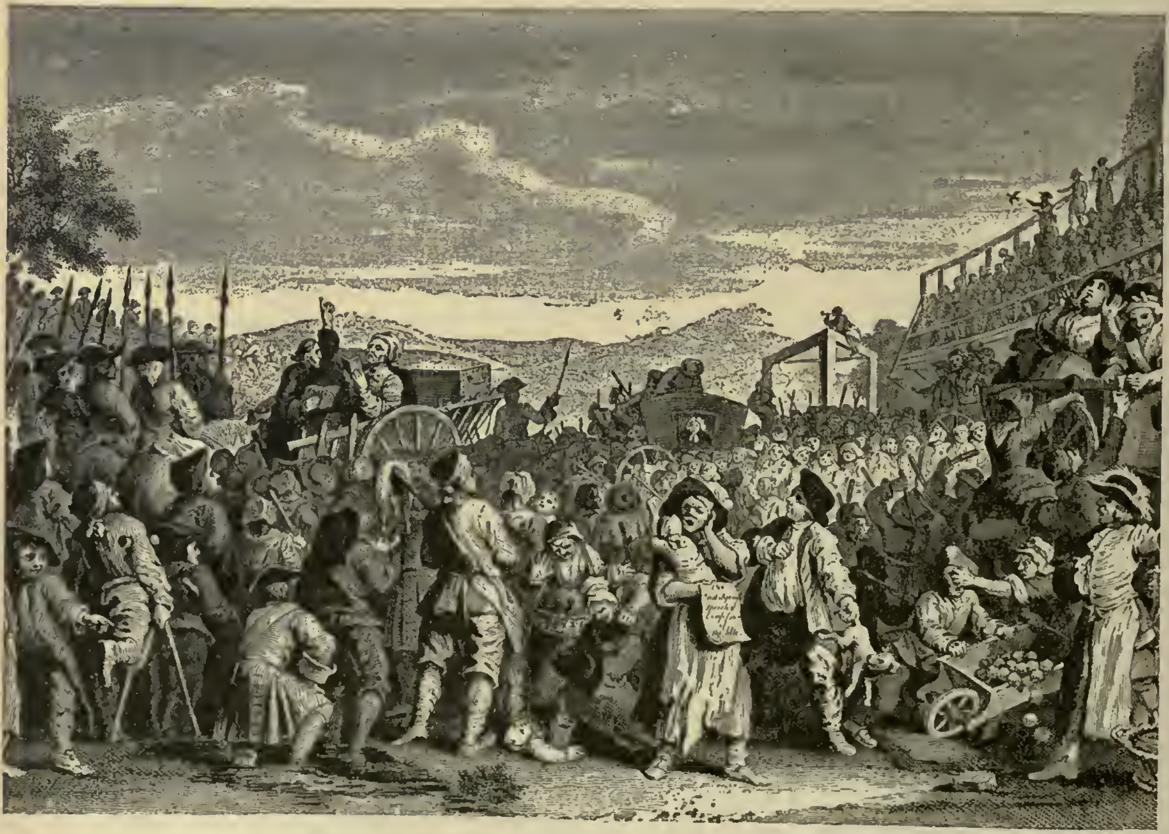
ICO
ATIONAL RAL

PICCADILLY CIRCUS.

The fine mansions, and their successors, the plebeian houses, marked by strange signs, have disappeared, and the Strand has taken its place among the great modern thoroughfares of the world. East and west there is a ceaseless procession of omnibuses, cabs, hansoms, truck-wagons and foot-passengers, and the way is a succession of retail shops where everything conceivable is sold, from diamonds to mutton chops. Running at hazard, out and in among the lumbering vehicles, often endangered and yet always barely escaping, are scavenger boys, who with broom and pan rob the sparrows of undigested oats and promising opportunity by sweeping up the offal and thus keeping the roadway clean. On the curb are many merchants who, for lack of stable storage, carry their wares about their neck or upon a platter, and cry the bargains they have to offer in shoestrings, collar buttons, blacking, pencils, suspenders, and novelties that are often worth examining. In a stroll up the Strand may be seen theatres and houses with which we are more or less acquainted through reading of them, such as the following: The Lowther Arcade, Adelphi Theatre, Vaudeville Theatre, Exeter Hall, St. Michael's Church, Lyceum Theatre, Gaiety Theatre, Somerset House, once the palace of George III.; St. Mary's, Strand Theatre, Opera Comique, Whittington Club, St. Clement's, Courts of Justice, Bank of England (branch, the main bank being opposite the Mansion House, on Threadneedle street), St. Dunstan, thence into Fleet street by Ludgate Circus, and up Ludgate Hill by the Church of St. Martin to St. Paul's Cathedral, a distance from Charing Cross of two and one-half miles.

Regent Street.

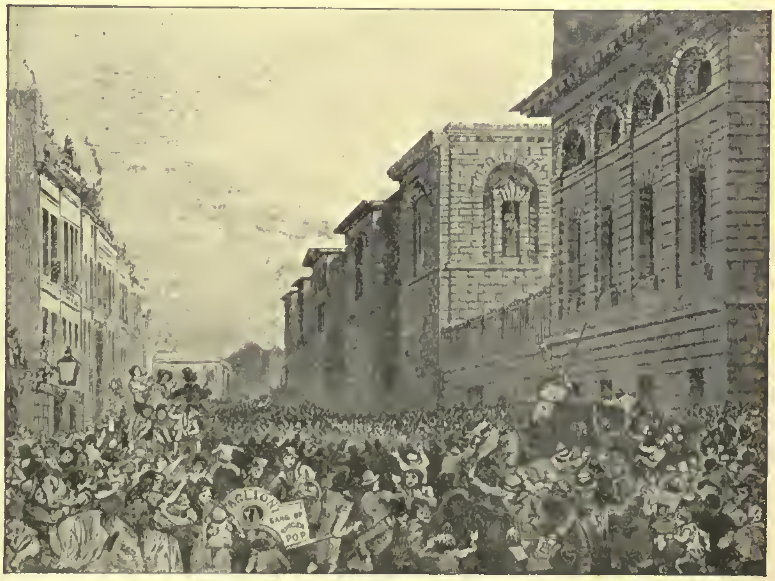
One of the finest thoroughfares, and the most modern, is Regent street, which runs north and south, that was laid out by Nash in 1813 in pursuance of the ideas of George III. of connecting Carlton House, which was the residence of the Prince Regent, with Regent Park, but this purpose was not entirely accomplished, for it extends from Waterloo Place, Pall Mall, across Oxford street to Portland Place, a distance of one mile. It is not a historic avenue because it was only recently laid out, but it is famous for its splendid pavement, excellent stores (shops, the English call them), and the magnificent buildings that front upon it. On the corner of St. Charles street, where it intersects Regent, is the Junior United Service Club, and on the next street (Jermyn) corner is the Raleigh Club and the Geological Museum. Just beyond this point is Regent Circus, and Piccadilly Circus, where a vacant triangle is formed which is being ornamented with a Memorial Fountain to Lord Shaftsbury. Still beyond is the Quadrant, on the left of which is the entrance to St. James' Hall, while Vigo street, at the end of the Quadrant, leads to the London University. Continuing our stroll we observe, between Hanover street and Prince's street, the Colonnade of Hanover Chapel, with Hanover Square on the left, adorned with a bronze statue of William Pitt. Thence we pass the St. George Club, the Oriental Club, and the Royal Academy of Music. A few steps from the square, on George street, is St. George Church, in which nearly all the fashionable weddings of London are celebrated. The intersection of Regent street with Oxford street, which extends a considerable distance in both directions, is variously called Regent Circus, Oxford Circus, and Oxford street. The second cross street beyond Oxford leads to Cavendish Square, which is embellished with an equestrian statue in marble of the Duke of Cumberland, who was the hero of Culloden in 1746. On the west side of the square is the mansion of the Duke of Portland. Lord Byron was born in 1788 at No. 24 Halles street, which is between Cavendish Square and Oxford street, but the house has been rebuilt so that it does not now retain any of its former appearance. He was baptized in Old Mary-le-Bow Church, where Charles Wesley was buried the year of Byron's birth. This old church figures in the "Rake's Marriage," by Hogarth. At the north end of Regent street is Langham Place, and the Langham Hotel, which is a favorite stopping-place of Americans. From this point Regent street merges into Portland Place, one of the widest streets in London, which leads to Park Crescent, Park Square, and Regent's Park.



THE RAKE'S WAY TO EXECUTION.—HOGARTH'S CARTOON.

Oxford Street.

It should be explained that streets in London change their names as they do in Paris; that is to say, they are named by sections rather than for an unbroken continuation, as in America. The continuity of this great thoroughfare embraces High street, Uxbridge Road, Oxford street, New Oxford street, High Holborn, Holborn Viaduct, New Gate street, Cheapside and Poultry, to the Mansion House, where it forms a junction with four other streets that branch off northeast and southeast. That section of this principal artery between East and West London, known as Oxford street, extends from Marble Arch, at Hyde Park, to Holborn, a distance of one and one-half miles. The east end is famous for its stores, wholesale and retail, which are the finest in London, and the business is so great that this portion of the street presents a scene of wonderful activity, but it is broad enough to accommodate the traffic without hindrances. The west end, with the neighboring streets, is built up with aristocratic residences, and is the fashionable district of London, as well as being interesting as the scene of many historic events. Berkeley Square is near by. In house No. 11 Horace Walpole died, 1797, and Lord Clive, of India fame, committed suicide in house No. 45, in 1774. House No. 38, which is now the town-residence of Lord Rosebery, also has a history, though romantic rather than tragic. It was from this house that the daughter of Mr. Child, the largest banker of London (the house being still in business near the Strand), eloped with the Earl of Westmoreland in 1782, and it was afterwards the residence of their daughter, Lady Jersey. At the foot of South Audley street, also near West Oxford, is Chesterfield House, in which the "Chesterfield Letters" were written.



OXFORD STREET DURING THE CONVEYANCE OF TOM CLINCH TO TYBURN.

The eastern prolongation of Oxford street, extending to Holborn, and called New Oxford street, was laid out in 1849, at a cost of $1,250,000, through what was known as the "Rookery of St. Giles," which was one of the most disreputable quarters of London. A little to the south of New Oxford street, in High street, is the church of St. Giles-in-the-Fields, while to the north two squares, by way of Duke or Museum street, is the British Museum. At this point the prolongation of New Oxford street begins under the name of High Holborn, which is a very old part of the thoroughfare, that survived the great fire and which still contains a number of old houses, among which is one Milton once occupied. Over this route condemned criminals used to be conducted to

Tyburn. On the way we observe the Holborn Restaurant, southeast of which, two blocks, is Lincoln's Inn Fields, a public square of twelve acres which in the time of Elizabeth and James I. was a haunt for idle persons and a place of execution, where Babington and his thirteen associates in conspiracy against the Crown were hanged in 1586. Through these fields, in the reign of Charles II., Thomas Sadler, a famous thief, attended by his several confederates, marched in a mock procession, carrying the mace and purse of Lord Chancellor Finch, which they had stolen from the chancellor's chest in Great Queen street. Sadler was executed for this theft in 1677. It was here also in July, 1683, that William, Lord Russell, Duke of York, was decapitated, as Evelyn says, "by three butcherly strokes." But, like other neighboring districts, Lincoln's Inn Fields has been redeemed, and it is now a beautiful square frequented by honest people.

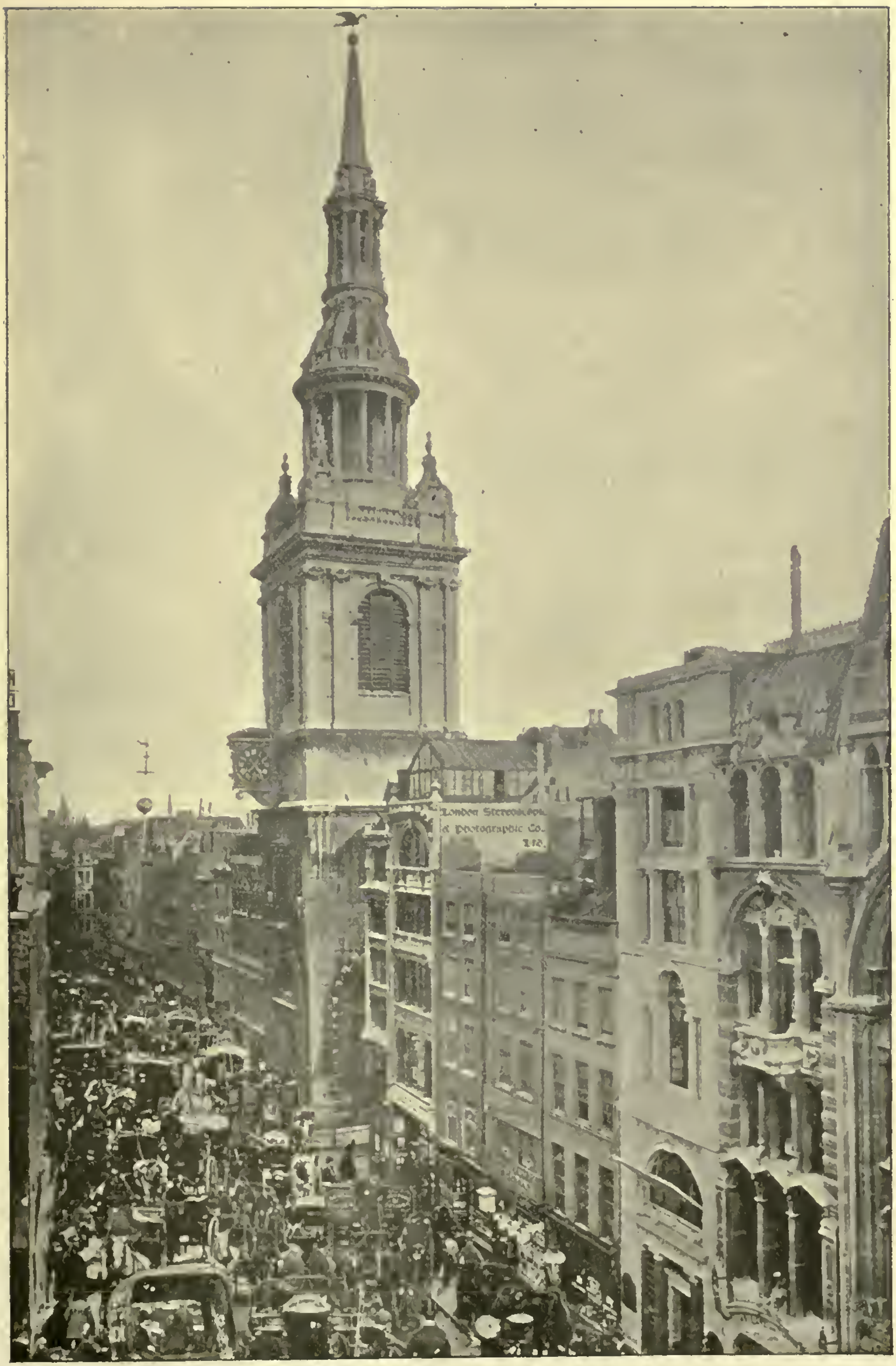
Oxford Street of Long Ago.

This now great business thoroughfare and aristocratic residential street was famous two centuries ago as being the most dangerous avenue in all London. In 1708 it was known as Tyburn Road, because Tyburn gallows-tree was at the eastern end in what is now Connaught square, Edgewood Road. Pennant says: "I remember Oxford street a deep, hollow road, and full of sloughs, with here and there a ragged house, the lurking-place of cut-throats, insomuch that I never was taken that way by night in my hackney coach, to a worthy uncle's, who gave me lodgings in his house in George street, but I went in dread the whole way." At No. 414 was an inn called "The Man Loaded with Mischief," which had a painted sign of a man carrying a woman on his shoulders. The sign was a long time afterward abbreviated to "Mischief," but the inn remains to this day, though the name has been changed to "Primrose," and the number is now 53.

In those olden times highway robbery was not only common, but it was, to an extent, regarded as a chivalrous profession, and numerous ballads were composed extolling the dare-devil heroism, and not infrequently praising the courtesy of the bold robbers. These criminals, when apprehended, were conveyed in carts usually from the County of Middlesex, where they were convicted, over Oxford and Holborn to Tyburn. A verse of one of these crime ballads, written by Swift, of "Clever Tom Clinch going to be hanged" (1727), reads thus:

> "As Clever Tom Clinch, while the rabble was bawling,
> Rode stately through Holborn to die in his calling,
> He stopped at the George for a bottle of sack,
> And promised to pay for it when he came back.
> His waistcoat, and stockings, and breeches were white,
> His cap had a new cherry ribbon to tie 't.
> The maids to the doors and the balconies ran,
> And said, 'Lackaday, he's a proper young man.'"

The Holborn line of road from Aldgate to Tyburn was chosen for the cruel whippings which Titus Oates, Dangerfield, and the Rev. Samuel Johnson endured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FLEET STREET AND MARY-LE-BOW CHURCH.

in the reign of James II. What wondrous and merciful changes have since been made!

Oh, Famous Cheapside.

Next to the Strand I would place in historic interest, if not in commercial importance, Cheapside, a street between the Poultry and St. Paul's, formerly a market place where articles were sold under stringent regulations, thus provided by ordinance in the time of Edward I.: "All manner of victuals that are sold by persons in Chepe, upon Cornhulle and elsewhere in the city, such as bread, cheese, poultry, fruit, hides, onions, and garlic, and all other small victuals for sale as well by denizens as by strangers, shall stand midway between the kennels, so as to be a nuisance to no one, under pain of forfeiture of the articles." And again: "The taverns in Chepe are not to have an alestake bearing the sign, or leaves (the well-known *bush* that good wine needs not, a sign which was set in front of all wine-houses), projecting or extending over the street more than seven feet."

ROYAL GALLERY AND TRAFALGAR SQUARE.

Cunningham says, "The street and market regulations were in other respects equally stringent, and it is clear Chepe was then the most frequented, as it was the central part of the city, and hence in all the out-door municipal ceremonies the street figures prominently. Thus, when the new Lord Mayor returns, after having taken his oath of office at the Exchequer, he is 'accompanied through the middle of the market of West Chepe' by the livery of the company to which he belongs, the sergeant-at-arms, the mace-bearers, and the sword-bearer going before him, a sheriff bearing a white wand on each side, and the recorder and aldermen following in order. On the other hand, it was the common place of public exposure. Thus, if for a second time 'any default shall be found in the bread of a baker of the city he is to be drawn upon a hurdle from the Guildhall through the great street of Chepe, in manner aforesaid (that is, where the streets are most dirty, with the faulty loaf hanging from his neck), to the pillory, and to be put upon the pillory and remain there at least one hour in the day.' It was thus a misdemeanor to sell anything in Cheapside market that was defective, under weight, impure, or below standard, and such offences were punishable by degradation and the stocks."

The things sold in Cheapside were not confined to such articles as have been named, for by the foundation charter of the Goldsmith's Guild (1327), all the dealers were required to "sit in their shops in the High Street of Chepe, and that no silver in plate, nor vessel of gold or silver, shall be sold in the city of London, except in the said street of Chepe, or in the King's Exchange."

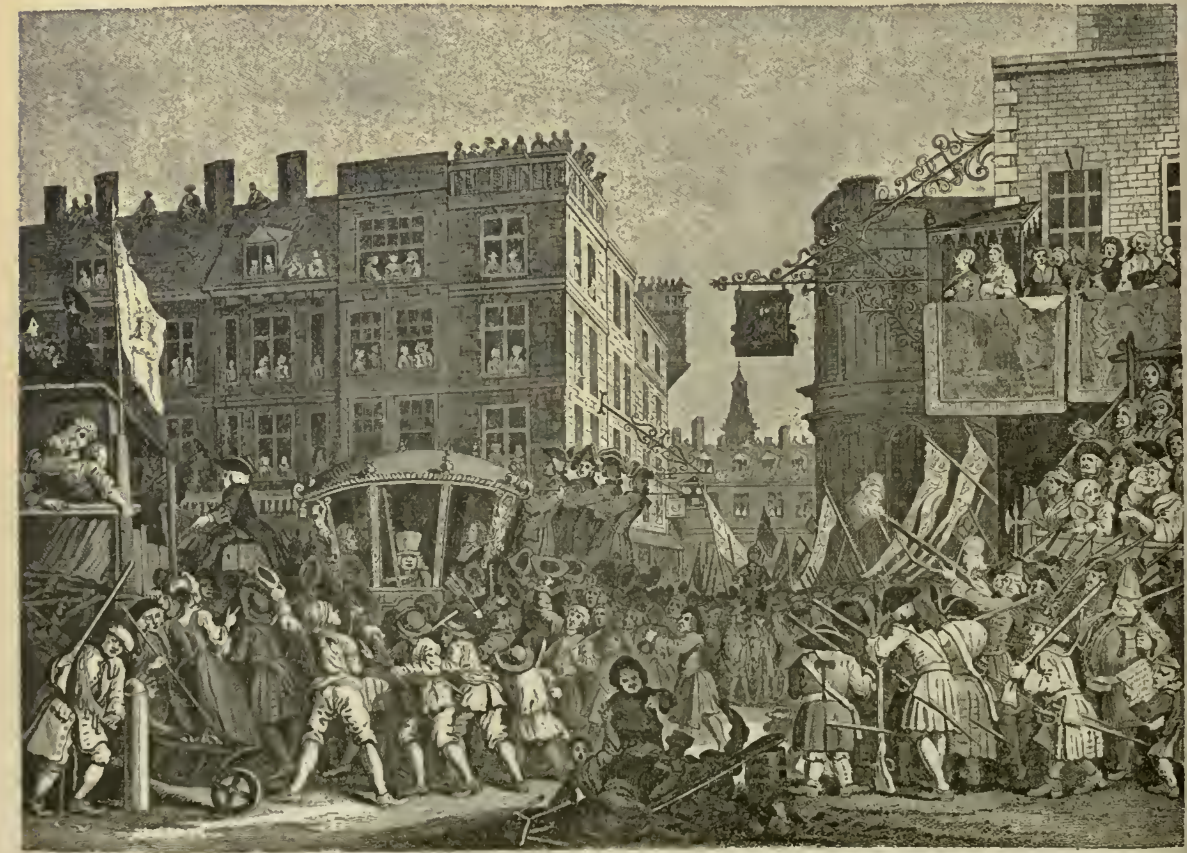
Horrible Punishments in Cheapside.

Cheapside was, in the tenth to fourteenth centuries, a large square, or open space, and being almost the centre of London it was a most suitable place for various public exhibitions, of a penal as well as a showy character. Punishments were inflicted in those times with the idea of deterring criminals, rather than as an atonement, and hence the most dreadful inflictions were made in the most public manner, and Cheapside, or Chepe, as it was then called, was the place, for a considerable while, where sentences were executed. Stow says: "In the year 1293 three men had their right hands smitten off there for rescuing a prisoner arrested by an officer of the city. In the year 1326 the burgesses of London caused Walter Stapleton, Bishop of Exeter, Treasurer to Edward II., and one other, to be beheaded at the Standard in Chepe; in the year 1351 two fishmongers were beheaded at the same place; 1381 Wat Tyler beheaded Richard Lions and others there. In the year 1450 Jack Cade, captain of the Kentish rebels, beheaded Lord Say there. In the year 1461, John Davy had his hand stricken off there because he had stricken a man before the judges at Westminster."

In the fourteenth century the north side of Cheapside from the Guildhall was open ground upon which large entertainments were given, among which jousting tournaments were most frequent. At one of these exhibitions of knightly prowess, when Queen Philippa was a witness (1331) with many court ladies, the frame scaffold that supported the seats gave way precipitating the queen and her company upon the heads of those who sat beneath, "greatly to the shame of the queen and the grievous hurt of those fallen upon." To make a repetition of such an accident impossible, Edward III. "caused a shed to be strongly made of stone, for himself, the queen, and other estates to stand on, and there to behold the joustings and other shows, at their pleasure, by the Church of St. Mary-le-Bow." The greatest of local events in London has been the Lord Mayor's pageant and the largest concourses gathered at Cheapside to witness it, so that it became usual in a London lease of property abutting this street to insert a clause reserving the right to the owner and his friends to stand in the balcony during the time of the shows on Lord Mayor's Day. Cowper refers to these immense gatherings of people on such occasions in his famous "John Gilpin's Ride:"—

> "Smack went the whip, round went the wheel,
> Were never folk so glad;
> The stones did rattle underneath
> As if Cheapside were mad."

In Cheapside stood one of the twelve crosses erected by Edward I. (1290) to mark the places where the body of his dead queen, Eleanor, rested on the way from Hardeby, near Lincoln, where she died, to Westminster. It stood here for a century and a half, until its demolition in 1643, on account of an evil superstition with which it had become invested as the centre of riots, but really because it had become obnoxious to the Puritans. In 1732 upon the spot where it stood



THE LORD MAYOR'S PROCESSION.—HOGARTH'S CARTOON.

was burned a vast quantity of crucifixes, Popish pictures, and Catholic books, signifying the triumph of Protestantism and the setting up of the established Church of England.

Cheapside lost much of its importance early in the seventeenth century by a removal of the Goldsmiths to Fleet street, Holborn, the Strand, and elsewhere, who were replaced by milliners, booksellers, linen-drapers, and stationers; nor has it regained prestige since; but great improvement has been made by the erection of immense buildings devoted to warehouses, offices, and shops, and the trade of the street is now similar to that of the Strand, being confined chiefly to small retailers of every conceivable thing.

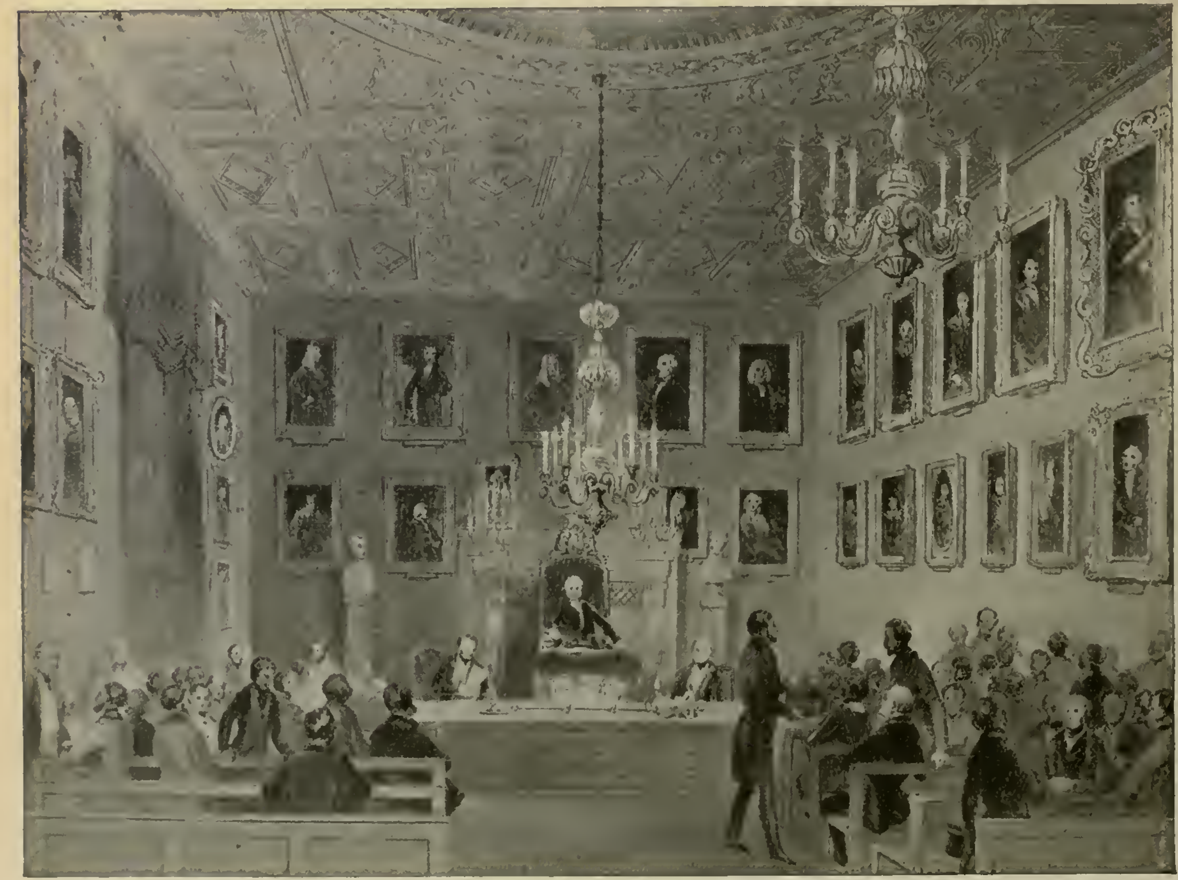
Some Ancient History about the Thames.

There are hundreds of streets in London that are worth describing, both for their prominence and historic associations, but it is not within the purpose of a work like this to refer particularly to other than those features of the city that are typical and representative of the whole. But a prime characteristic as well as consideration of London, as respects its avenues of traffic, is the Thames River, which has contributed so much, and directly, to the city's greatness. In writing of this famous river it is a pleasure to revert to olden times, before its waters were bridged, before its shores were so splendidly banked, and when the watermen were as numerous and more persistent than the cabmen of our time.

Oh, what grand old times were those, as the ancient chroniclers declare, and as our imagination pictures them! My readers, I am sure, wish to know something about this noble river to which London is indebted for its location and commercial importance. Well, it is the longest river of England, and the largest, taking its rise in Cotswald Hills, and flowing generally southeasterly for a distance of 225 miles past Oxford, Windsor, Hampton Court, Twickenham, Richmond, London, Greenwich, and emptying its waters into the North Sea at Noire, sixty miles below London.

The importance of this stream has always been profoundly appreciated by Englishmen, whose love for it has been no less great. In Stow's "Survey," 1598, occurs this passage: "An alderman of London reasonably (as methought) affirmed that although London received great nourishment by the residence of the prince, the repair of the parliament, and the courts of justice, yet it stood principally by the advantage of the situation upon the river; for when, as on a time, it was told of him by a courtier that Queen Mary, in her displeasure against London, had appointed to remove with the parliament and term to Oxford, the plain man demanded whether she meant also to divert the river Thames from London or no? and when the gentleman had answered 'No;' 'Then,' quoth the alderman, 'by God's grace we shall do well enough at London whatsoever become of the term and parliament.'"

The Thames was once a limpid stream, abounding with fish, but receiving so much of the sewerage of London, and its waters are so disturbed by steam-boats, and the enormous shipping crowding it that few fish are to be found in it. "What should I speake," says Harrison, in 1586, "of the fat and sweet salmon daily taken in this stream, and that in such plenty (after the time of the smelt be past) as no river in Europe is able to exceed it." It was the custom of the fishermen of the Thames to carry the first salmon of the season to the king's table; also, if a sturgeon be caught below London Bridge it was presented to the lord mayor; if above the bridge it was a gift to the king or lord high admiral. These also were in great plenty in the Thames two hundred years ago, and large fish from the ocean often ascended the river and were taken therefrom at London. Evelyn records the curious circumstance of a whale fifty-eight feet long being killed in the Thames, in 1658, between Deptford and Greenwich, some twenty-five miles below London. Impurities from the city have so affected the waters that a salmon has not been caught in the river for more than fifty years, and even the roach which formerly fairly choked the stream, so great were the shoals, have long since disappeared, and the river now gives up only flounders, small eels, and white bait, the last alone being plentiful.



SOMERSET HOUSE, MEETING OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY.

Even up to one hundred years ago the Thames was popular among bathers, and long prior to that time it was a famous resort for swimmers, but this pleasure has likewise been destroyed by the sewage. Cunningham relates that "Lord Northampton, in the reign of Charles I., was taken ill of the colic, of which he died, while washing himself in the Thames, after he had waited on the king at supper, and had supped himself."

Blood concealed himself among the reeds at Battersea, in order to shoot King Charles II. while bathing in the Thames over against Chelsea. One of the darling recreations of Sir Dudley North was swimming in the Thames. The polite Earl of Chesterfield directed a letter to Lord Pembroke (the collector), who was always swimming, 'To the Earl of Pembroke, in the Thames, over against Whitehall.'" "Last week," says Lord Byron, the poet, in a letter dated August 11, 1807, "I swam in the Thames from Lambeth through the two bridges, Westminster and Blackfriars, a distance, including the different turns and tacks made on the way, of three miles."

TRAFALGAR SQUARE AND NELSON MONUMENT.

And there have been many memorable happenings, both gay and tragic, on the river which find worthy mention in English annals. When Queen Elizabeth died at Richmond, her favorite country place, her body was conveyed by barge in great state down the Thames to Whitehall, which was the palace of the sovereigns of England from Henry VIII. to William III., but no longer in existence. The procession of boats following the funeral barge is said to have been one of the most solemnly pompous sights ever witnessed, of which the following epitaph was written by Camden:

> "The Queen was brought by water to Whitehall;
> At every stroke the oars did tears let fall;
> More clung about the barge; fish under water
> Wept out their eyes of pearl, and swum blind after.
> I think the bargemen might with easier thighs
> Have rowed her thither in her people's eyes.
> For howsoe'er, thus much my thoughts have scan'd
> Sh'ad come by water, had she come by land."

It may also be told that Cowley, the poet, died at Chertsey, and his body was also carried by boat on the Thames to Whitehall, of which Pope wrote:

> "Oh, early lost! what tears the river shed
> When the sad pomp along its bank was led."

And Lord Nelson's remains were honored in like manner by being transported from Greenwich (where he died on his flagship) accompanied by the squadron to Whitehall—one of the great funeral events of England. The interesting fact may also be mentioned, that during the reign of James II. the seven bishops of the Tower were made the custodians of the Great Seal of England, but who being charged with inciting rebellion, for their refusal to read the second Declaration of Indulgence, as ordered by the king, were brought to trial. After a long and exciting hearing they were acquitted, and as a result of his coercive measures, an invasion of England was made by William of Orange. Being shut up in London by his enemies James sought to escape, but in order to leave everything in confusion, so as to prevent the assumption of legitimate authority by another, he gained possession of the Great Seal and threw it into the Thames, but it was soon afterward accidentally recovered by a fisherman.

TOWER BRIDGE OVER THE THAMES.

Fielding, in his "A Voyage to Lisbon," thus describes a trip which he made down the Thames more than a century ago:

"The morning was fair and bright, and we had a passage thither (from London to Gravesend), I think as pleasant as can be conceived; for take it with all its advantages, particularly the number of fine ships you are always sure of seeing by the way, there is nothing to equal it in all the rivers of the world. The yards of Deptford and Woolwich are noble sights. . . . We saw likewise several Indiamen just returned from their voyage. . . . The colliers likewise, which are very numerous and even assemble in fleets, are ships of great bulk; and if we descend to those used in the American, African, and European trades, and pass through those which visit our own coasts, to the small crafts that ply between Chatham and the Tower, the whole forms a most pleasing object to the eye, as well as highly warming to the heart of an Englishman, who has any degree of love for his country, or can recognize any effect of the patriot in his constitution."

Vulgarity of the Old Watermen.

It is not strange that the watermen of olden times had ways of their own and a dialect which was no less uncommon, characteristics that distinguish the cabmen of to-day, and will be quite as peculiar to public transport men, whatever the means employed, in the future. Thames watermen claimed a privilege that was by no means rarely exercised by other persons long ago, of calling "a spade a spade;" or, in plainer phrase, the freedom to speak in vulgar terms. Specimens of this Thames speech have been preserved by Tom Brown, and Ned Ward. "Many ladies will take a broad jest cheerfully from the watermen," says Wycherly. And this excerpt is from the *Spectator:*

EMBANKMENT OF THE THAMES.

"To the knight's great surprise, as he gave the good night to two or three young fellows a little before our landing, one of them instead of returning the civility asked us what green old Put we had in the boat, and whether he was not ashamed to go a wenching at his years? with a great deal of the like Thames ribaldry. Sir Roger seemed a little shocked at first, but at length assuming a face of magistracy told us, That if he were a Middlesex justice he would make such vagrants know that her majesty's subjects were to be no more abused by water than by land." In Boswell's "Life of Johnson" will be found much coarser language, quoted from these watermen, which it were not wise to repeat in a respectable book, though it might have been used by Boswell, for few would have been offended by vulgar speech in his day.

The Thames has been frozen over eight times since the winter of 1564, the last time in 1814, but it is not likely to occur again, since the removal of the old London Bridge piers, which obstructed the passage of floating ice and caused it to gorge. There are now sixteen bridges spanning the stream, opened for use in the years as follows: *Old* London, in 1209; *old* Westminster, in 1750; *old* Blackfriars, in 1769; *old* Battersea, in 1771; Vauxhall, in 1816; Waterloo, in 1817; Southwark, in 1819; *new* London, in 1831; Hungerford Suspension, in 1846; Chelsea Suspension, in 1856; Lambeth, in 1862; Charing Cross (which replaced Hungerford Bridge), in 1863; *new* Westminster, in 1862; *new* Blackfriars, in 1869; Albert Suspension, in 1873; *new* Battersea, in 1890, and Tower Suspension Bridge, in 1893. The Thames tunnel was opened in 1843. It is 1300 feet in length, 35 feet in width, and passes under the bed of the river from Wapping to Redriff, with two arched passages for railway trains. The work was eleven years in building and cost $3,000,000, but not paying the cost of maintaining as a public way, the tunnel was sold in 1865 to the East London Railway Company for $1,000,000.

"Taylor, the water poet, was a licensed waterman on the Thames in the reign of James I. The scene of Dryden's 'Essay on Dramatic Poesy' is laid on a boat on the Thames at London. It was on August 1, 1716, that Doggett, the actor, first gave 'an orange-colored livery, with a badge representing liberty,' to be rowed for by six watermen that are out of their time within the year past, 'they are to row from London Bridge to Chelsea,' the gift being in honor of the accession of the House of Hanover, and 'it will be continued,' as he announced, 'annually on the same day forever' a continuance for which he made due provision in his will. The first regatta seen in England took place on the Thames before Ronelagh Gardens, June 23, 1775, and the first steamboat seen on the Thames was in 1816."

The Victoria Embankment.

There is no street of London more beautiful or interesting than Grosvenor Road and the Victoria Embankment, and in connection with the Thames River I think it the most attractive part of the city. The embanking of the Thames was a part of the scheme proposed by Sir Christopher Wren for rebuilding London after the Great Fire, but the work which he undertook was so colossal that this immense improvement of the river bank was not really begun until 1862, when, under a municipal act of that year, the Metropolitan Board of Public Works commenced the construction of an embankment on the north shore of the river from Blackfriars Bridge to Westminster Bridge, about two thousand three hundred yards in length. This part of the work was completed in 1870, at a cost of ten million dollars, and consists of a solid granite river wall eight feet thick, resting on foundations that are carried sixteen to thirty feet below low-water mark. Back of this is a macadamized carriage road one hundred feet wide, with a foot pavement sixteen feet wide on one side and twenty feet wide on the other. Consider also that all of this land which now not only forms a splendid carriage way, but also the beautiful gardens above and below Charing Cross Bridge, was reclaimed from the river, which formerly covered it at high tide. Underneath the roadway runs the Metropolitan District Railway, and between this and the great wall itself are carried two tunnels, the lower one of which is the large intercepting or low-level sewer of the main drainage system, while the upper one is for water pipes, gas pipes, and telegraph wires, which can thus be repaired without breaking through the roadway. The reclaimed land, which before was a stinking sluice during low water, varies in width from two hundred to four hundred feet, or a total of about thirty acres, which has been made into magnificent

HOTEL CECIL

HOTEL CECIL, ON THE THAMES EMBANKMENT.

flower gardens and embellished with several statues, while the land or north side is building up with stately edifices the last to be erected fronting the embankment being the Cecil Hotel, that cost, to build and furnish, nearly five millions of dollars. Other fine or prominent edifices fronting the Victoria Embankment are the following: De Keyser's Royal Hotel, at the end of Blackfriars Bridge, City of London School and Sion College, offices of the London School Board, Examination Hall of the Royal Colleges of Physicians and Surgeons, the Savoy Hotel, the Avenue Theatre, the new police offices, or Scotland Yards. At the foot of Cecil street is the Egyptian obelisk, set up in 1878 by the private munificence of Dr. Erasmus Wilson, who gave fifty thousand dollars to cover the expense of bringing it from Alexandria. It is a shaft of syenite granite sixty-eight and one-half feet in height, eight feet wide at the base and weighs one hundred and eighty tons, standing upon a gray granite pedestal eighteen and one-half feet high.

The Albert Embankment is on the south side of the river, extending from Westminster Bridge to Vauxhall, and is identical in character with that of the Victoria Embankment. It is 1430 yards long, with a roadway 60 feet wide, cost $5,000,000, and was opened to the public in 1870. The Chelsea Embankment, on the north side, extends from the Albert Bridge to the Chelsea Hospital, a distance of nearly half a mile, and was opened in 1873. The work is not so massive as that which distinguished the two other embankments, but the amount of land reclaimed was greater, and in front of the hospital is a large and very ornate garden made wholly of the ground thus saved from tidal overflows, and which is directly opposite Battersea Park. At frequent intervals are openings in the embankment with stone stairs leading down to floating steamboat landings, which though made of iron rise and fall with the tide. Passenger travel over the whole river route, from Hampton Court to Sheerness, is practically controlled by the Victoria Steamboat Company, which has forty-five landing places between which swift boats ply every ten minutes, as follows: from London Bridge to Chelsea, fare four cents; from Greenwich to Westminster every half hour, fare six cents; from Chelsea to Kew every half hour, fare twelve cents. The trip from Westminster to Hampton Court is made only upon advertisement, in the summer time, and the fare for the round trip is about one dollar. Larger steamers run from London Bridge to several coast towns, as far as Ipswich.

CHAPTER VII.

THE TOWER OF LONDON.

IT is alike interesting to read and to write about London, and especially so to Americans, because the city seems almost to have been the birthplace of the English speaking race. We love to be told of its colossal size, its great streets, its wonderful traffic, its clubs, its dark shadows, its crimes, its wickedness, and all the phases of that metropolitan life that is greater there than may be found in any other city of the world. But above all else is our interest quickened by stories of ancient London, whose foundations were laid in the night of centuries; of her institutions, civil, penal, military, commercial, that have stood so long that the memory of man goeth not to the contrary, whose names are everlastingly embalmed in the history of England. We delight in exploring again the places that Shakespeare has made famous, that Milton has described, that Pope has praised, that Macaulay, and Gibbon, and Locke, and Tyndall, and the long procession of immortals, poets, historians, essayists, statesmen, dramatists, have dwelt in, written from, lampooned, satirized, and apotheosized. And we find pleasure in being carried back, on the fair transport of retrospection, to the olden time when London was a royal city indeed; when kings ruled without any balance of power; before Magna Charta gave human rights to English subjects; when imperial courts blazed with splendor, the king's word was the highest law, and murder followed fast upon the heels of jealousy. The story of England may be told in London's institutions, while their antiquity, and often tragic history, renders them so interesting that when once begun the reader cannot willingly suspend until the chronicle is completed.

A Question to Which there is No Answer.

The oldest and the most famous structure in London is the Tower, which from time immemorial has been a fortress, and in the earlier centuries was also a palace and state prison, its fame being chiefly acquired as the latter. It stands in colossal, but gloomy, grandeur on the north bank of the Thames, just outside the ancient city walls. In shape it is an irregular pentagon, but tending slightly to a semi-circle, as its front is toward the Thames, which is equal to the length of any of its other two sides. Who built it nobody knows, but the great structure is a glorious witness to those olden architects who built for all time. Gray ascribes the Tower to the time of Cæsar:

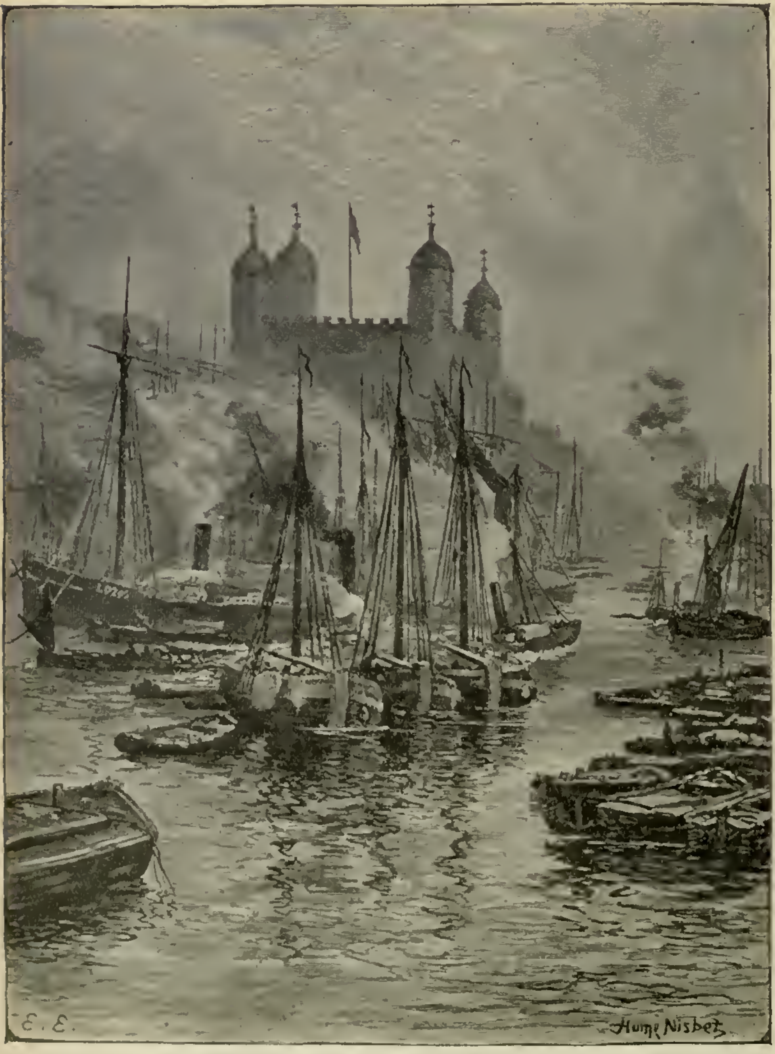
> "Ye towers of Julius, London's lasting shame,
> With many a foul and midnight murder fed."

And this I quote from Shakespeare, "King Richard II.," Act V, Scene 1:

> "This way the King will come, this is the way
> To Julius Cæsar's ill-erected Tower."

Again, in "King Richard III.," Shakespeare speaks of its origin, thus:

> *Prince.*—"I do not like the Tower, of any place.
> Did Julius Cæsar build that place, my lord?"
> *Buckingham.*—"He did, my gracious lord, begin that place,
> Which since succeeding ages have re-edified."



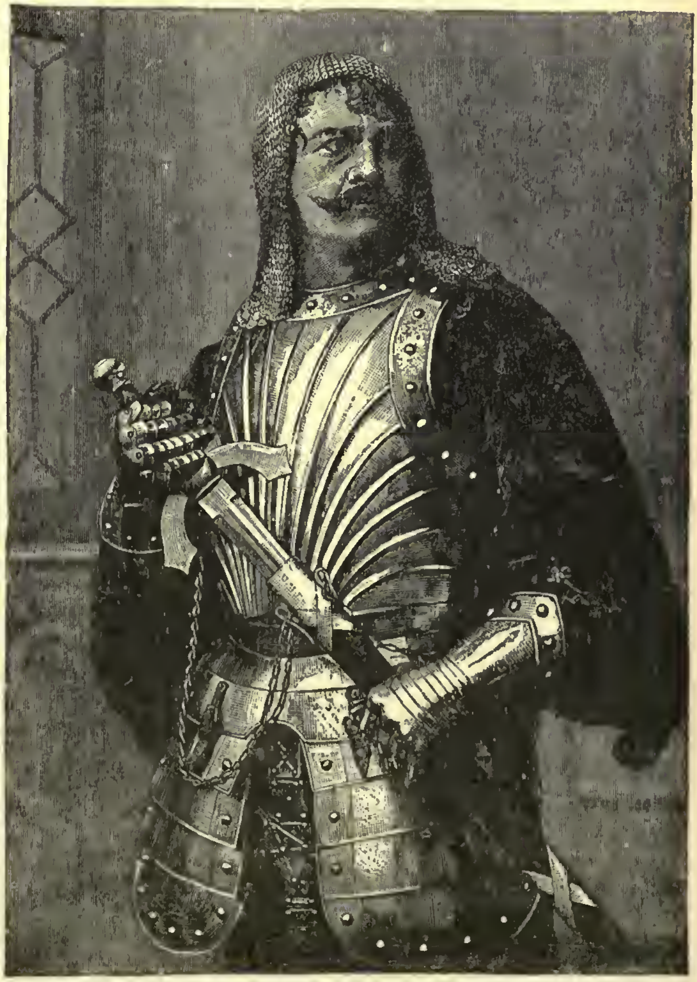
TOWER OF LONDON FROM LONDON BRIDGE.

But a poet is not without license even in his own country, and we may not rest our belief on such unsupported evidence. Cæsar may have built the nucleus of the Tower, so may have King Lud, or Cunobelin, the Cymbeline of Shakespeare, or some of the old Brython or Celtic kings; it is sufficient to admit that history does not record the time or name of the founder. The White Tower, however, which is in the centre of the moat enclosure, was built by William the Conqueror (1070), who had received a charter by which he engaged to maintain the rights of the city, but instead of attempting to perform his agreements, he erected the square White Tower, with the view of overawing the citizens; for, properly speaking, he was a Norman usurper, though he drove the Normans out of England.

The Tower, as it now appears, covers an area of thirteen acres, and is enclosed by a double line of circumvallation strengthened by several towers, and a deep, dry moat which may be flooded, though only at high tide. It is provided with four entrances, viz: The Lion's Gate on the west, so called because the royal menagerie was at one time kept here; the Traitor's Gate, through which all state-prisoners were taken; the Iron Gate, and the Water Gate, the three last being on the side next to the Thames.

A Look at the Beef-eaters.

Upon entering the court the visitor for the first time will have his attention attracted to one or more old fellows dressed in costumes of the time of Henry VIII., apparently doing nothing but guarding themselves. These are soldiers who have been pensioned for length of service or meritorious deeds, and are supported by the State. By courtesy they are called "Yeomen of the Guard," and by everybody else they are spoken of as "Beef-eaters," because they are furnished with rations at no cost to themselves. They may offer to conduct you through parts of the Tower as guides, but they cannot go into all the rooms.


WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR.

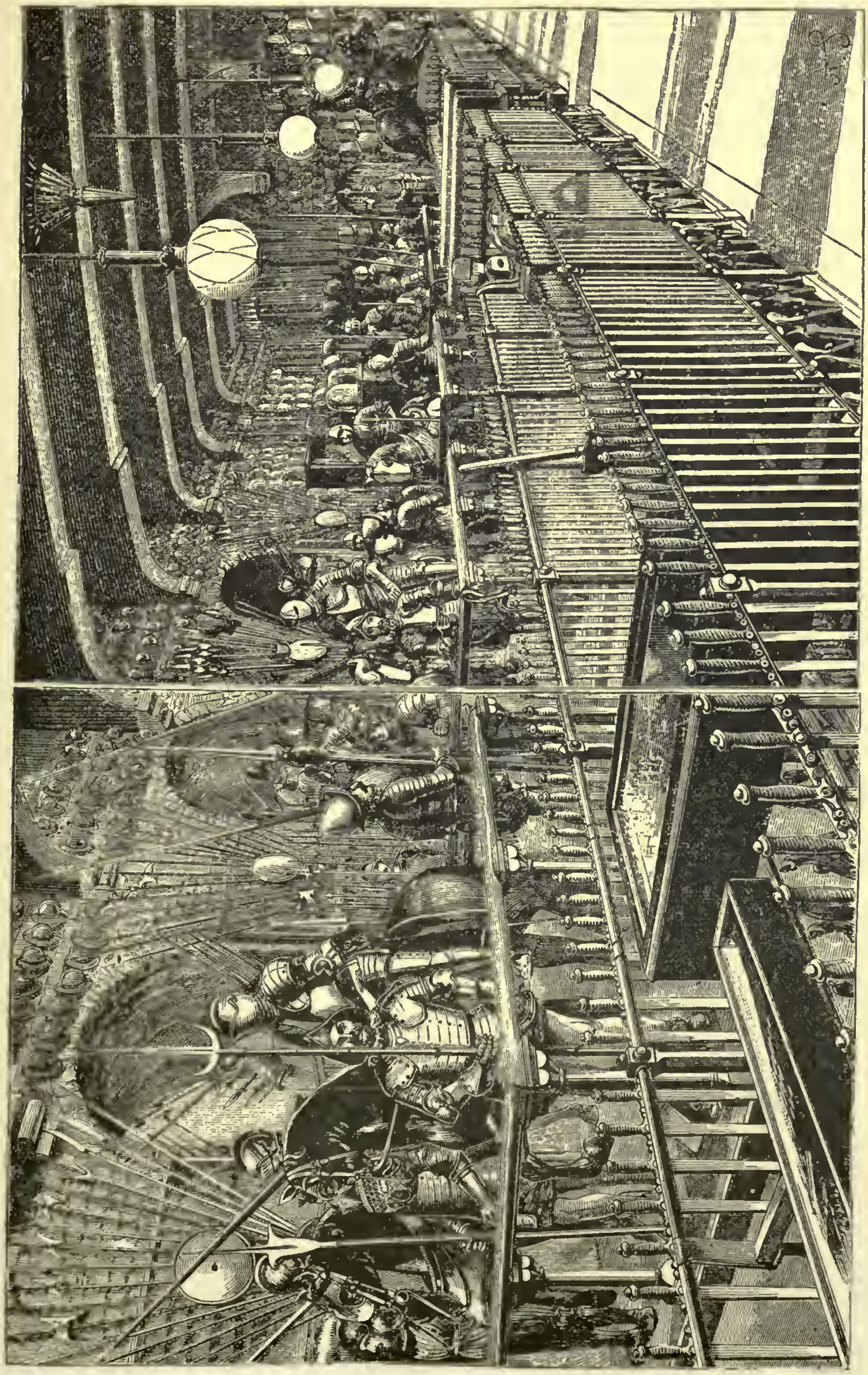
On the left of the entrance, by the Lion's Gate, are the Middle and Byward Towers flanking a stone bridge that leads across the moat into the anterior court. On the left of this is the Bell Tower, near which is a small passage that conducts, within the outer wall, around the fortifications. A little further on, to the right, is the double-doored Traitor's Gate, above which rises St. Thomas' Tower, while opposite is a gateway leading under the Bloody Tower (so called because it was for a long while believed to be the place in which the two princes were murdered), into the inner bail, or place for stables, which in turn leads to the centre court. From the centre of this court rises the White Tower, or Keep, built upon a space formerly occupied by two bastions erected by

King Alfred, in 825, which in turn stood upon foundations built by the Romans. This great tower is 116 by 96 feet at the base, 92 feet high, and has walls that are 13 to 15 feet thick, surmounted by turrets at the angles. In this tower Richard II. abdicated the throne of England in 1399, in favor of Henry of Bolingbroke, and it was also here that Prince, afterwards King, James of Scotland was imprisoned in 1405. The visitor is conducted up a staircase, under which it is said the bones of the two young princes were found, to two gloomy rooms in which Sir Walter Raleigh was confined from 1605 until 1617, and where he wrote his "History of the World." On the second floor is the beautiful Chapel of St. John, near which is the Banqueting Hall, deserted, musty, and instead of merry guests and flowing wine, the room is now the repository of war trophies innumerable. From this room the visitor is shown into the Council Chamber, where the abdication of Richard II. took place, and which now, with the adjoining hall, contains a very large collection of armor of all ages, and twenty-two equestrian figures armed *cap-a-pie* showing the evolution of armament from the time of Edward I. (1272) to that of James II. (1688); also an exhibition of fire arms, instruments of torture, and, in glass cases, uniforms and valuable trophies, including among other things the cloak on which General Wolfe died at the battle of Quebec, 1759.

Execution of Lady Jane Grey.

On the north of the White Tower are the Wellington and Waterloo Barracks, not erected until 1845. In the Inner ward are twelve towers, which at one time served as prisons, but now given over as storerooms for State archives; though by reason of the history connected with them, they are the most interesting features of the Tower fortress. In the Bell Tower Princess Elizabeth was confined by her sister Mary. Lady Jane Grey was imprisoned in the Brick Tower, and her husband, Lord Guilford Dudley, with his father and brothers, were incarcerated in the Beauchamp Tower. It was from the former that Lady Jane was led to the block.

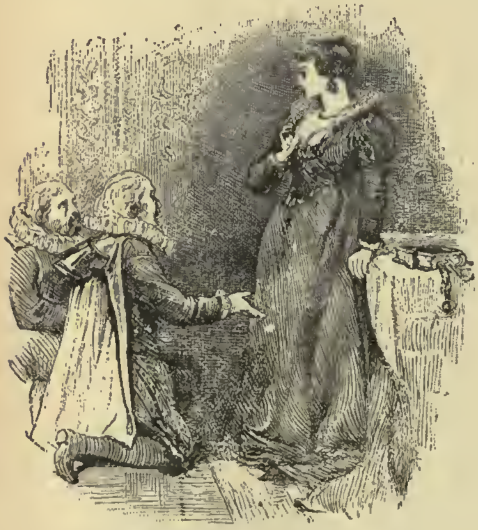
The most pity-compelling, and next to the murder of the princes, perhaps, the most cruelly unjust crime perpetrated in the Tower, was the execution of this most unfortunate woman, only eighteen years of age, devout, charitable, kindly, and only nine days a queen. Surely, if we want proof of woman's treachery, depravity, mercilessness, infamy, devilishness, we can find it in the acts of Bloody Mary, who slaughtered innocence and waded through the blood of saints to seize a crown. Though to be murdered for no crime; though her only offence was the inheriting a throne which Mary coveted, Lady Jane uttered no complaint against her persecutor when imprisoned, or when she was brought out for execution. Her last words, as she stood upon the scaffold, were righteous counsels to those present, and prayers that proved the faith and innocence of her life.



ARMORY HALL, TOWER OF LONDON.

Fox, in his book called "Acts and Monuments," thus describes her last acts, and the resoluteness with which she died:

. . . "And then, kneeling down, she turned her to Fecknam, saying, 'Shall I say this Psalm?' and he said, 'Yea.' Then said she the Psalm, 'Lord, have mercy upon me,' in English, in most devout manner, throughout to the end; thereupon she stood up, and gave her maid, Mistress Ellen, her gloves and handkerchief, and her book to Master Burges. Then she untied her gown, and the hangman pressed upon her to help her off with it; but she, desiring him to let her alone, turned toward her two gentlewomen, who helped her off therewith, and also with her frowes, paaft, and neckerchief, giving to her a fair handkerchief to bind about her eyes. Then the hangman kneeled down and asked her forgiveness, whom she forgave most willingly. Then he willed her to stand upon the straw, which doing she saw the block, whereupon she said, 'I pray you, decapitate me quickly.' She kneeled down saying, 'Will you take it off before I lay me down?' And the hangman said, 'No, madam.' Then tied she the handkerchief about her eyes, and feeling for the block, she said, 'What shall I do? Where is it? Where is it?' One of the standers-by guiding her thereunto she laid her head down upon the block, and stretched forth her body and said, 'Lord, into Thy hands I commend my spirit;' and so finished her life, in the year of our Lord 1554, the twelfth day of February."



LADY JANE GREY REFUSING THE CROWN.

How different and how painful reads the brief record of the execution of the aged Countess of Salisbury, the last lineal descendant of the Plantagenets, who perished on Tower Hill. History tells us that she "refused to lay her head upon the block, and rushed round and round the platform, her white hair streaming on the wind, till she was hewn down by the executioner."

The well-preserved head of Lord Dudley, who was Duke of Suffolk, is kept in a tin box in a vault of the Church of the Holy Trinity, near the Tower. The hair is gone, but the features are almost perfect, though the skin has a leathery appearance. The neck shows the false blows of the executioner, for it required two strokes to sever the head, and the ends of the veins and cartilages are still to be seen. It is one of the most ghastly of relics.

The Duke of Clarence, brother of Edward IV., is believed to have been drowned in a butt of strong wine; Henry VI. was murdered in the Record, or Wakefield Tower; while further interest attaches by reason of the many inscriptions on the walls of the different prisons, the last writings of their doomed inmates.

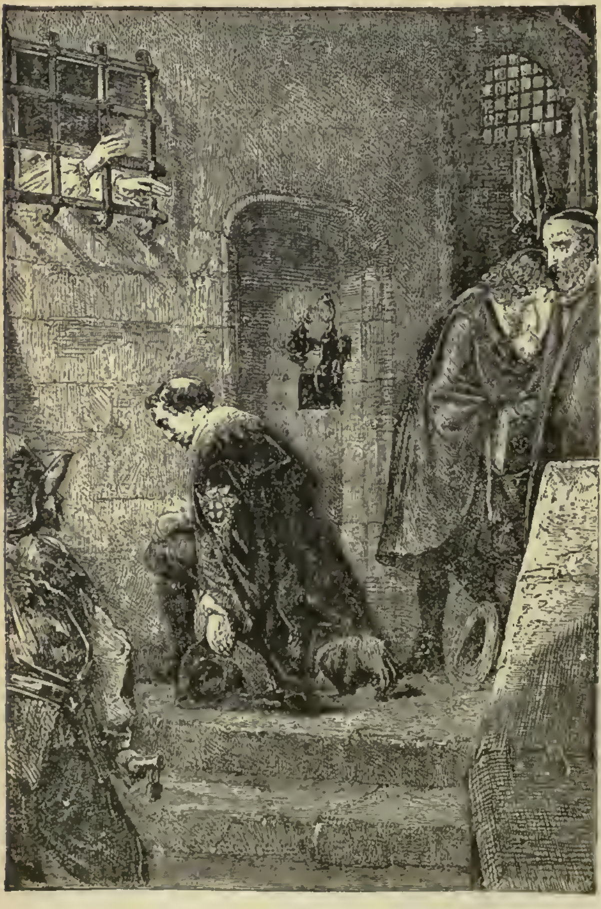
At the northwest corner of the fortress is the Chapel of St. Peter, adjoining which is a small burial ground, of which Macaulay wrote as follows:

"In truth there is no sadder spot on earth than this little cemetery. Death is there associated, not, as in Westminster Abbey and St. Paul's, with genius and virtue, with public veneration and with imperishable renown; not, as in our humblest churches and churchyards, with everything that is most endearing in social and domestic charities; but with whatever is darkest in human nature and in human destiny, with the savage triumph of implacable enemies, with the inconstancy, the ingratitude, the cowardice of friends, with all the miseries of fallen greatness and of blighted fame."

THAMES FRONT OF THE TOWER OF LONDON.

The Haunt of Tower Hill.

Tower Hill is above the Tower, from which it is separated by a wide moat, and is a large plot of ground surrounded by small and great houses, in which many events of pity and shame have occurred, so that the hill bears an intimate relationship, so to speak, with the Tower, with which it should have been, in all propriety connected. On this hill, in Trinity Square, stood the gallows upon which criminals were executed by sheriff's process; only a few were executed within the Tower. Of those who perished by hanging and beheading on Tower Hill, the following very distinguished victims compose a part of the list: Bishop Fisher, 1535; Sir Thomas More, 1535; Cromwell, Earl of Sussex, 1540; Margaret, Countess of Shrewsbury, 1541; Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey, the poet, 1547; Thomas, Lord Seymour of Sudeley, beheaded by order of his brother, Somerset, the Protector, 1549; Somerset, the Protector, 1552; John Dudley, Earl of Northumberland, 1553; Lord Guildford Dudley, husband of Lady Jane Grey, 1553; Sir Thomas Wyatt, 1554; Thomas Wentworth, Earl of Stafford, 1641; Archbishop Land, 1645; Sir Harry Vane, the younger, 1662; Algernon Sidney, 1683; Duke of Monmouth, 1685; Sir John Fenwick, 1697; Earl of Derwentwater and Lord Kenmuir, 1715; Lords Kilmarnock and Balermino, 1746; Lord Lovat, April 9, 1747, who was the last person beheaded in England. Walpole writing to Mann of the double execution of Lords Kilmarnock and Balermino says: "Kilmarnock was executed first, and the scaffold was immediately new strewn with sawdust, the block new covered, the executioner new dressed, and a new axe brought. Then old Balermino appeared, trodding the scaffold with the air of a general, and reading undisturbed the inscription on his coffin."

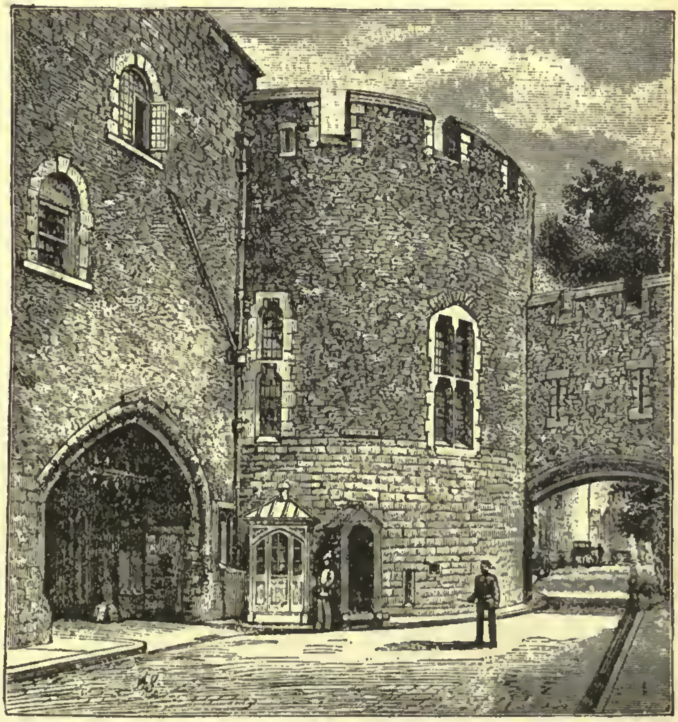


STAFFORD ORDERED TO EXECUTION.

In 1543 Marillac, the French ambassador, resided on Tower Hill, where it is said he carried on secret intercourse with the Duke of Norfolk and Lord William Howard; Lady Raleigh also had lodgings on the Hill during a greater part of the time of the imprisonment of Sir Walter within the Tower, and William Penn, the founder of Pennsylvania, was born on Tower Hill, October 14, 1644, but died in his residence near Stoke Pogis, four miles from Windsor.

The Building of the Tower.

Though history is silent as to who laid the first foundations of this great fortress, we know by whom it has been enlarged and many of the circumstances connected therewith. After the construction of the Keep, best known as the White Tower, William Rufus, the Red King, son of William the Conqueror, who was shot to death with an arrow while hunting, made several important additions, which work of building was continued by Henry I., about the year 1120, who added St. Thomas' Tower. The moat was made by Longchamp, Bishop of Ely in 1190, when Richard I., was besieged by John. But the sovereign who did most in enlarging and adorning the Tower was Henry III. in the thirteenth century, who desired to enrich it as a palace rather than strengthen it as a fortress. It was during his reign that Griffin, the Prince of Wales, was imprisoned in one of the towers, who, in an effort to escape by a rope made of bed-clothes in 1444, fell into the dry moat and was crushed to death. Edward I. at the end of the thirteenth century, while subjugating the Scots, kept his distinguished prisoners in the Tower, some of whom he sent to the stake at Smithfield. Edward II., his successor, resided in the Tower, where his eldest daughter, Jane, was born, and Edward III. sent to the Tower prisons King John of France, and David Bruce of Scotland. But Richard II., who reigned from 1377 to 1399, was the most cruel of sovereigns, by whose orders the Tower was kept filled with State prisoners, who were nearly always the victims of rival factions, executed to give place for others. One of the most cruel acts of Richard was the imprisonment and execution of Sir Simon Burley, who had been the king's tutor and wise guardian during youth. "To write of his shameful death," says Froissart, "right sore displeases me; for when I was young I found him a noble knight, sage and wise. . . . . Yet no excuse could be heard, and on a day he was brought out of the Tower and beheaded like a traitor."

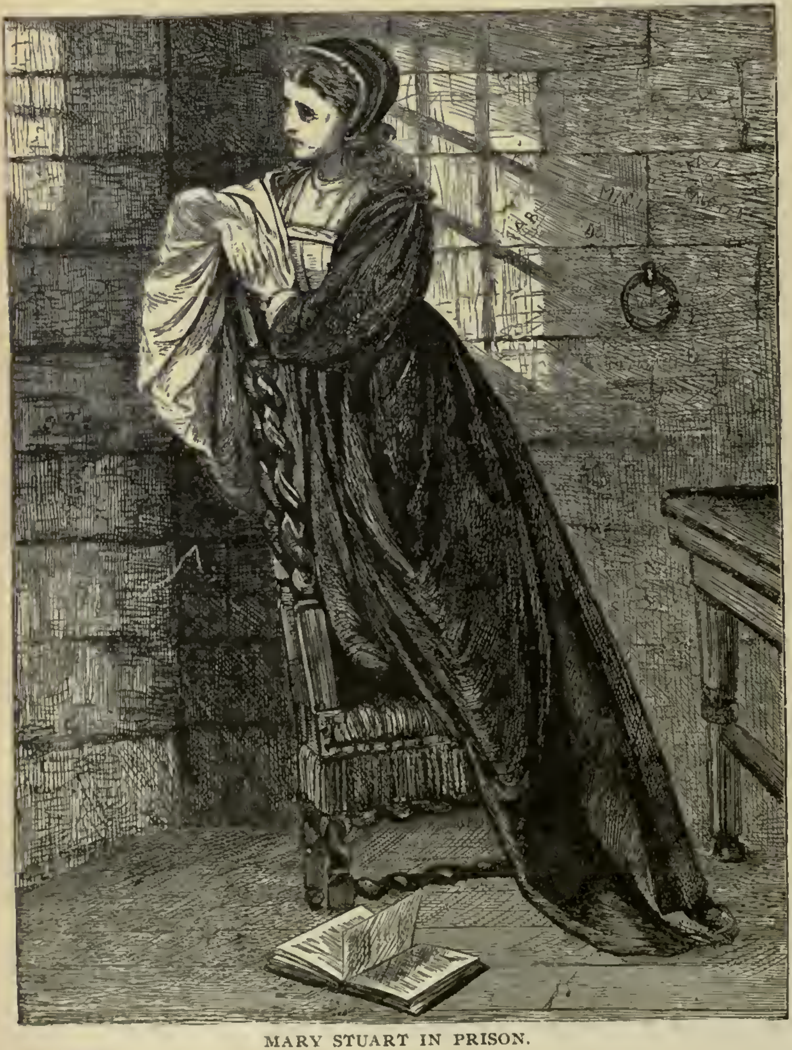


THE BEAUCHAMP TOWER.

Subsequently, it was ascertained that the charges against Burley were without other foundation than the most vindictive jealousies, which so incensed the king that he ordered his uncle, the Duke of Gloucester, to be hanged at Calais, and the Earl of Arundel to be beheaded on Tower Hill, these two having been proved to have been the wicked instigators of the unfounded charges.

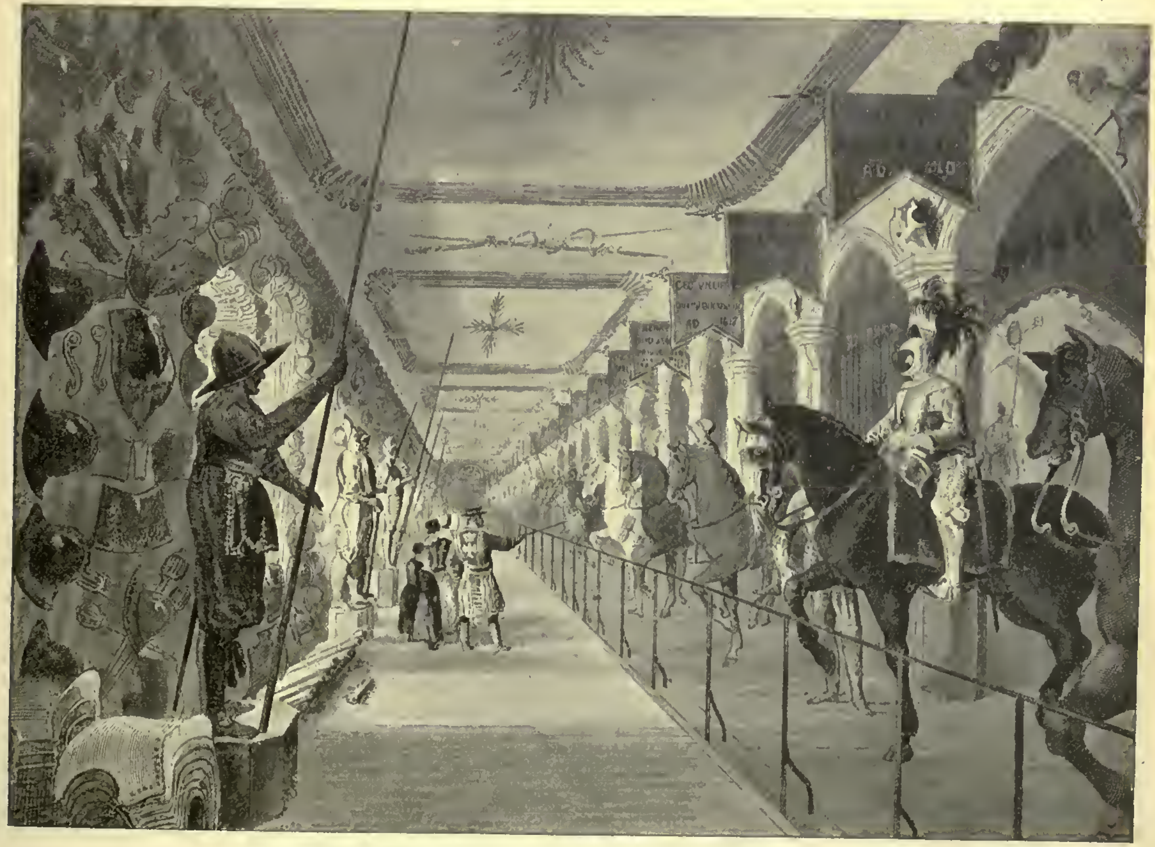
The Bloody Record of the Tower.

Henry, Earl of Huntingdon, and brother-in-law of the king, was the first person beheaded in the Tower, during the reign of Henry IV., about 1400. Henry V. after the battle of Agincourt, October 25, 1415, brought his French captives to the Tower, among whom was Charles, Duke of Orleans. He likewise confined in the Tower many of the Lollards, who were a sect of reformers that declared the falsity of many doctrines of the Church, and who also formed a plot against the king's life. Sir John Oldcastle, who bore the title of Lord Cobham, was chief supporter of the Lollards, who being apprehended in 1447, after long eluding Henry, was confined for a while in the Tower and then burnt in St. Giles' Fields, while those of his followers who were caught were hanged.



MARY STUART IN PRISON.

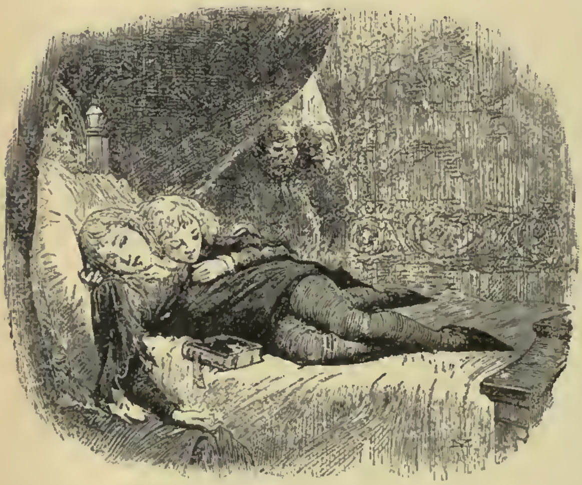
In the reign of Henry VI. the Tower chambers were occupied by prisoners taken during the War of the Roses, and it was here that Henry, who was at this time an imbecile, died suddenly and mysteriously in 1471, just after the battle of Tewkesbury; murdered, it is said, by direction of Edward IV. Queen Margaret, sister of Edward IV., was imprisoned in the Tower till 1475, and two years later George, Duke of Clarence, brother of Edward IV., was put to death by being drowned in a butt of malmsey—a strong, sweet wine. Edward was a dissolute and cruel king, who died from excesses in 1483, but his successor, Richard III., who had been Duke of Gloucester, was more unscrupulous and unmerciful. A contention arose between Edward V., a boy twelve years of age, and the Duke of Gloucester, his uncle, the latter by reason of having married Anne, widow of Henry VI., claiming half the kingdom. Sir Richard Grey espoused the cause of Edward, and Lord Hastings sided first with Gloucester, but for some reason which history does not explain, after Edward was sent to the Tower and Gloucester was declared protector, he intrigued against his chief, for which he was speedily punished by being dragged from the council chamber of the Tower and his head chopped off on a log of wood. The execution of Hastings was promptly followed by the beheading of Rivers and Grey, who had been arrested and confined in the Tower at the first outbreak. The Duke of York, brother of Edward V., ten years of age, later fell into the hands of Gloucester, who sent him to the Tower, his damnable purpose evidently being to imprison the two princes until such time as it suited his purpose to destroy them, so as to make his claim to the throne more secure.



THE GREAT HORSE ARMORY, TOWER OF LONDON.

Obeying his behests, Parliament, on June 25, 1483, declared Gloucester to be the lawful heir, and on July 6 he was crowned as Richard III. But still he was not safe, for Buckingham, who was descended from Edward III., supported the claim of the Earl of Richmond, of the House of Lancaster, to the throne, but through misadventure he was betrayed to Richard in November, who brought his ambitions to a quick close by having him beheaded.

Richard had thus far destroyed all opposition with a relentless hand, and there was now no party or voice against him; but he could not forget that he was a usurper, and that so long as the lawful heirs lived his security had a poor foundation. These thoughts filled his mind; there were the two princes, children of his brother, Edward IV., to the eldest of whom the throne by right belonged, who, though immured in the strongest cells of the fortress, their just claims must be in the hearts of the people. To remove these dangers to his ambitions, he would have their blood even upon his own hands, and with damnable intent he therefore bribed two villains, said to have been Dighton and Forrest, to smother the children as they slept, Brackenbury having refused the proposals of Richard, at the danger of losing his own head, to take the lives of these innocent boys. How well is the place of their murder called "the Bloody Tower."

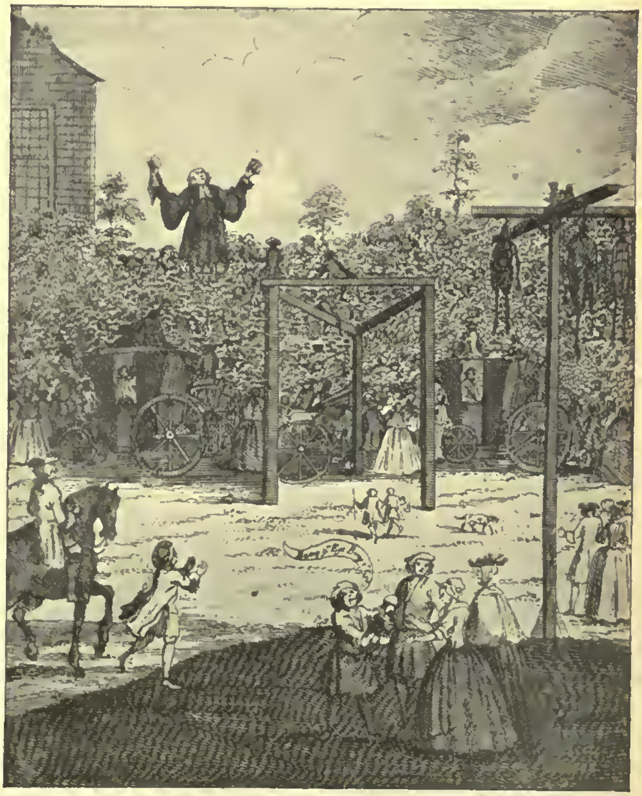

THE TWO PRINCES.

"At the foot of the winding stairs leading up to St. John's Chapel and situate in the centre of the White Tower, two skeletons were found in July, 1674, supposed to be the remains of the two murdered princes, sons of Edward IV. They were removed in 1678 by the orders of Charles II. to Westminster Abbey, and placed in a small sarcophagus against the east wall of the north side of Henry VII.'s chapel."—*Cunningham.*

Cries of Tortured Victims.

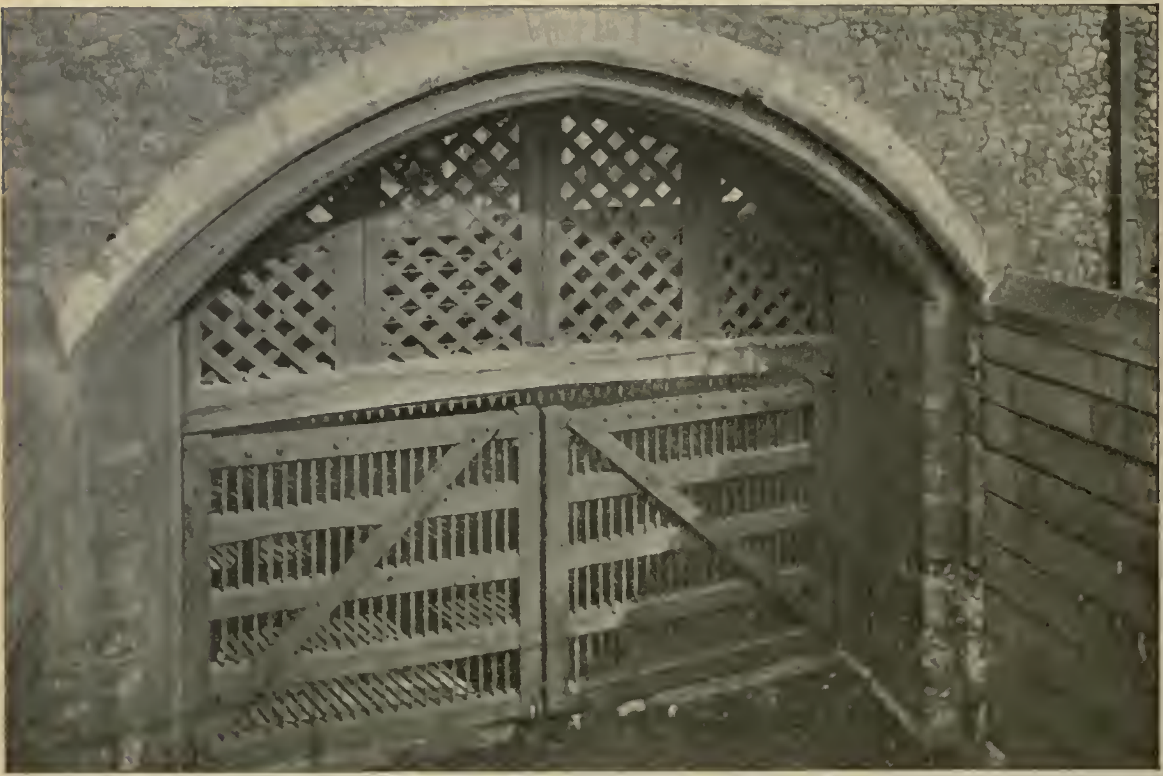
St. John's Chapel is interesting as being the room in which Henry IV. instituted the Order of the Bath at his coronation, at which time "forty-six noblemen and gentlemen first installed knights thereof performed the chivalrous ceremony of watching their armor from sunrise to sunset." In this chapel the remains of Elizabeth of York, queen to Henry VII., who died in childbirth, lay in state in 1503, previous to her magnificent funeral. Just above the chapel is the council room of the English sovereigns, where Richard II. was compelled to resign his crown, and where Lord Hastings was seized and hurried to the block by hunchback Richard. The vaults of this Tower are the most dismal of dungeons, to which have been given such suggestive names as "Cold Harbor," "Little Ease," etc. It was in the latter that Guy Fawkes was confined after discovery of his gunpowder plot to blow up Parliament, in 1605, and for which he was tortured and executed. The cell he occupied was a mere hole in the thick wall, closed by a heavy door, and so small that a prisoner could neither stand up nor lie down, being obliged to maintain constantly a bent position, thus producing the most horrible agonies. Yet he was kept here for more than a month before he, with his followers, were hanged, then cut down and disemboweled while living. In another dungeon near by, but of considerable size, was the place of torture, so close shut and with walls so thick that no cry of agony, however piercing, could be heard outside.

During the reign of Edward IV. the Earl of Warwick, son of the murdered Duke of Clarence, and the last male Plantagenet, was beheaded in the Tower, in 1499, for the sole crime of possessing royal blood; and in the same year an illegitimate son of Edward IV., known as the White Rose, was confined for a while in the Tower, until he was taken to Tyburn to be hanged. Other prisoners of the Tower who suffered execution within its walls, or at Tower Hill, were the Duke of Buckingham, the Bishop of Rochester, Queen Anne Boleyn, wife of Henry VIII, and her brother, Lord Rochford, and others of her friends, such as Henry Norris, William Brereton, Sir Francis Weston, and Mark Smeaton.



THE OLD GALLOWS TREE.—HOGARTH'S CARTOON.

The accession of Mary, previously named, was soon followed by the execution in the Tower of Lady Jane Grey, her husband, Lord Dudley, her father-in-law, Sir John Gates, and Sir Miles Partridge. Then came the rebellion of Sir Thomas Wyatt, which being suppressed he was brought to the Tower and beheaded, succeeded by the execution of the Duke of Suffolk, and Lord Thomas Grey, and the imprisonment of Princess Elizabeth, half-sister of Mary, who became Queen Elizabeth. Mary persecuted Protestants relentlessly, but when Elizabeth came to the throne the Catholics were made to suffer, a large number of bishops and abbots being sent to the Tower, to languish in horrible dungeons for refusing to acknowledge her supremacy, for it must be remembered her legitimacy was questioned. The Earl of Stafford and Archbishop Laud were first imprisoned in the Tower and then beheaded for Romish tendencies, and soon after Sir John Hotham, the Duke of Hamilton, the Earl of Holland, and Lord Capel suffered like punishment in the Tower. In 1688 the Archbishop of Canterbury and six bishops were charged with libeling James II. and consigned to the dungeons of the Tower, but being acquitted upon trial were soon liberated. Then followed the forced abdication of James II., leaving a son, however, whom the people chose to regard as a supposititious heir, and bloody contentions followed. Those who favored the return of James II. to the throne, and the succession of his son, were called Jacobites, while those opposed favored the accession of Mary, Princess of Orange, afterwards Mary II., and William of Orange, her husband, who became William III., as joint sovereigns, as Parliament had declared. A political revolution succeeded, and there were wars, and bloodshed, and persecutions to make the heart sick. Bishop Atterbury was the great Jacobite churchman, who was sent to the Tower for his bold speeches against William and Mary of whom Pope wrote :



TRAITORS', OR WATER, GATE OF THE TOWER.

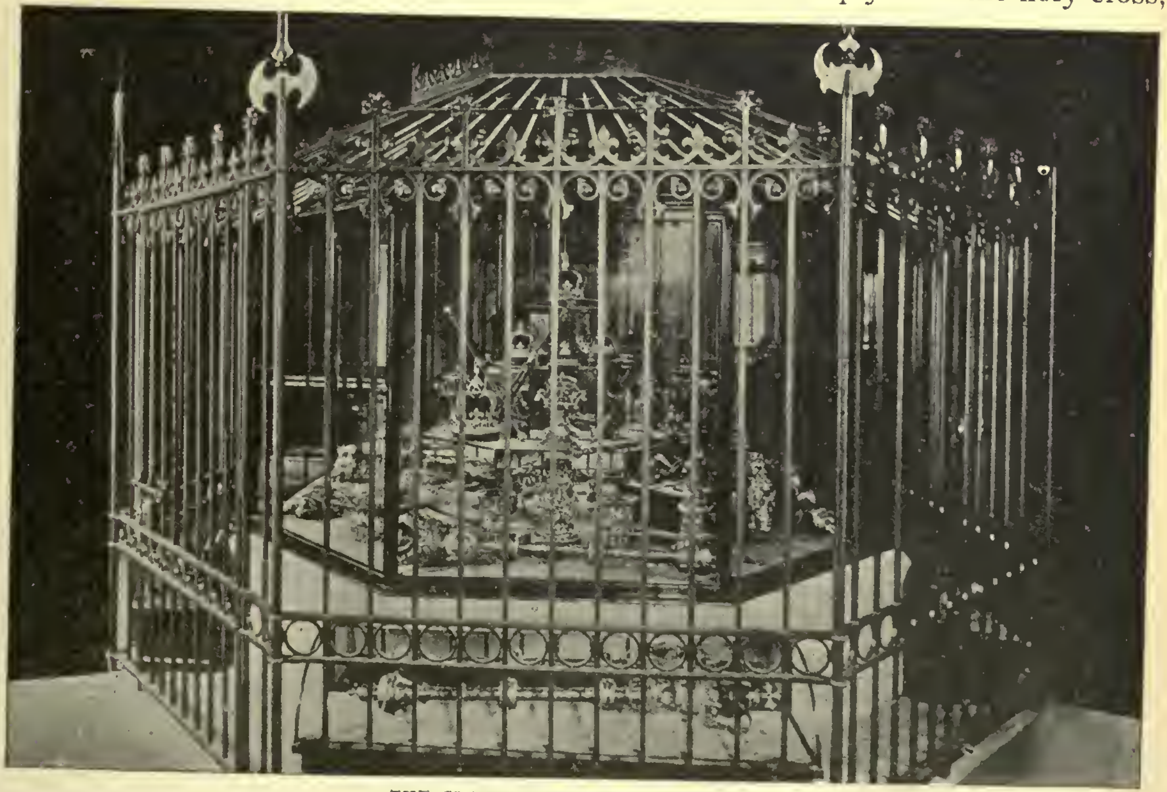
"How pleasing Atterbury's softer hour,
How shone his soul unconquered in the Tower."

Legend of the Queen's Stairs.

Through what is known as the Middle Gate Elizabeth passed to her coronation in the fortress, where she fell upon her knees to give thanks to God for having escaped the cruel intent of her sister Mary, "as that of Daniel out of the mouths of lions," as she expressed it. To the right of this gate is a terrace along the Thames, from which steps lead to the water known as the

Queen's Stairs, at which the sovereigns embarked for their coronations. The wharf was twice destroyed and rebuilt during the reign of Henry III., in the thirteenth century, and in a style of magnificence that rendered the king unpopular for his extravagance, which gave rise to the following legend related by Hepworth Dixon:

"A monk of St. Albans, who tells the tale, asserts that a priest who was passing near the fortress saw the spirit of an archbishop, dressed in his robes, holding a cross, and attended by the spirit of a clerk, gazing sternly at these new works. As the priest came up, the figure spake to the masons, 'Why build ye these?' As he spoke he struck the walls sharply with the holy cross, on which they reeled and sank into the river, leaving a wreath of smoke behind. The priest was too much scared to accost the more potent spirit; but he turned to the humble clerk and asked him the archbishop's name—'St. Thomas the Martyr,' answered the shade. . . . The ghost further informed the priest that the two most popular saints in our calendar, the Confessor and the Martyr, had undertaken to make war upon these walls. 'Had they been built,' said the shade, 'for the defence of London, and in order to find food for masons and joiners, they might have been borne; but they are built against the poor citizens; and if St. Thomas had not destroyed them, the Confessor would have swept them away.'"



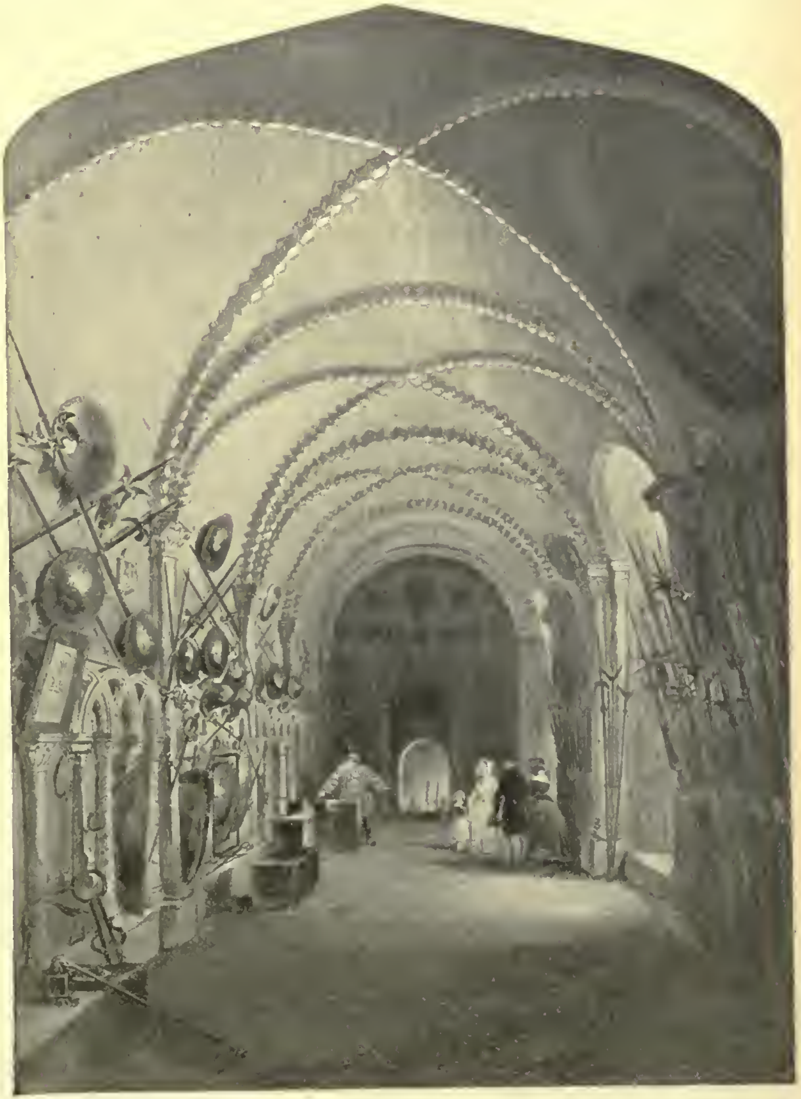
THE CROWN JEWELS AND REGALIA.

Beneath this terrace is an arch which forms the approach to the Traitor's Gate, through which the water formerly reached to the stairs. It was here Anne Boleyn, mother of Elizabeth, landed, in 1536, having been hurried hither from a tournament at Greenwich. Anticipating her fate, she fell upon the steps and exhorted God to defend her, declaring her innocence of the crimes of which she was accused. In a room over the gate died Lord Grey, of Wilton (1614), after eleven years of imprisonment for wishing to marry Lady Arabella Stuart against the objections of James I. It was upon the top step of Traitor's Gate that Sir Thomas More paused, while being led to execution, to receive the last caresses of his devoted daughter, Margaret, and to give his blessing.

The Royal Regalia.

The Wakefield Tower takes its name from the fact that the prisoners taken at the battle of Wakefield (1461) were confined here. An opening from the raised recess of the window on the south side is the oratory of Henry VI., which tradition says is the scene of his murder. In the centre of this room is a large and tall glass case, which contains the royal regalia used at coronations and coronation banquets, including a collection of gold plate and jewels valued at $15,000,000. The treasures of the jewel-house were diminished during the civil wars under Charles I. The plate among the regalia "which had crucifixes or superstitious pictures" was disposed of for the public service, and what remained of the plate itself was subsequently delivered up to the trustees for sale of the king's goods to raise money for the service of Ireland. The principal articles of the regalia, which are shown visitors to the Tower, are the following:

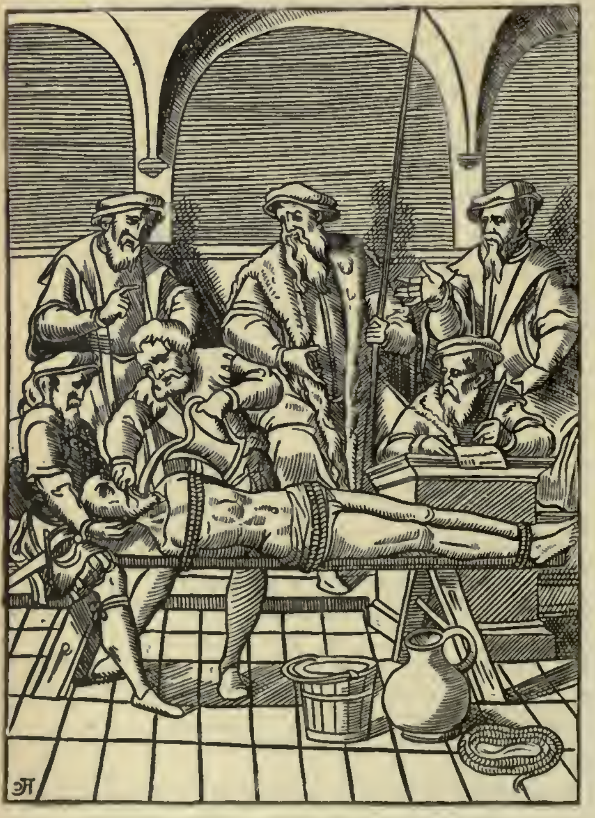
St. Edward's Crown, made for the coronation of Charles II. to replace the old crown (lost in the confusion of the civil wars), which Edward the Confessor was supposed to have worn, and which has been used at the coronation of all English sovereigns since. The New State Crown, made for the coronation of Queen Victoria, which is composed of a cap of purple velvet, enclosed by hoops of silver, and studded with a great profusion of very valuable diamonds, the whole weighing one and three-quarter pounds, and valued at $559,500. Among the larger stones in this crown is an unpolished ruby, said to have been worn by Edward III. (the Black Prince), and a great sapphire of uncommon brilliancy. The Prince of Wales' Coronet, of pure gold, but without jewels. The Queen Consort's Crown, of gold, adorned with diamonds and pearls. The Queen's Diadem, which is a circlet of gold, made for the coronation of Mary of Modena, queen of James II. St. Edward's Staff, of beaten gold, four feet seven inches in length, surmounted by an orb and cross, and shod with a steel point; the orb is said to contain a piece of the true cross. The Royal Sceptre and Cross, of solid gold, two feet and nine inches in length. The Rod of Equity, also called the Sceptre with a Dove, a gold staff, three feet seven inches in length, set with diamonds; at the top is an orb, on which is a golden dove with outstretched wings. The Queen's Sceptre with Cross, of rich workmanship, set with precious stones. The Ivory Sceptre of Queen Anne Boleyn, so called, but made for Mary of Modena; it is mounted in gold, terminating with a golden cross bearing a dove of white onyx. A sceptre which was found behind the wainscoting of the old jewel office in 1814, believed to have been made for Mary, consort of William III. The Orb, a sphere of gold six inches in diameter, banded with the same metal, set with pearls, and surmounted with a large amethyst supporting a cross of gold. The Queen's Orb, almost identical save that it is smaller. The Sword of Mercy, ornamented with gold, and without point; there are also swords of Justice, Ecclesiastical, and Temporal. The Armillæ, or Coronation Bracelets, of gold, chased with roses, *fleur-de-lis*, and harps, and edged with pearls. The Royal Spurs, of gold, used in the coronation ceremonies, whether the sovereign be king or queen. The Ampulla for the Holy Oil, in the form of an eagle. The Gold Coronation Spoon, used for receiving the sacred oil from the ampulla at the anointing of the sovereigns, and believed to be the sole relic of the ancient regalia. The Gold Salt Cellar of State, in the shape of a castle. Baptismal font, of silver, gilded, used at the christening of royal infants. A silver Wine Fountain, presented to Charles II. by the Corporation of Plymouth.



NORMAN ARMORY HALL, SHOWING BEHEADING BLOCKS, TOWER OF LONDON.

A Daring Attempt to Steal the Regalia.

The crown jewels have been several times pledged by English sovereigns to Flemish and French merchants, but always redeemed. The most singular history concerning these royal valuables concerns an effort which was made during the reign of Charles II. by a highwayman, named Thomas Blood, to steal them, or so much as he could carry. Blood was one of the most desperate criminals that England ever boasted of, even surpassing in daring and cunning Claude Duval. He had already achieved great reputation by a wonderfully bold act, in abducting the Duke of Ormond and hurrying him away to Tyburn with the purpose of hanging him, in revenge for the deaths of some of the highwayman's associates in a Dublin insurrection, when the duke was lord lieutenant. This crime was only prevented by the timely arrival of a number of guards, but for some strange reason Blood was not punished. It was some years after this bravado act (1671) that Blood visited the Tower in the company of a woman, who was supposed to be his wife, and asked to see the regalia. While there the woman pretended to be suddenly taken very ill, and she was removed into the rooms of Talbot Edwards, a pensioner, eighty years of age, who filled the sinecure position of deputy warden. The woman remained in the rooms for two days, during which time she and Blood made themselves so agreeable as to win the confidence of the old man, and when Blood proposed a marriage between his son, whom he represented to be a likely young man of large prospects, and Edwards' daughter, the suggestion was received with immediate favor. Three days later (May 9) Blood returned to the Tower with the imaginary bridegroom and two other companions, and asked for the daughter, who was to be made ready at once for the wedding. While awaiting her appearance he asked Edwards to show him the crown jewels, which he did not hesitate to do, but as soon as the cases were opened, and the chamber door was locked on the inside, as was the custom, Blood and his companions knocked the old man down and after gagging him seized a quantity of the regalia. By marvelous good fortune a grown son of Edwards arrived at that moment from Flanders, on a visit to his father, whose knock upon the door frightened the robbers, whereupon Blood, with the golden crown of St. Edward, and Perrot, one of his companions, with the orb, opened the door and made off with their prizes. Young Edwards quickly understood the


TORTURING A CRIMINAL IN THE TOWER.

situation, and giving an alarm the ruffians were pursued and after a long chase, the culprits were caught and the valuables recovered. The strangest part of this remarkable story is the sequel. The reputation of Blood was such that the whole nation appeared to be in awe of him, so using the incident of his abduction of the Duke of Ormond as a proof of his courage to undertake the most desperate emprise, he uttered such threats of what his companions would do that the king was terrified not only into ordering his release but to granting him a pension of $2500 a year during life. Old man Edwards was also promised a pension, but it was never paid, and being deprived of his office he died in destitution.

The Tower Ghost-Story.

The Jewel Tower, as it is frequently called, has about it the weird of fiction as well as the tragedy of fact, as being the scene of a supernatural happening, somewhat disconnected, described by Edward Swift, who was guardian of the crown jewels. He relates, with as much circumspection as of positiveness, that on a Saturday night in October, 1817, he was at supper with his wife, sister, and little son, in a room that had three doors and two windows, between which was a chimney-piece that projected far into the room. On the evening in question the doors were closed and the windows were curtained, so there was no light in the room save that given by two candles upon the table. While they were eating and conversing on pleasant topics, suddenly his wife excitedly exclaimed, "Good God! What is that?" Mr. Swift was much startled, but looking up he had reason to be more surprised, for he saw a cylindrical glass figure the size of a man's arm floating in space between the table and ceiling. It appeared to contain a dense liquid, of a pale azure, that was violently disturbed. It remained stationary for the space of two minutes, and then began to move slowly around the table, at the same time descending until in plain sight of Mr. Swift it passed behind his wife, who with a shriek of terror cried out, "Oh, Christ! it has seized me!" At this the vision disappeared without doing any harm, nor did Mr. Swift's sister or son see it at any time. An hour afterward, however, the sentry at the Jewel Tower was so terrified by the figure of a bear coming suddenly upon him and then disappearing that he fell down in a fit and died three days later.

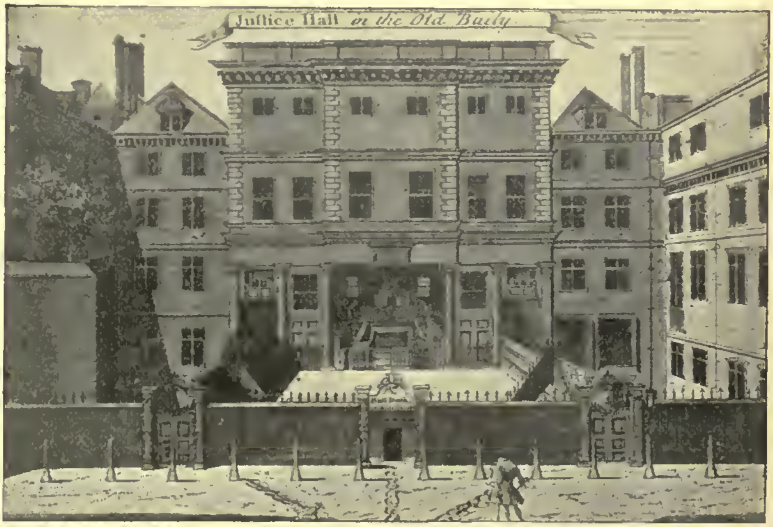
Nearly every one of the Tower's prison cells is said to be infested with the restless spirits of unfortunates who have suffered therein. As late as September of 1897 a well credited report was made of the appearance of poor Anne Boleyn's ghost in the Tower. It was seriously told that the form of this one of the several executed wives of Henry VIII. was plainly seen by sentries of the Foot Guards, passing majestically from her cell to the scaffold where she perished, and that the whole scene of her execution was thereupon re-enacted, after which the ghostly vision vanished. It is said, and believed by not a few, that the ghost of Anne invariably appears to one or more of the Guards of the Tower as a presage of the death of some member of the royal family within a short time.

CHAPTER IX.

STORY OF THE DEADLY NEVER GREEN.

THERE are many crime spots in London, bloody splotches on the municipal escutcheon which time nor sermon can ever blot out; damnation-marks so set in history that they will lose none of their foul crimson hues were they washed by another deluge, for an ark of remembrance would surely survive to bear record of them after the waters were assuaged. England, long years ago, was the haunt of desperate highwaymen; those bold knights of the road who laid tribute upon travelers, and needed no other help than a fleet horse and brace of pistols. In those days theft was a capital offence, and highway robbery was punishable by quartering and burning; but statutory codes, which threatened torture, appeared to whet the appetite of crime, for at no other time did it flourish so generally. Every one, it may be assumed, has read of Claude Duval, Dick Turpin, Sixteen-String Jack, Old Blueskin, and a score of other equally unworthy pirates of English highways, whose astounding adventures gave opportunity to many a penny-a-liner of the times, for have they not left a quantity of literature to prove the activity of their pens? And as robbers increased so gallows-trees multiplied, but there was one whose fame shall not fade before another fire like that of 1666 effaces the last vestige of its existence. This celebrated relic of murderous times is Tyburn, known as Tyburn Gallows, and Tyburn Tree, which for a long period was a public place of execution for criminals convicted in the county of Middlesex. The gallows-tree derives its name from Tyburn Brook, and was first set up in Connaught Square, at No. 49. Fuller, however, gives it another derivation, thus: "Tieburne, some will have it so called from Tie and burn, because the poor Lollards for whom this instrument (of cruelty to them, though of justice to malefactors) was first set up, had their necks tied to the beam, and their lower parts burned in the fire." The earliest mention of an execution at Tyburn is thus made by Grayfriar's chronicles: "The first year of his (Henry IV.'s) reign (1399–1400) Sir Barnardo Brokkas was beheaded at London in Cheppesyde, and Sir Thomas Shelle, Knight, Maudlyne, and Ferlyby, Clarks (Clerks), were hanged at Tyborne . . . and William Serle, that was chief yeoman with King Richard, was drawn and hanged at Tyborne, and the quarters salted."

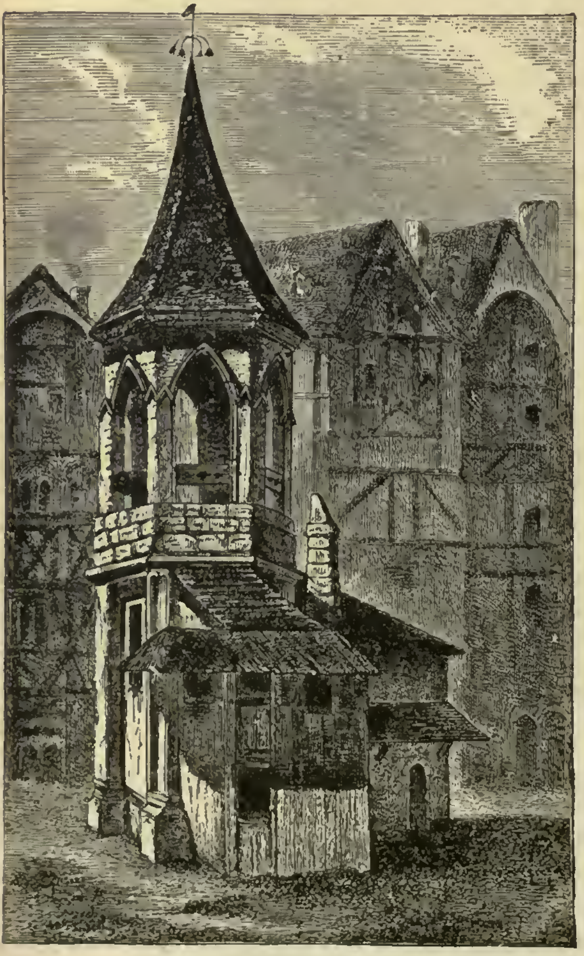
The gallows at Tyburn was a permanent structure though it consisted of a triangle set on three legs, and was a very clumsy affair. Culprits were hanged thereon like a kettle on such an upright triangle made of poles over a fire, and death therefore ensued from strangulation, a result often hastened by attaching weights to the body, and even relatives of the condemned sometimes performed this half merciful office, by throwing their weight upon the limbs of the strangling felon. Occasionally death was not deemed sufficient punishment, and to increase suffering a fire was built under the dying criminal, who was thus roasted and choked to death. The hangman was an officer appointed by the crown who held his position for life. Unlike the headsman, however, who wore a mask at executions, the hangman seemed to have a pride in his dreadful office, and for such occasions as frequently called for his services he dressed in a uniform of gay colors, sufficiently bright, at least, to make him quite conspicuous. The most famous of Tyburn hangmen was Jack Ketch, who succeeded "Esquire" Dun, and was immortalized by Dryden. The hangman's rope was commonly called "a riding knot an inch below the ear;" also "a Tyburn tippet," and "an anodyne necklace." "Hangman's wages" was fixed by law at 13½ *d.*, or twenty-seven cents, though at that time the value of a penny was much greater than at present.


Justice Hall in the Old Baily

OLD TRIAL PLACE OF MALEFACTORS IN LONDON.

Noted Persons Executed at Tyburn.

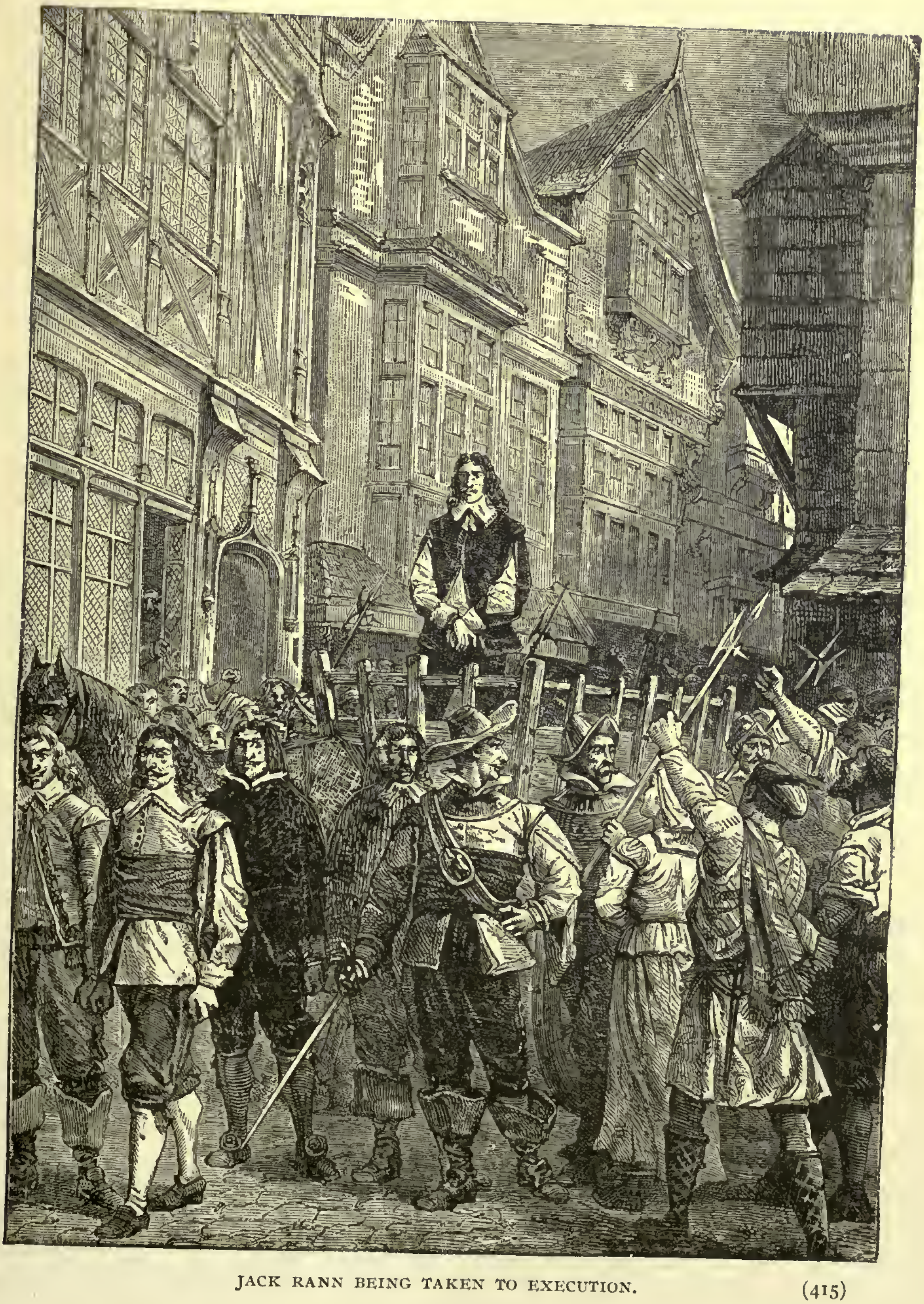
The greatest interest about Tyburn, for it is no longer a place of execution, attaches to the history of the hundreds of celebrated persons who suffered there, a record which Cunningham has made fairly complete, and from which I have taken the liberty to copy, though his record begins with the hanging of Peter Warbeck, referred to by Bacon as "that little cockatrice of a king," in 1499. The next very important execution at Tyburn took place in 1534, when Elizabeth Barton, called the Holy Maid of Kent, and five others were beheaded, and the good nun's head was set up on London Bridge. It therefore appears that executions at this place were not wholly confined to hangings, for there are other reports of beheadings at Tyburn. In 1535 Houghton, the last prior of Charterhouse, and several of his associates were executed here for high treason, and were hanged in their ecclesiastical vestments, contrary to the general rule. In 1536 the Fitzgeralds surrendered their lives on the charge of being participants in the Irish insurrection. In 1541 a boy named Thomas Fienes, who had he lived would have been the ninth Lord Dacre, was executed at Tyburn for committing murder in a brawl. In 1581 two Jesuits, named Campion and Horte, were hanged and quartered here. In 1587 Doctor Lopes, and in 1589 a man named Squire, were hanged on the charge of having attempted to poison Queen Elizabeth. In 1595 Robert Southwell, the poet, paid his expiation here for being a Jesuit. John Felton, the assassin of Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, suffered the penalty of his crime in 1648, and his body was afterward hanged in chains at Portsmouth. Five of the fifty-nine officers who signed the death warrant of Charles I. were hanged at Tyburn. Thomas Sadler, the rogue who stole the mace and purse of Lord Chancellor Finch, and who made a show of his crime by marching at the head of his confederates with the mace on his shoulder, was executed here in 1677. William, Lord Russell, died on the gallows in 1683. Oliver Plunket, archbishop of Armagh, was convicted of an effort to induce a French army to invade Ireland and murder all the Protestants, and was hanged in 1681. Sir Thomas Armstrong was beheaded at Tyburn for taking part in the Rye Plot (1684), and his head was fixed on Temple Bar. Sir William Parkyns and Sir John Friend were executed in 1686 for conspiring to assassinate William III. So likewise perished here Robert Young, in 1700, for coining, and for conspiracy against Bishop Sprat, Marlborough, and others.


AN OLD-TIME PILLORY.

A Resurrection that Startled the People.

A strange story of the time is thus briefly told by Hatton: "On December 12, 1705, one John Smith, being condemned for felony and burglary, was conveyed to Tyburn for execution. After he hanged about a quarter of an hour, a reprieve coming, he was cut down, and being cut down came to himself, to the great astonishment of the spectators, the executioner having pulled his legs, and used other means to put a speedy period to his life."

"This surprising thing, of recovery after hanging so long a time, greatly affected superstitious persons, and the story has been told in many ways with



JACK RANN BEING TAKEN TO EXECUTION.

much garnishment since. Up to that time it was probably the most exciting incident connected with Tyburn, but it was soon to be eclipsed by the execution of two of the most famous highwaymen the world has produced, viz: Jack Sheppard, who expiated all his numerous crimes in 1724, in the presence of 200,000 persons, and Jonathan Wild, who became fruit of the Tyburn gallows-tree in 1725. Fielding tells us that Jonathan Wild, the Great, picked the parson's pocket of his corkscrew at his execution, which he carried out of the world in his hand." Though it is declared that no less than 200,000 persons witnessed the exit of Jack Sheppard, Applebee's Journal says the number is no more to be compared with the crowd that attended Wild's execution than "a regiment to an army." These bold knights of the highway were almost reverently regarded by the masses at the time, and the highest ambition of the English youths who read of their thrilling exploits and escapades was to emulate their deeds.

The next noted person who suffered at Tyburn was Lord Ferrers, in 1760, for having murdered his land steward, a man named Johnson. The circumstances were very unusual. The lord and his wife were so uncongenial that they were separated by an act of Parliament, and the estate placed in the hands of trustees, who appointed Johnson to receive the rents. Lord Ferrers was dissatisfied with the returns, and so one day he sent for Johnson, who was an old man, and when the steward entered the room Ferrars shot him. The wound not being immediately mortal, Ferrers lifted the sufferer into a chair and then sent for a surgeon, whose skill did not avail to save his life, however. When taken to the scaffold Ferrers wore his wedding-suit, declaring that the occasion was as proper for putting them on as when they were first used.

Execution of Sixteen-String Jack.

A Mrs. Brownrigg was hanged here in 1767 for whipping two female apprentices to death, a crime that was not uncommon before the sixteenth century. For a long period highway robbery flourished not only in every part of England where there was much travel, but in the dark streets and suburban roadways of London, and considering the prevalence of such crimes few of those who followed the pursuit of "stand and deliver" were brought to justice. Jack Rann, who obtained the title of "Sixteen String Jack" by reason of the foppery of his dress, and the wearing of a bunch of sixteen strings at the knees of his breeches, was hanged at Tyburn in 1774. He was convicted of robbing the Rev. Dr. Bell, in Gunnersbury Lane, near Brentford, though more than a dozen other charges equally serious had been preferred against him. Smith's "Book for a Rainy Day," describing the execution, says: "The malefactor's coat was a bright pea-green; he had an immense nosegay, which he had received from the hand of one of the frail sisterhood, whose practice it was in those days to present flowers to their favorites from the steps of St. Sepulchre's Church." The chronicler might have truthfully added that Jack was exceedingly popular with ladies, as was his prototype, Claude Duval, and his admirers were reckoned among the high bred as well as the vicious. Noted criminals fascinated ladies of those times as they do of our own, a curious fact which I will ask psychologists to answer if they can, for I cannot.

Dr. Dodd was hanged in 1777 for forging a bond in the name of the Earl of Chesterfield for $21,000, of which execution John Wesley thus wrote: "After some time spent in prayer he pulled his cap over his eyes, and falling down seemed to die in a moment. I make no doubt but at that moment the angels were ready to carry him into Abraham's bosom," by which pious observation the idea obtained that Wesley believed him innocent.

The Rev. James Hackman suffered the extreme penalty for the murder of Miss Reay, in the piazza of Covent Garden. "He was taken to Tyburn in a mourning coach, containing the prisoner the ordinary of Newgate, a sheriff's officer, and James Boswell, the biographer of Johnson. Johnson, like Selwyn was fond of seeing executions." Martha Reay was the mistress of Lord Sandwich, a beautiful woman for whom Rev. Hackman conceived such a passion that when she refused to leave her lover to become his wife, he shot her to death. Sir Walter Scott, in his "Essay on Imitations of the Ancient Ballads," refers to this crime in verse as follows:

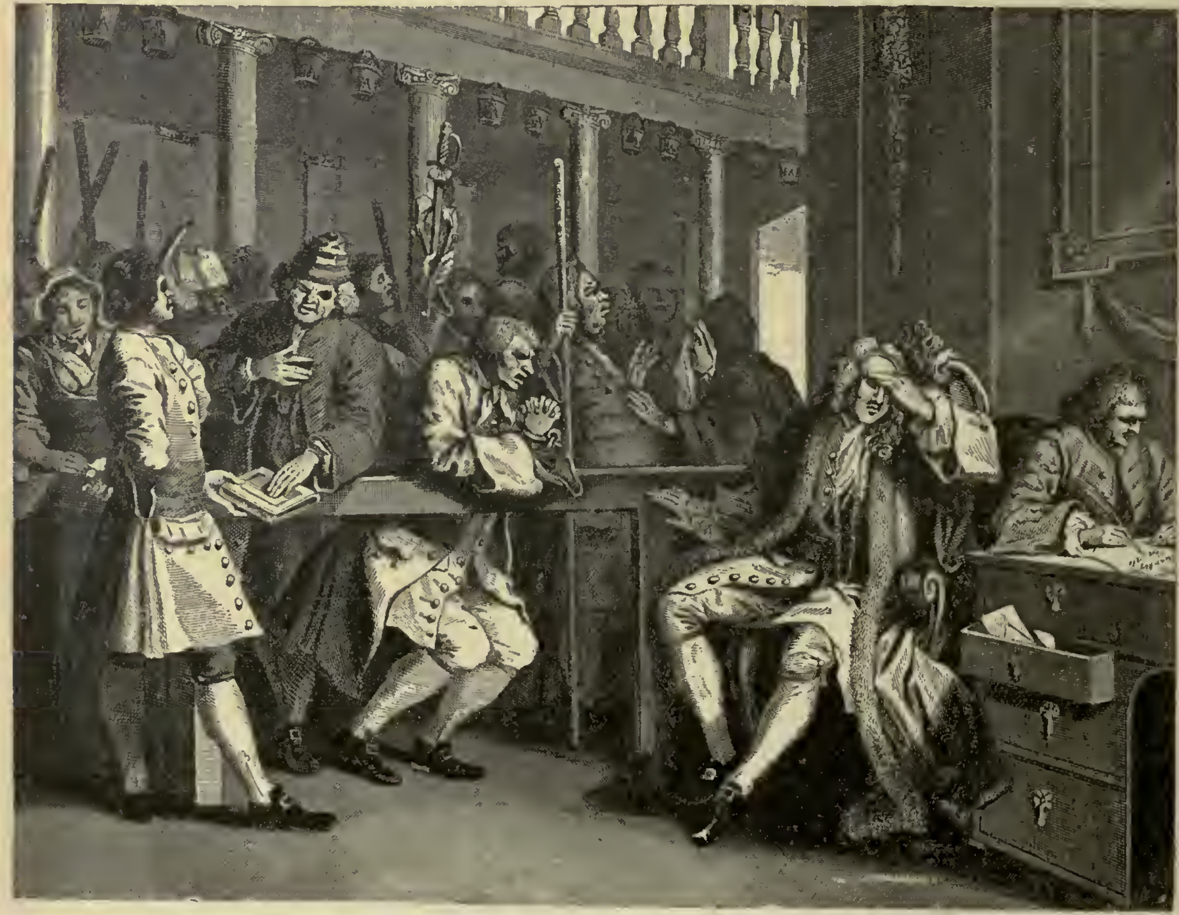
SMITHFIELD MEAT MARKET.

"A Sandwich favorite was this fair
And her he dearly loved;
By whom six children had, we hear;
This story fatal proved.

"A clergyman, O wicked one,
In Covent Garden shot her;
No time to cry upon her God,
It's hop'd he's not forgot her."

The last woman executed for a political offence in England was Elizabeth Gaunt, an elderly matron of the Anabaptists, who was burned at Tyburn for harboring a member of the Rye House Plot, and the last person to suffer death at this famous gallows place was John Austin, in 1783. Executions thereafter were performed at Newgate.

"On three wooden stilts of Tyburn the bodies of Oliver Cromwell, Ireton, and Bradshaw were hung on the first anniversary of the execution of Charles I. after the Restoration. Their bodies were dragged from their graves in Henry VII.'s Chapel, Westminster Abbey, and removed at night to the Red Lion Inn, in Holborn, from whence they were carried next morning in sledges to Tyburn, and there, in their shrouds and cere-cloths, suspended till sunset at the several angles of the gallows. They were then taken down and beheaded, their bodies buried beneath the gallows, and their heads set upon poles on the top of Westminster Hall."



CONVICTION BEFORE THE OLD ASSIZES.—HOGARTH CARTOON.

The old gallows-tree that stood so long at Tyburn gained notoriety not merely because so many criminals paid the penalty of their crimes upon it, but also because a large number of the most noted highwaymen that so daringly infested English roads and London streets, were brought to judgment under its tri-footed shadows. It is a strange thing to tell, but the fact is well attested by unimpeachable annals, that for a period of nearly or quite two centuries the profession of murder and robbery in England was regarded by the masses as being of a chivalrous character, to which numerous popular ballads of the time gave attractive coloring approaching approbation, for the greater the villain the greater the adulatory homage that was paid in verse, which even Butler bestows in his imperishable "Hudibras." Of the many other highwaymen confined in Newgate and executed at Tyburn may be mentioned the following:

Thomas Wynne, who, besides other more serious crimes, robbed the royal lodgings at Whitehall Palace, was hanged on the deadly Never Green, followed soon after by the execution there of Thomas Witherington, both in the time of James I. James Batson paid the penalty on the fatal tripod gallows the year before the restoration of Charles II.

John Cottington, called the "Mulled Sack," after committing a score of murders on the highway, had the audacity to present himself before Cromwell and seek to purchase a pardon by the tender of important services, but his boldness only led to a prompt seizure of his person, and he was quickly hanged at Tyburn in April, 1659.

Claude Duval, one of the most famous heroes of the penny annals, a Frenchman by birth and a highwayman by profession, was executed at Tyburn in January, 1669. His reputation for courage, and gallantry to ladies, was so great that his death was sincerely mourned by thousands, and his body was honored by burial in Covent Garden Church, where a tombstone was set above his remains inscribed with the following verses:

TYBURN FROM MARBLE ARCH.

"Here lies Duval, reader, if male thou art,
Look to thy purse, if female, to thy heart;
Much havoc has he made of both, for all
Men he made stand, and women he made fall.

"The second conqueror of the Norman race,
Knights to his arms did yield, and ladies to his face.
Old Tyburn's glory, England's bravest thief,
Duval, the ladies' joy—Duval, the ladies' grief."

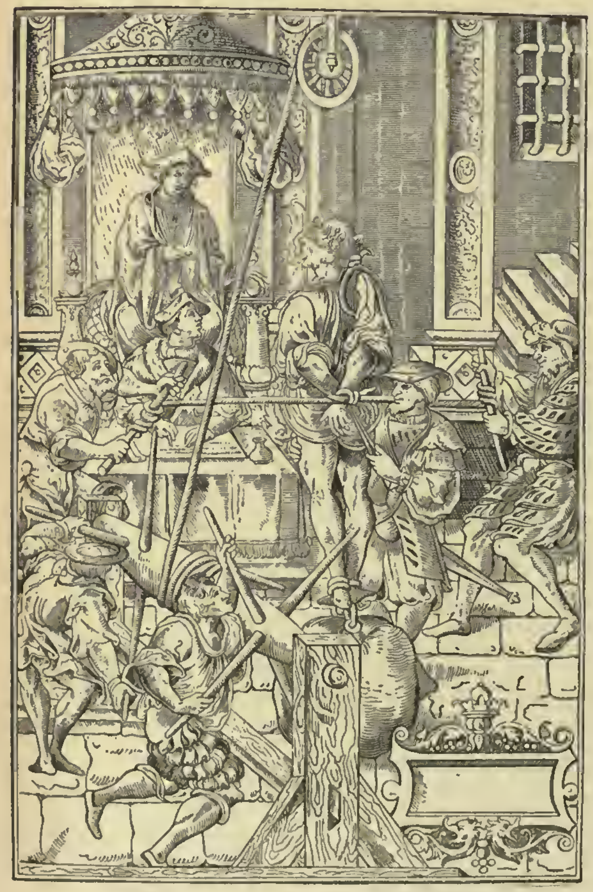
Captain Richard Dudley was led forth from Newgate to perish on Tyburn's tree February 22, 1681. Jonathan Simpson was executed there September 8, 1686, William Cody in 1687, Thomas Rumbold in 1689, Thomas Simpson, known as the "Old Mob" in 1690, the same year that the notorious John Bird swung off into the soundless gulf for like crimes.

Thomas Cox, a daring and murderous knight of London streets and English highways, while being conveyed from Newgate to Tyburn, kicked both the ordinary and executioner out of the death cart when they suggested prayers for his soul. He died without fear in 1691.

Captain Zachary Howard died in Tyburn in 1651. He had the distinction as a criminal of having gained access to the room of Cromwell, whom he knocked down with a pistol, and after binding him stoutly, and robbing the chests in the room, turned a pan of water over the protector's head saying, "As no doubt thou aspirest to be king, thus do I crown thee, tyrant as thou art."

Nathaniel Haws took his leave of the world at Tyburn, after plundering much of the English part of it, in September, 1721. Frank Osborn perished there in 1690, and Tom Rowland in 1699. It is interesting to note that on the same day of the execution of Rowland, there were also hanged at Tyburn a Scotch woman, Anne Henderson, for stealing a silver tankard; Jane Eaton, aged nineteen years, and Catherine Jones for entering a house and "stealing therefrom goods of great value;" and John Dowbridge, a butcher, for stealing a mare.

Arthur Chambers, who personated a ghost, and those whom he could not affright in this character he slew with dagger or pistol, was executed at Tyburn in 1703. Dick Adams, a murderous profligate, and a coward though a highwayman, was choked to extinction in 1713, as was also Edward Bonnet at the same time, who it is said committed no less than three hundred robberies. Jack Price was for a while hangman to the county of Middlesex, afterward highwayman, who suffered for his crimes at Tyburn in 1718.



EXTORTING A CONFESSION BY TORTURE.

Jack Sheppard, the most cunning thief that ever graced the jail of Newgate, from which he frequently escaped, was strangled at Tyburn in 1724. Jonathan Wild, immortalized by Fielding, but execrated by all who knew him, was also a victim of Tyburn's deadly tree.

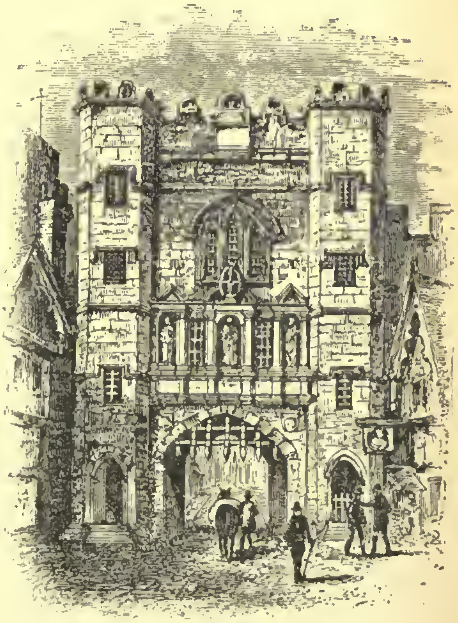
Henry Sims, known as "Young Gentleman Harry," was executed at Tyburn in 1747, and James Maclaine, called "the gentleman highwayman," perished in like manner in 1750, of whom Sir Horace Walpole thought so well as to write his biography.

Eugene Oram was a remarkable as he was an ingenious man, author of a lexicon, and learned in Chaldee, Hebrew, Arabic, and Celtic, on which he wrote so copiously as to make him worthy of a place in the "Biographia Britannica;" but for all this and his many honest opportunities, he was both a highwayman and a murderer, whose numerous crimes were atoned by his execution at Tyburn in 1759.

A few pirates were also executed at Tyburn, among the number being Captain Roche, in 1724, and Captain Gow and two of his companions in crime, Captain Weaver and William Ingram, in 1725.

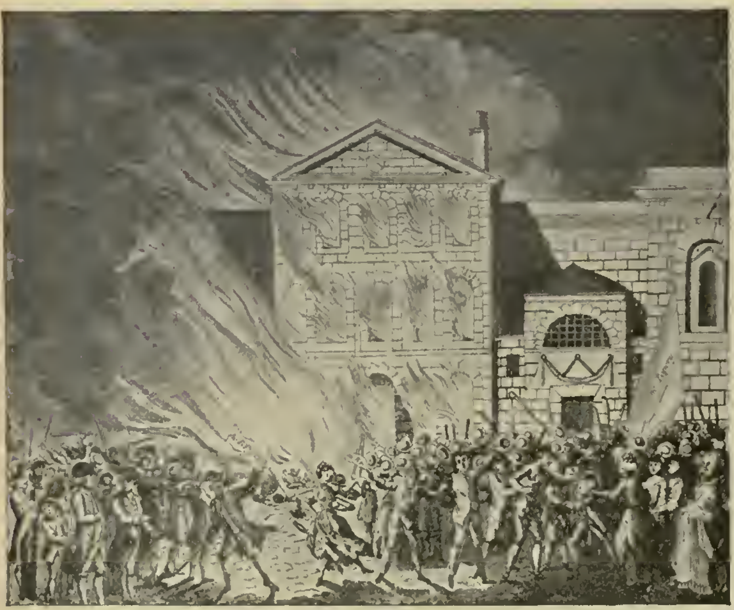
Newgate Prison.

The most famous of existing prisons in England is Newgate, a name derived from the fact that in the city fortifications of old there were five principal gates, the last being built during the reign of Henry I., at what became Newgate street, to admit a freer and more direct passage to Ludgate. A prison was erected here some time in the twelfth century, but the record cannot now be obtained. In 1414 the prison became so foul that the keeper of the gate and sixty-four inmates died of the prison plague, which mortality caused it to be condemned. In 1425, however, the jail was rebuilt, but was almost entirely destroyed by fire in 1555, and after a second construction was burned again in 1630. For a third time the prison was rebuilt, but the flames devoured it in 1666, when in 1672 it a fourth time arose grim and ghastly, but the gate was taken down.


ENTRANCE TO NEWGATE.

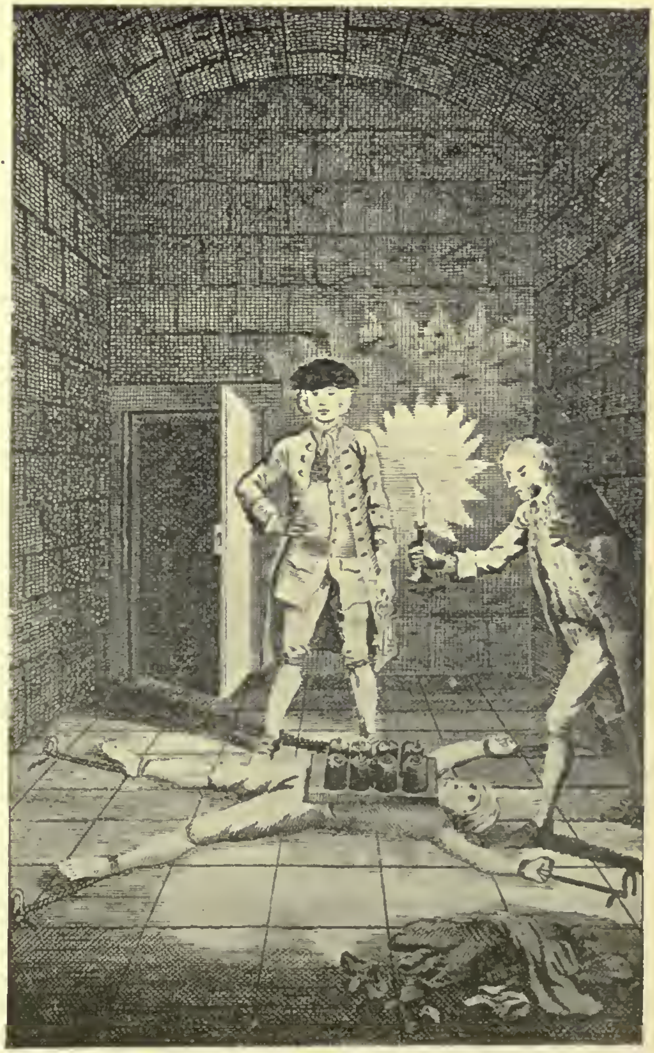
Newgate was originally intended as a prison for felons and debtors, but after the building of White Cross Street Prison, it was used for the confinement of felons only, until a few years ago, when it fell into disuse, except as a temporary jail for prisoners pending their trial at the central criminal court adjoining. From the time of its first building to the present, Newgate has been quite as notorious for its filth and deadly noisomeness as for the criminals confined therein. One of the keepers, a Mr. Akerman, testified before the House of Commons in 1770, that two sets of servants had died of the jail distemper during his incumbency, and that he remembered "when two of the judges, the Lord Mayor, several of the jury, and others, to the number of sixty persons, died in the spring of 1750 of the gaol distemper, communicated from Newgate to the sessions house adjoining."

The present prison dates from 1781, it having been eleven years in building, for in 1780 when the old prison was burned, in the Gordon riots of that year, the new prison was not yet completed. It had four sides which constituted as many separate departments, known respectively as the "Master's Side," the "Cabin Side," the "Common Side," and the "Woman's Side," but the most memorable part was called the "Press Side," because in this part of the prison was inflicted the *peine forte et dure* (harsh and severe punishment) upon persons charged with felony who, with the view to save their property, refused to plead at the bar. For it should be known that during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries it was a law in England that whosoever confessed or was proven to be a felon forfeited all his property to the crown. The punishment usually inflicted to extort confession in Newgate was by piling heavy weights upon the accused until he was crushed to death. A noted case is mentioned by Cunningham, who reports that Major Strangeways being indicted for the murder of John Fussell, and refusing to plead, was subjected to the ordeal of *peine forte et dure* in the pressyard of Newgate. He was pressed with great weights for eight minutes, while many spectators struck him with stones in order to hasten his death, but torture failed to force him to a confession, and thus he died, his proper heirs succeeding to his large property.



BURNING OF NEWGATE, AND LIBERATING OF PRISONERS BY THE GORDON RIOTERS.

"In 1721 two highwaymen, named Spiggot and Cross, who had been captured at the Black Horse Inn, Westminster, refused to plead, with the view to save their property for their relations. When Cross was laid down his courage gave way and he begged to be allowed to plead 'not guilty;' but Spiggot persisted, and was laid on his back, with his legs and arms extended at full length, and weights placed on his body. When four hundredweight had been put upon his breast he also begged to plead 'not guilty.' In old Newgate Anne Askew, the martyr; Penn, the founder of Pennsylvania; Muggleton, the founder of the sect named after him; Ellwood, Milton's amanuensis, and William, Lord Russell, were confined; here Defoe commenced his Review; and here in the prison which he had emptied and set in flames, Lord George Gordon, leader of the riots of 1780, died (1793) of the gaol distemper." Wheatley also observes that "in front of this prison Bellingham was executed for the murder of Mr. Percival, the Prime Minister. Condemned prisoners were formerly required to walk out of the Debtor's Door, near Newgate street, to the scaffold," where they were executed before vast crowds of morbid spectators. Public executions at last became such great scandals that in 1868 they were made private, taking place within the prison enclosure, with only officials and representatives of the press present, a black flag being hoisted on the prison as a public notification of the hour of execution.



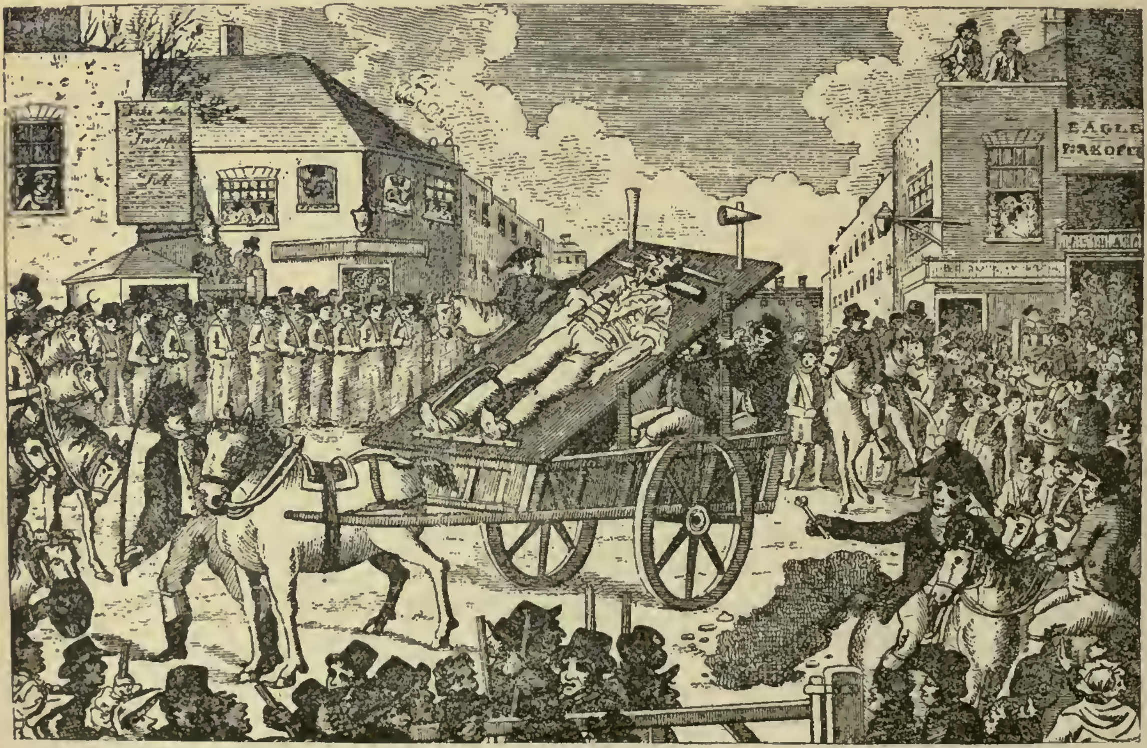
A CULPRIT UNDER PRESSURE IN NEWGATE FOR REFUSING TO PLEAD TO HIS INDICTMENT.

Bloody Smithfield.

Holborn street, as before explained, is a continuation of Oxford and High Holborn street, which divides one square west of Farringdon road, branching to the southeast by Viaduct, Newgate street and Cheapside, and to the northeast by Charter House street. Three squares east of this junction, fronting on the latter street, is the Smithfield Meat Market, behind which is St. Bartholomew the Great, the relics of an old monastery that stood here as early as the thirteenth century, surrounded by an open space in which an entertainment known as Bartholomew Fair was held for many years, where tilting tournaments, sham fights, and miracle plays were given before immense crowds. In this district transpired not a few of the most shocking events that mar the pages of English history. Wat Tyler was stabbed to death at Smithfield in 1381, while in this place, during the reign of Bloody Mary Tudor, that atrocious daughter of

Henry VIII., who was consort of Philip of Spain, many noble Protestants suffered death at the stake, and under Elizabeth, her half-sister successor, many non-conformists, or Catholics, met with a similar fate. This was also the place of executions before removal of the gallows-tree to Tyburn, and here William Wallace, the Scottish patriot, was beheaded. For a long while Smithfield was the only cattle market in London, but the space becoming at length inadequate the market was removed to Copenhagen Fields in 1855, and in 1862–68, the great building known as the Central Meat Market was erected here, which covers an area of nearly four acres.

We are given a coarse picture of St. Bartholomew's Fair, which history tells us was established by Rahere, the King's Jester to Henry I., in Ben Jonson's very witty, but no less vulgar, comedy entitled Bartholomew's Fair. While the place was a cattle market it achieved such notoriety that Shakespeare makes both Falstaff and the Page refer to it, and Dickens gives us a realistic picture of the scenes and smells of Smithfield, in "Oliver Twist." But these descriptions apply to three centuries ago, while prior to that time the place, while of evil repute, was wondrously attractive as a field whereon knights contended with weaponry of the times. Edward III. so far forgot his dignity and his virtuous queen, Philippa, as to attend a tournament at Smithfield with Alice Pierce who was at the time serving in the dual capacity of queen's maid and king's mistress.



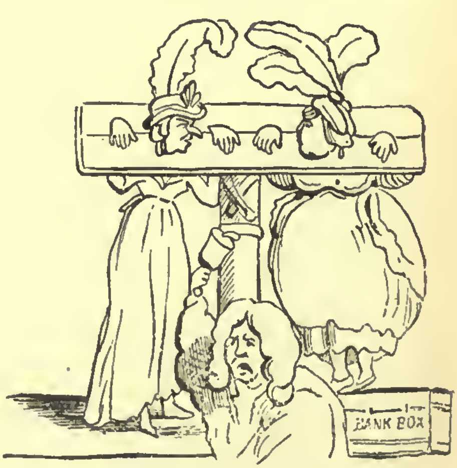
EXHIBITION OF THE BODY OF BODLEY IN LONDON STREETS.

History says this exhibition of indecency shocked London, though it occurred in 1374, when people were not easily surprised by immoralities.

But Smithfield, which was originally known as *Smoothfield*, has better title to fame than that which it won as a field of chivalry, for the blood of martyrs has watered the ground thereabout, and wails of agony break the silence of centuries to keep the world in mind of the fiery crucible through which the freedom to worship has passed. Here on this damned spot William Fitzasbert, surnamed the Longbeard, the first popular reformer, was hanged and beheaded, in the reign of Richard I. (1196). Sir William Wallace was dragged by horses from the Tower, hung, and then quartered while living, on this hellish site in 1305. And let it be told that Mortimer, the favorite of Queen Isabella the Fair, was hanged here by order of her eighteen-year-old son, Edward III.; and how many witches were burned on this spot cannot be told, because the number was so great that the record disappeared through shame; but we are told by truthful annals that two women accused of trying to poison, were boiled alive at Smithfield in the sixteenth century.

The Cry of Torment, that Cometh up out of the Smoke.

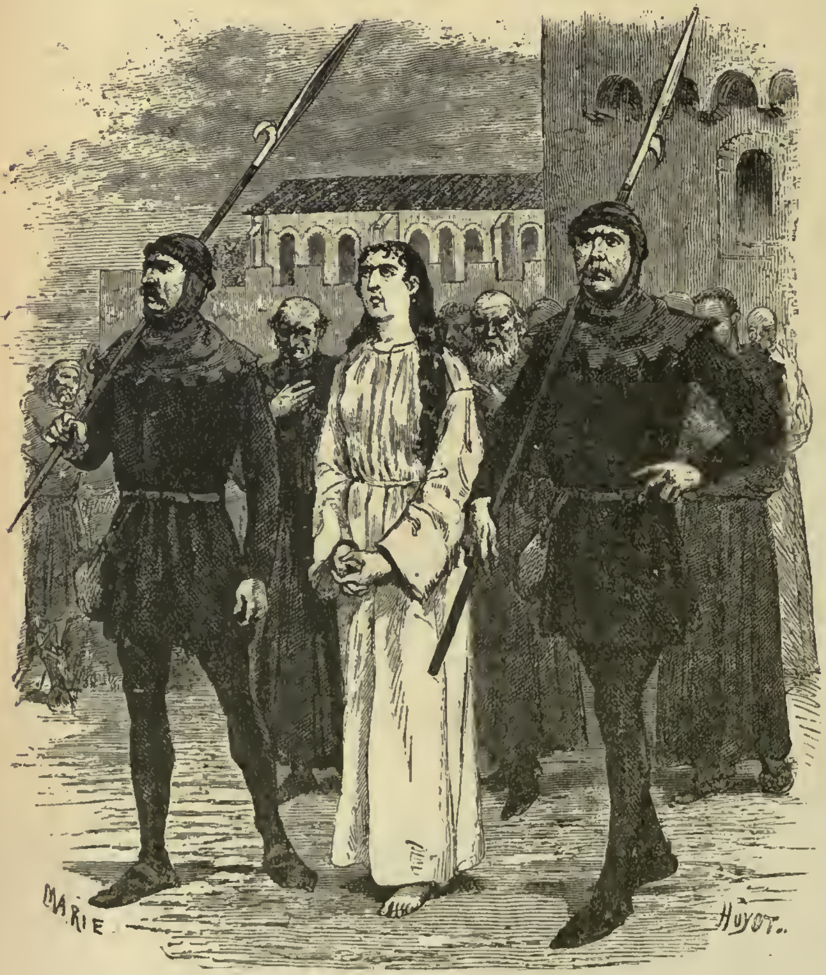
Hundreds of criminals were executed at Smithfield, and yet other hundreds of reformers, political agitators, and falsely accused persons perished here. It must have been a scene of slaughter before the cattle abattoirs were established, since in England the stealing of any article of the value of a shilling was for a long time a capital offence; but it is as a place of persecution for opinion's sake that Smithfield is most infamous. For a time Catholics burned Protestants, and then, as the latter became more powerful they amended the times by burning Catholics; and thus the pendulum of merciless intolerance swung backwards and forwards, but cries of anguish still broke from human throats. When I was in Spain, in the spring of 1896, I visited the Plaza of Seville, in which ten thousand persons are said to have been burned at the stake during the rage of the Inquisition, and my blood ran cold with horror in the reminder. For the time I forgot that the same fierce bigotry had plundered homes of England; had imprisoned, disfranchised, tortured, and burned men and women for no other offence than an honest denial of the Eucharist; and otherwise tormented for refusing to subscribe to the six articles of faith. But let the records speak, and the world's appreciation of its present freedom of thought be quickened thereby.



PUNISHMENT OF SCOLDS.

In the chronicles of London, from 1089 to 1483, are many reports of executions, in which, among others, we read of the Prince of Wales assisting at the execution of one, John Bodley, which, adapted to our present language, reads as follows:

"This same year there was a clerk who did not believe in the holy sacrament of the Author; that is to say, God's body, which was damned and brought into Smithfield to be burnt, and was bound to a stake where he should be burnt and Henry, Prince of Wales, the king's eldest son, counselled him to forsake his heresy and hold the right way of the holy Church. And the prior of St. Bartholomew, in Smithfield, brought the holy sacrament of God's body, with forty-one torchlights before him, and in this wise came he to the accursed heretic; and it was asked him how he believed, and he answered: 'that he believed well that it was hallowed bread, and not God's body;' and then was the tun (an iron cylinder) put over him and fire kindled therein; and when the wretch felt the fire he cried for mercy, and at once the prior commanded to take away the tun and to quench the fire, which was quickly done; and then the Prince asked him if he would forsake his heresy and subscribe to the faith of the holy Church, which if he would do he should have his life and go to heaven; and the cursed wretch would not, but continued in his heresy, wherefore he was burnt."



CONDUCTING JOAN BOCHER TO THE STAKE.

Can Civilization Ever Atone These Cruelties?

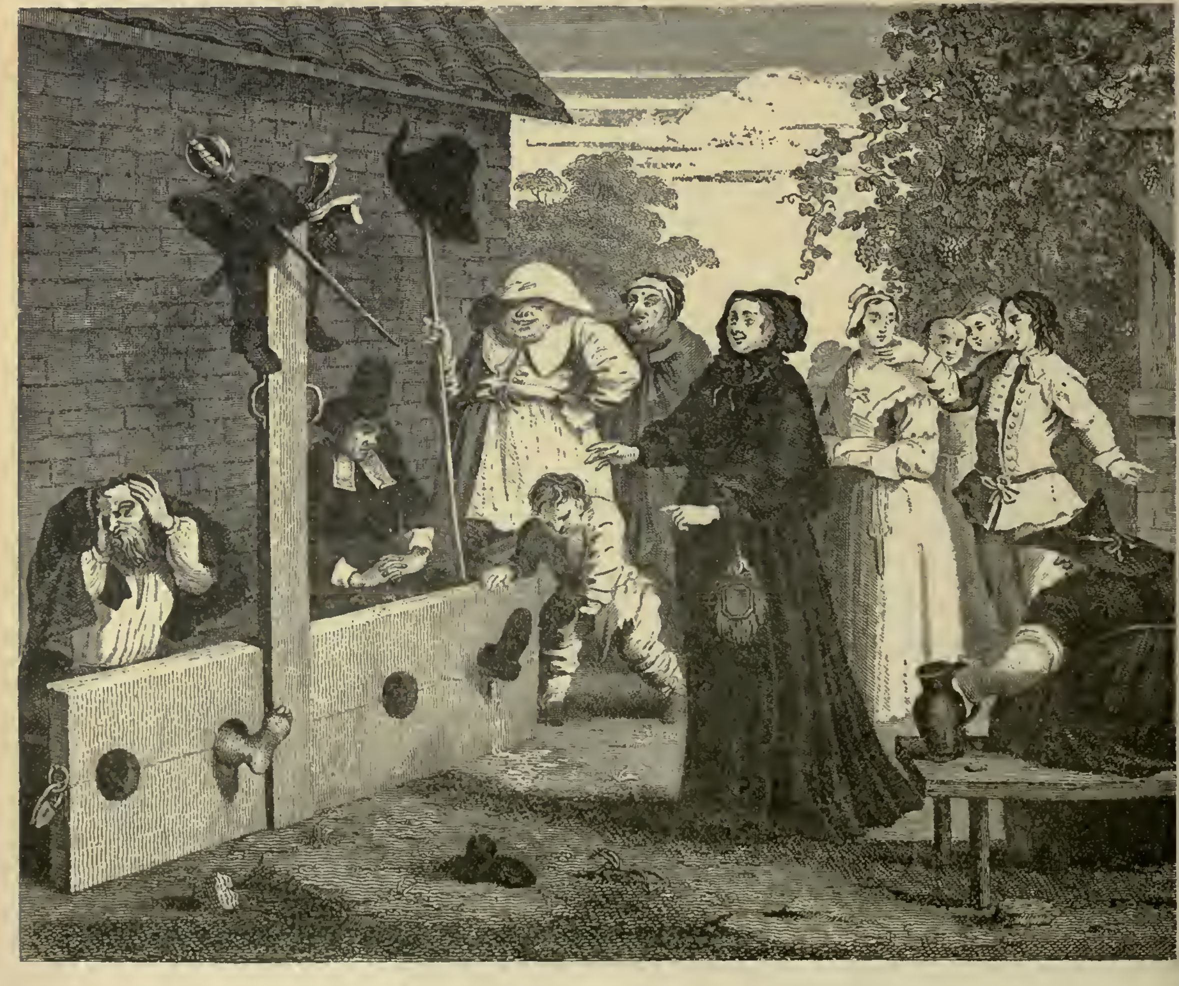
This was a horrible holocaust, more atrocious because Bodley was a hero who bravely gave his life for his honest belief. Henry VIII. was the most ignoble and immoral king that ever sat on the throne of England, whose crimes reach down to the pit of hell, but he sat as a merciless judge upon holy men, pulled honor from its high seat, outlawed conscience, and set a price upon truth. Thus we learn that in 1539 Observant Friar was sent to the stake for denying the king's supremacy in matters of conscience, while Latimer stood by preaching patience to the writhing victim. When Henry died (1547) the persecutions were continued under Somerset the Protector, Edward the VI., and Bloody Mary. In 1550 Joan Bocher was burnt for denying the Incarnation, and a year later Von Paris was similarly punished on the same charge. When Lady Jane Grey, a pure-minded girl of sixteen, and a fervent Protestant, was called to the throne in 1553, the Catholics made a demonstration, and Mary organized a force of 30,000 men by which she made herself queen of England, and sent Lady Jane to prison nine days after the poor girl had been declared queen. Then the persecution of Protestants began afresh. Bishop Latimer went to the stake in 1556, at Smithfield. When the fagots were being piled about him he said, "Be of good comfort, master Ridley (who was Bishop of London) and play the man. We shall this day light such a candle by God's grace, in England, as I trust shall never be put out."

Archbishop Cranmer had been busy advising the burning of Catholics, but now his turn came to meet a punishment such as he had thought only just for others. He had incurred the enmity of Mary by favoring the divorce of Henry VIII., from Mary's mother, Anne Boleyn, which really illegitimated her, and she was resolved that he should not escape her wrath. Cranmer was of weak heart and often recanted, but finding it useless he renounced his recantation and went to the stake asking that his right hand, which had written so many things untrue, should be burned before his body.

Of the hundreds of brave men and women whose lives were extinguished by the cruel fires at Smithfield, the saddest perhaps was that of the execution of Sir William Askew's accomplished and faithful daughter, Anne. She was one of the confidants of Queen Catherine Parr, wife of Henry VIII., who for denying the Euchrist, and also for refusing to disclose the secret beliefs of her queen, and the court ladies, which might have compromised them, was put to the rack, Lord Chancellor Wriothesley torturing her with his own hands until the tendons about her ankles were broken. In Fox's "Book of Martyrs," is found the following description of this soul-harrowing tragedy:

> "The day of her execution (1546) being appointed, this good woman was brought into Smithfield in a chair because she could not go on her feet, by means of her great torments. When she was brought unto the stake, she was tied by the middle with a chain, that held up her body. When all things were thus prepared for the fire, Dr. Shaxton (who was Bishop of Salisbury), who was appointed to preach, began his sermon. Anne Askew, hearing and answering again unto him, when he said well, confirmed the same; when he said amiss, 'There,' said she, 'he misseth and speaketh without a book.' The sermon being finished, the martyrs standing there tied at three several stakes ready to their martyrdom, began their prayers. The multitude and concourse of the people was exceeding great; the place where they stood being railed about to keep out the press. Upon

the bench, under St. Bartholomew's Church, sate Wriothesley, Chancellor of England; the old Duke of Norfolk, the old Earl of Bedford, the Lord Mayor, with divers others. Before the fire should be set unto them, one of the bench, hearing that they had gunpowder about them, would come flying about their ears, began to be afraid; but the Earl of Bedford, declaring unto him how the gunpowder was not laid under the fagots, but only about their bodies, to rid them out of their pain; which having vent, there was no danger to them of the fagots, so diminished their fears. Then Wriothesley, Lord Chancellor, sent to Anne Askew letters, offering her the king's pardon if she would recant; who refusing once to look upon them, made this answer again, that she came not thither to deny her Lord and Master. Then were the letters offered likewise to the others, who, in like manner following the constancy of the woman, denied not only to receive them, but also to look upon them. Whereupon the Lord Mayor commanding fire to be put unto them, cried with a loud voice, '*Fiat Justitia!*' (Let justice be done). And thus the good Anne Askew, with these blessed martyrs, being troubled so many manner of ways, and having passed through so many torments, now ended the long course of her agonies, being compassed in with flames of fire."



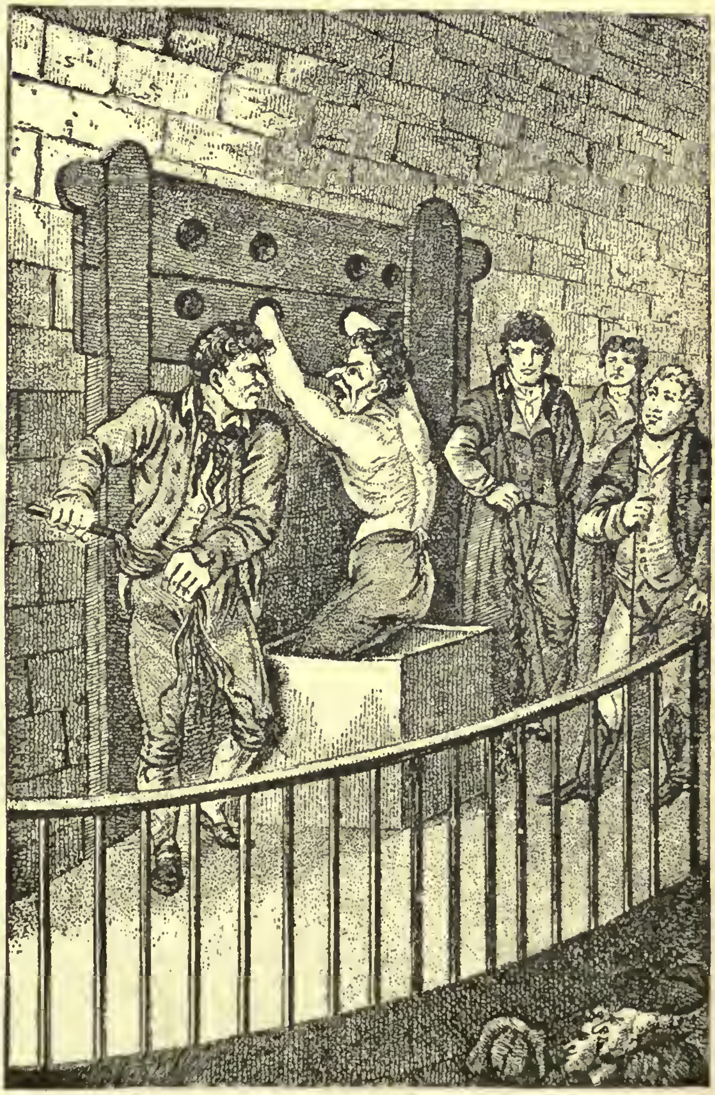
PRISONERS IN THE STOCKS.—HOGARTH'S CARTOONS.

A Procession of Martyrs Driven by Mary to the Stake.

Mary Tudor was no doubt cruel of heart, but her Spanish husband, Philip, whose traditions were in full sympathy with the Inquisition, and who hated the English as he was himself despised, influenced her to more merciless deeds, and therefore during her reign of five years the fires of martyrdom were kept fiercely burning. In 1555 John Rogers, vicar of St. Sepulchre, converted to Protestantism at Antwerp, was driven to the stake, of whose death Dean Milman thus writes:

> "As he was led from his prison to Smithfield, his wife and nine children (another was about to be born) stood watching his 'triumph' almost with joyousness. With that wife and children he had been refused a parting interview, by Gardiner first, when in prison, by Bonner afterward, just before his execution—for what had a consecrated priest to do with wife and children? John Rogers passed on, not as to his death, but to a wedding. This is not the language of an admiring martyrologist, or a zeal-deluded Protestant, but of Noailles, the Catholic French Ambassador."

It may be added that Rogers was offered a pardon if he would renounce his denial of the doctrine of transubstantiation, but he indignantly refused a clemency purchased at the price of his honor, and said, "That which I have preached will I seal with my blood," and when in the torments of the stake he laved his hands in the flame, in imitation of washing them in the "blood of the Lamb of sacrifice." Hare observes that "To those who study the story of the executions in Smithfield, it will be striking how, in the midst of a Catholic population, the English feeling of injustice toward the victims, and indignation at the cruelty of their persecutors, especially against Bonner, Bishop of London, always



A WHIPPING IN THE OLD BAILEY.

made the spectators sympathize with the sufferers, and only fear lest they should be induced by terror to recant at the last. Thus, when John Cardmaker, Prebendary of Wells, was brought to Smithfield (1555) with John Warne, an upholsterer of Walbrook, a chronicler of the times says:

> "The people were in a marvelous dump and sadness, thinking that Cardmaker would recant at the burning of Warne. But his prayers being ended, he rose up, put off his clothes unto his shirt, went with bold courage to the stake, and kissed it sweetly; he took Warne by the hand, and comforted him heartily; and so gave himself to be also bound to the stake most gladly. The people seeing this so suddenly done, contrary to their fearful expectation, as men delivered out of a great doubt, cried out with joy, saying, 'God be praised! the Lord strengthen thee, Cardmaker; the Lord Jesus receive thy spirit!'"

John Bradford comforted his fellow martyr and died without uttering a cry, embracing the stake as the cross of salvation. John Philpot, Archdeacon of Winchester, knelt reverently at the sight of the stake to which he was to be bound:

> "And when he was come to the place of suffering, he kissed the stake, and said, 'Shall I disdain to suffer at this stake, seeing my Redeemer did not refuse to suffer a most vile death upon the cross for me?' And then with an obedient heart full meekly he said the 106th and the 108th Psalms. . . . Then they bound him to the stake, and set fire to that constant martyr."

Thank God, never again will such tragedies be enacted; that the spirit of holiness has been tried so severely that its triumph will endure; that mercy is enthroned, and intrenched in the affections of the world, with all creeds and all civilized nations her loyal subjects. Aside from the pages of history, which can never be effaced, the only memorial of the martyrdoms at Smithfield exists in the form of an inscription on a stone in the wall of St. Bartholomew's Hospital, which reads, "Within a few yards of this spot, John Rogers, John Bradford, John Philpot, servants of God, suffered death for the faith of Christ, in the years 1555, 1556, 1557."

CHAPTER X.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

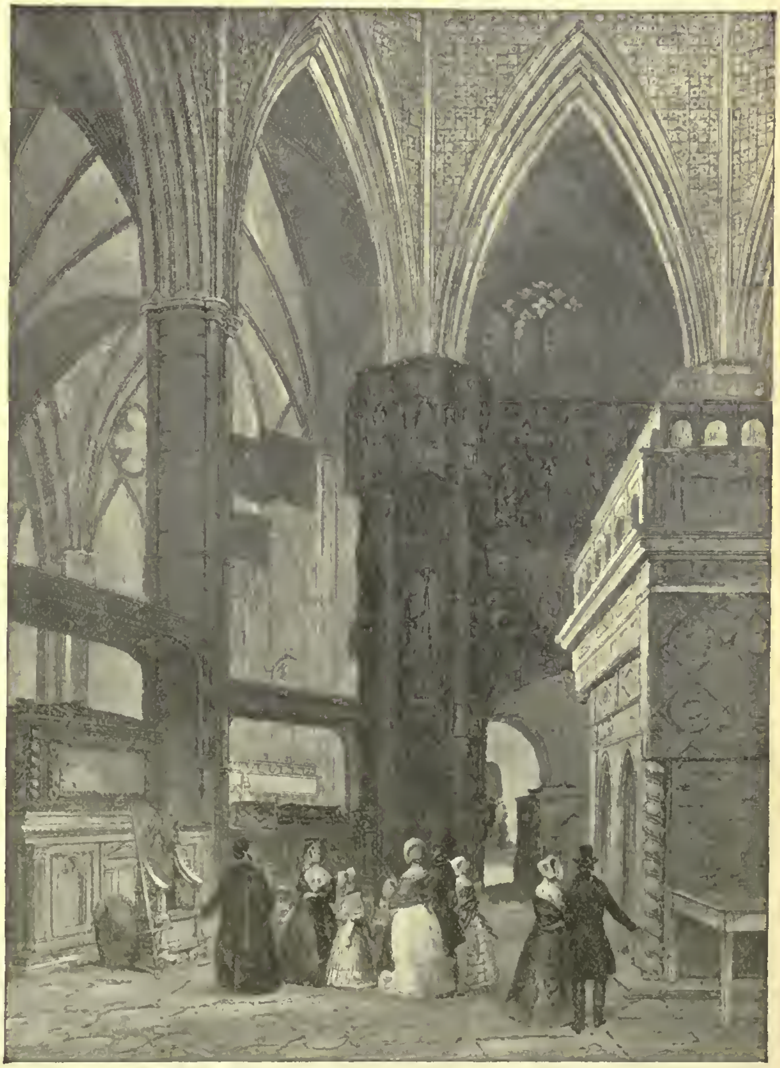
THE impressions produced by a walk through graveyards, along graveled paths bordered with green, and shaded with trees that bend low their branches as if in the act of bestowing benedictions, are reverential and hopeful; while to read on the white stones memorials that tell in simple manner the date of birth, the day of death, and the trust in resurrection, affords an inspiration to all who wander among these melancholy reminders of the end to which every one must come at last. To think of death amid such surroundings is to find reconcilement, to feel a holy influence of nature that soothes and sustains our faltering confidence, and which gives reassurance when fears and doubts assail. It is the democracy of the grave, the common level, the universal heritage, the knowledge thus reinforced that distinction is here destroyed, where all lie down in a bed that makes us equals; where power, and wealth, and ambition are surrendered, and the poor and the great are alike pillowed upon the breast of mother earth, that lifts the gloom from our hearts and pours the heavenly light of consolation upon our souls.

How different is the sensation produced by a visit to those shrines where greatness lies embalmed in the splendors of effigy, urn, monument, and cenotaph; to those magnificent mausoleums that seem to strive against God to preserve from decay the mortal bodies, and to hold the spirits from escaping to that home where all must gather; to those altars where the incense of vanity ascendeth to stifle the spirit of humility? To look upon these perishable tributes is to magnify the terrors of death, for rank and power thus survive, and we are made to reflect upon the inequalities of birth and opportunity; to appreciate the sad fact that it is not always the good whose names are perpetuated, while the accidents of authority, mastership, despotism, are made to endure as examples. The distance to heaven is somewhat greater from the bowels of a pantheon than from a country churchyard, and there are more forks in the road.

The most splendid burial place in the world is Westminster Abbey, a building great in its proportions, grand in embellishment, and grizzled with antiquity, where hundreds lie sumptuously entombed, kings, queens, and those higher and nobler autocrats, authors, actors, clericals, scientists, whose statues often jostle one another, and whose names are still so envious as to contend for prominence. As another writer describes it: "How revoltingly misplaced is the shouldering, elbowing strife with which, like advertising placards or rival shops with every trick that can be devised for glaring prominence, they struggle to outstare each other, as if the very well-being of the defunct depended upon whose statue shall be seen first, or whose epitaph read oftenest! How calmly, amid all this feverish strife, lie the modest, retiring memorials of the mighty or the worthy of old, from the dignified reposing figures of the royal Plantagenets to the unpretending brasses of the untitled and humble, if indeed modern selfishness has left any uncovered."

A Legend About the Building.

Who founded Westminster Abbey? Ah, that, like other questions about several very old buildings in London, is not easily answered. There is legendary authority for saying it was founded by Sebert, king of the East Saxons, in 616. It was known as the Collegiate Church or Abbey of St. Peter's, Westminster; that is to say, the "minster," or monastery, west of St. Paul. The present abbey was founded by King Edward III., surnamed the Confessor, in the year 1050, and was fifteen years in building, being consecrated on Innocents' Day, December 28, 1065, one week before the death of the king. The piety of Edward was very great, as history tells us, and it must be so, because his first royal act was to dispossess his mother, Queen Editha, of her immense treasures, and to confine her for life in the monastery at Winchester. But a better proof of his humility is to be found in a rather dim legend which is to this effect: One day the king was passing near the river Thames, when his attention was attracted by a miserable man sitting upon the bank, sorely afflicted with "the king's evil," a disease which at that time was supposed to be as incurable as leprosy. When the king stopped to ask about his condition, the poor man said to him, "I am a fisherman, but this affliction has well nigh deprived me of strength to tend my nets. Last night the spirit of St. Peter appeared to me and bade me go sit on the river bank at this spot, for I should see the king pass, and that if I asked the king to carry me upon his back to the old abbey, and he complied, then I should be cured of my affliction." Edward did not hesitate, but immediately had the man mount his back, regardless of the contagion, and staggered under the load until he deposited him at the door of the abbey. The legend relates that the man was immediately restored, but the story does not conclude with this single miracle. The next night St. Peter appeared to Edward, in the guise of a fisherman, carrying a lantern. The king did not at first receive him politely, until the saint himself became illuminated, whereupon the king, perceiving that his caller was no earthly visitor, assumed an humbleness which so well became him that Peter condescended to take a seat before the sovereign, and to explain the purpose of his visit. He told Edward to found a church upon the site of the old abbey, to build it large and splendid, to provide amply for its maintenance, and to exact from all fishermen along the Thames a tithe of their catches, the same to be sold, and the proceeds thereof turned into the church treasury. Having thus delivered himself, St. Peter did not occupy the further attention of the king by permitting the hospitality of being shown down the steps, but suddenly vanished as he blew his lantern out. In all things that were thus ordered Edward showed himself faithful by a ready compliance, even to the levying of tribute upon Thames fishermen, which was a law observed until the beginning of the sixteenth century.


CHAPEL OF EDWARD THE CONFESSOR, WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

Architecture and Size of Westminster Abbey.

The Abbey was constructed in the Norman style, in the form of a cross and was at the time of its completion a structure of matchless grandeur and beauty, occupying almost the whole area of the present building, the largest then in England. The east end was rounded into an apsis, something new at that period, and at the west end were two towers in which hung five large bells, and in the centre was a great tower crowned with a wood cupola. Even the stones were finely sculptured, the windows were filled with stained glass, and the roof was laid with lead. But of the original edifice, grand as it was, very little remains, except portions of the substructure, which include that of the Chapel of the Pyx and the dark cloister south of the south transept. The oldest parts of the Abbey, as it now appears, is Edward the Confessor's Chapel, and the transepts built by Henry III. A large part of the nave was built in the fifteenth century under Sir Richard Whittington, and the chapel of Henry VII., which that monarch founded shortly before his death, was finished in the early years of the sixteenth century. The lower part of the western towers and the façade were rebuilt by Sir Christopher Wren, 1713–1723, but the towers were raised in 1739, to their present height and mixed style of Gothic and Italian. Sir Gilbert Scott was appointed architect of the Abbey in 1849, a position which he held until his death, in 1878, who among many other additions restored the beautiful Chapter House.

The dimensions of Westminster, which is an irregular cross, are as follows: the length, exclusive of Henry VII.'s Chapel, is 511 feet; extreme breadth at the transept, 203 feet; height of the nave, 102 feet, and of the towers 225 feet.

It is a singular fact that Westminster was never a monastery, abbey, or cathedral. Edward the Confessor seems to have built it partly as a memorial, partly as a splendid mausoleum, and partly as a place of worship. So we may say it was really designed for his own tomb. When Henry III. came to the throne, he too had pious intentions of a sumptuous character, and he set an army at work demolishing the great edifice. When this was accomplished he had the body of Edward enclosed in a magnificent casket and covered with earth to form a sacred mound, after which he constructed over it the splendid building which, save for the additions since made, now appears as Westminster Abbey. The work of building was begun in 1220, and carried on energetically until his death, when his son, Edward I., continued it after the plans and requests of his father, who in turn left the work of construction to successive monarchs.

The Magnitude and Grandeur of the Interior.

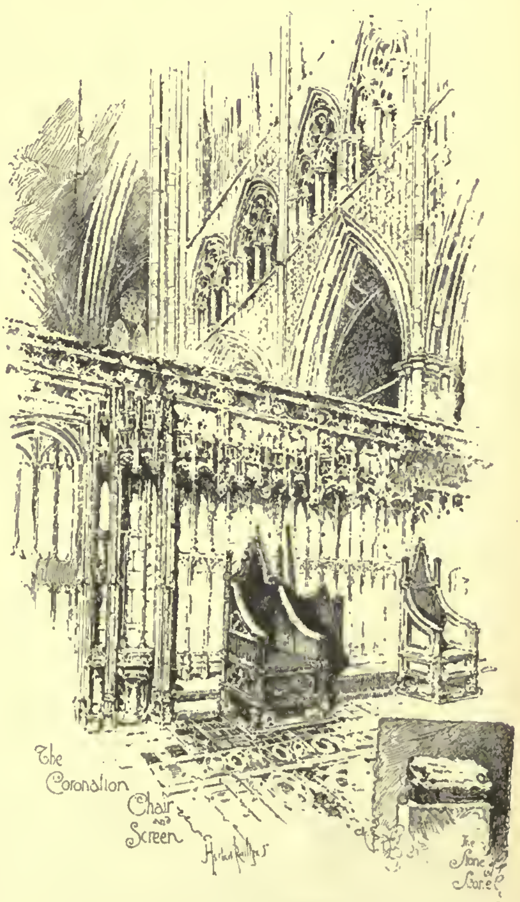
Washington Irving has written, in his marvelously graphic manner: "On entering, the magnitude of the building breaks fully upon the mind. The eye gazes with wonder at clustered columns with arches springing from them to such an amazing height. It seems as if the awful nature of the place presses down upon the soul, and hushes the beholder into noiseless reverence. We feel that we are surrounded by the congregated bones of the great men of past times, who have filled history with their deeds, and earth with their renown."

Just east of the communion table is the shrine of Edward the Confessor, placed upon a mound of earth that covers his remains. Grand and sacred as is this memorial it has not escaped spoliation, for it was violated in the time of Henry VIII. and the body removed by vandals. It was recovered, however, in the time of Bloody Mary, who not only caused the body to be replaced but enclosed it in a stronger coffin and restored the shrine. On one side lies the remains of James II., and near him are those of his queen, Editha. To the north is the beautiful and elaborate tomb of Henry III. A few feet away, close by the chantry of Henry V. lies the body of Eleanor of Castile, queen of Edward I., who courageously shared the perils of her royal husband in the Crusades, and beside her is the gray marble tomb of Edward, the "Hammer of the Scots." On the south side of the chapel are buried Richard II. and his queen, Anne of Bohemia; also Edward III. and his wife, Queen Philippa, a good view of all these tombs being afforded from the ambulatories that extend around the chapel.

Greatness That Has Surrendered the Sceptre.

Every part of Westminster Abbey is historically interesting, for if we may not shake hands with kings, we may, by visiting their chapels, stand above them, and here is our opportunity. If we enter the chapel of St. Edward's our attention is quickly caught by the sight of a headless effigy of gilded wood, which stands at the extreme eastern end in an attitude that may be taken as one of grief for the loss of his crown. Inquiry tells us this is the poor statue, that once had a silver head, of the great Henry V., the young hero of Agincourt in 1415, who died at thirty-four, after ruling nine years. But though young he was rich, and having won mortal fame, he sought to acquire immortal bliss by leaving directions and the means for the building of a lofty chantry above his tomb, in which the most pious of priests were to say prayers and masses for his soul till the end of the earth.

North and south from St. Edward's Chapel extend two aisles, adorned with the images of six saints, while near Edward's Chapel but separated by a screen are several objects of great interest, such as the coronation chair of Edward III., in which, as will be seen by the illustration, is the famous "Stone of Scone," or of "Destiny," which some one, centuries ago, declared was the identical stone upon which Jacob pillowed his head when he beheld in a dream the heavenly ladder. Although a Scotch sandstone the legend concerning it is too astonishing to deny, and so it is accepted as the wonder that history describes it to be. But aside from this long drawn fable, the stone possesses remarkable interest from the fact that all the Scotch kings sat upon it to be crowned until Edward I. seized it as a goodly thing and had it transferred to Westminster Abbey, where it serves a like purpose for all English sovereigns. Only once since its ravishment has the


The Coronation Chair and Screen
The Stone of Scone

CORONATION CHAIR AND STONE OF SCONE.

stone been taken out of the Abbey, upon which occasion it was removed to Westminster Hall for Oliver Cromwell to sit upon at his installation as Lord Protector.

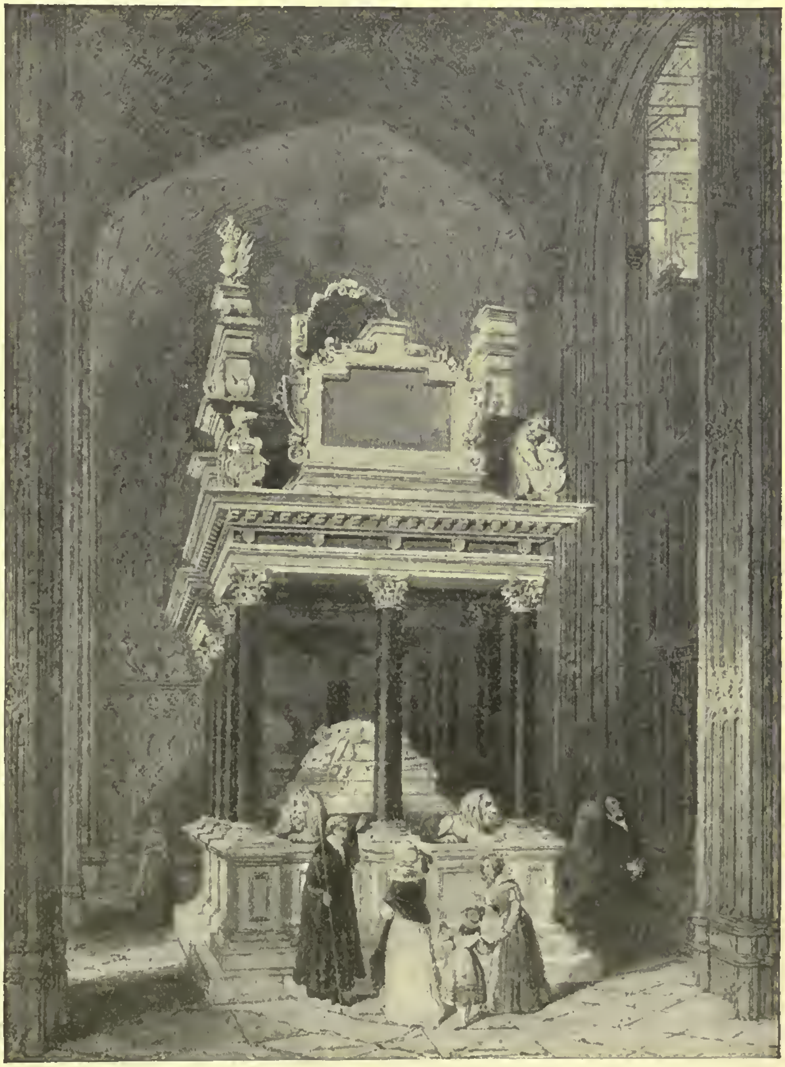
Chapel of Henry VII.

The most gorgeous apartment of the Abbey is the super-splendid Chapel of Henry VII., which that monarch had built to secure the safety of his soul, conscious of a great need and not being able to devise any better means to this end. Henry VII. had a great many faults to answer for; he had no clear right to the throne, and he was avaricious to the point of being a confiscator of property, under various pretexts of serving his country. The chapel was really begun with the view of having it serve as the shrine of Henry VI., but the Pope's charges for canonization were considered so excessive that Henry VII. permitted the body of his predecessor to remain at Windsor, and appropriated the chapel to the use of his own body, and dedicated it to the Virgin Mary, "in whom," he declares, "hath ever been my most singular trust and confidence." This point being settled, he lavished great sums upon its construction, and left an immense endowment for masses, but survivors were so little regardful of the king's soul that the revenues were diverted to other purposes in a few years after his death. And now the irreverent ask, "How goes it with the king?"

In this beautiful chapel lies the remains of the beautiful, the unfortunate, and the very indiscreet Mary, Queen of Scots, the unhappy daughter of James V., and grand-daughter of the Duke of Guise. Her history is a sad one, though she was very far from being exemplary. She married Darnley, Duke of Albany, July 29, 1565, but soon growing tired of him, she conceived an unholy passion for Bothwell, Duke of Orkney, by whom, through a conspiracy, Darnley was killed while stopping at a provost's house at Kirk of Field, near Edinburgh, February 9, 1567, the building being blown up with gunpowder while the queen was attending a masquerade at Holy Rood Palace. Notwithstanding the loud clamors of the people, and the universal belief that Darnley's death was accomplished by Bothwell's hired assassins at the queen's desire, she married him May 15, 1567, and thereby brought upon her country a civil war. When the armies of the insurgents and the State came in conflict, Bothwell fled and never returned. Mary was a bigoted Catholic and did many things to incite the Presbyterians, who saw in her a willing instrument of Spain to stamp out Protestantism. She was anxious to marry the Duke of Norfolk, but he was too wise to be caught in her trap, and she refused the offers of many other suitors who were less able to execute her purposes. Finally, she formed intrigues against Elizabeth, who in turn pursued such a vindictive course toward her enemy that Mary was presently dethroned and compelled to answer charges of having procured the death of Darnley, of conspiring against Elizabeth, and of an attempt to destroy Protestantism. She was convicted and executed in the banqueting hall of Fotheringay Castle, Northampton, February 8, 1587. Her courage never forsook her, and she was so resolute at the final hour that when the executioner struck her skull by a misstroke of the axe, making a great wound, though still conscious, she would not allow a groan or cry to escape her lips. It required three strokes to sever her head. Her body was first buried in Peterborough Cathedral, but twenty-five years later it was removed by order of her only son, James I. of England, and James VI. of Scotland, to Westminster Abbey, and reinterred in the chapel where it still reposes.

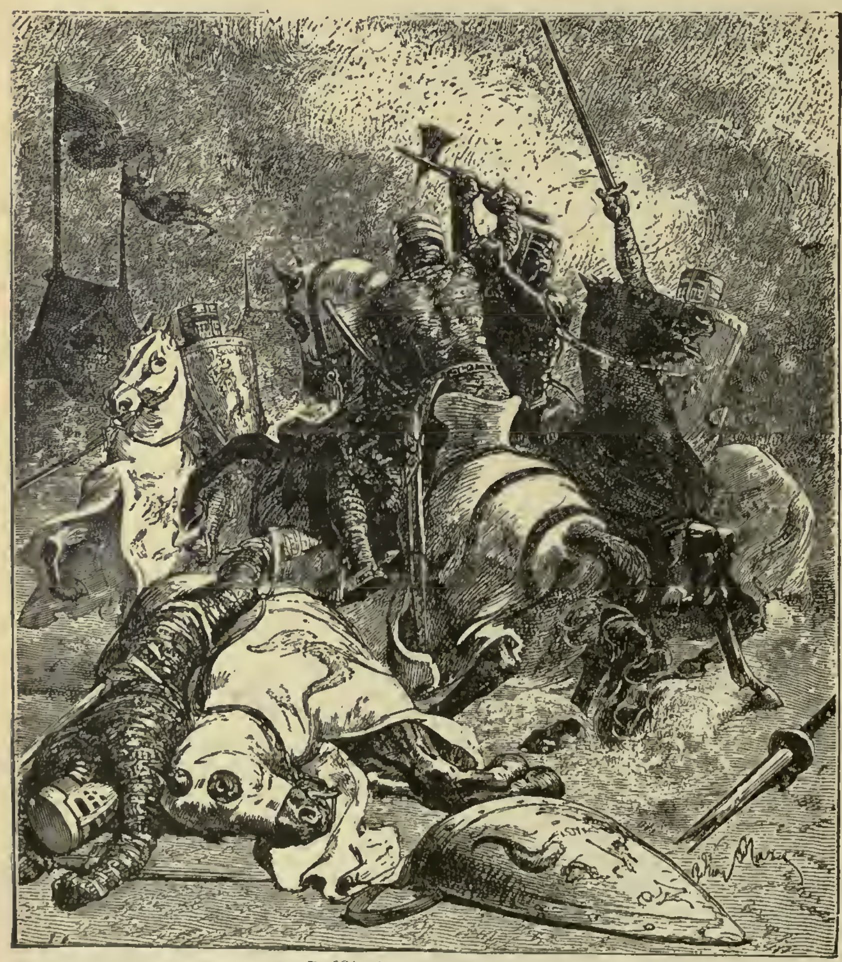
Washington Irving thus describes the beautiful Chapel of Henry VII.: "The very walls are wrought into universal ornament, encrusted with tracery, and scooped into niches crowded with statues of saints and martyrs. Stone seems, by the cunning labor of the chisel, to have been robbed of its weight and density, suspended aloft as if by magic, and the fretted roof achieved with the wonderful minuteness and airy security of a cobweb."

In the east end of the chapel is the tomb of Henry VII. and his queen, Elizabeth of York; a superb piece of black marble exquisitely carved by Torrigiano, a Florentine sculptor, who has enriched it with medallions representing the Virgin and saints, and with life-size effigies, executed in gilt bronze, reclining on the tomb. Near by are tombs of Edward VI., son of Henry VIII. and Jane Seymour, who was the first Protestant king of England. The Duke of Buckingham and James I. also lie buried here. There are five chapels in the east end of the Abbey, in the centre one of which Oliver Cromwell was buried, and in the same vault also lay the remains of his mother and other relatives until the Restoration, when their tombs were

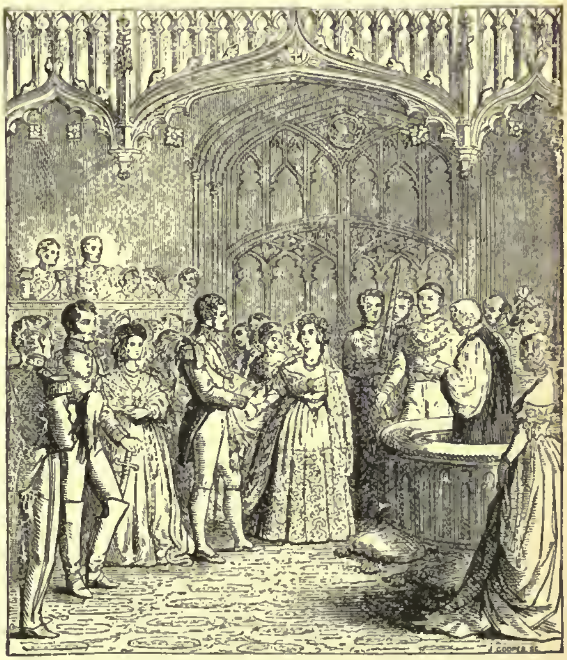


TOMB OF QUEEN ELIZABETH.

violated and the bodies of Cromwell, Ireton, and Bradshaw were dragged out and hanged at Tyburn, and after being subjected to the further desecration of decapitation, their heads were exposed for a long while before Westminster Hall. The remains of Cromwell's favorite daughter, Elizabeth Claypole, were not disturbed, and still lie to the north of Henry VII.'s tomb.


BATTLE OF CULLODEN.

Other reminders of greatness in this splendid chapel are as follows: There is a monument to Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, who was assassinated by Felton in 1628, and his duchess. Buried with them is the body of Francis, their youngest son, killed in the civil wars, and his profligate eldest son, who succeeded to the dukedom. In the north aisle we observe an alabaster cradle, with an effigy of Sophia, the infant daughter of James I., beneath which was found, upon opening the Stuart's vaults, in 1869, a great confusion of decayed coffins, which Dean Stanley describes as "a chaos of royal mortality." When assorted they were, after much care, identified as the caskets of Henry, Prince of Wales; Henry of Oatlands; Mary, Princess of Orange; Mary, Queen of Scots; Arabella Stuart; Anne Hyde, first wife of James II.; ten children of James II.; and the eighteen children of Queen Anne. There is also a monument to Lodowick Stuart, Duke of Richmond, under which lie the remains of La Belle Stuart; also a monument to George Monk, Duke of Albemarle, who restored Charles II. Close to the latter is a sarcophagus of white marble that contains bones accidentally discovered (July, 1674), in a wooden chest below the stairs of the White Tower, believed to be those of the two princes murdered by order of their uncle, Richard III. To the northeast of Henry VII.'s tomb is the Argyll vault, containing the bodies of the great duke, his wife and two daughters, by which is a recumbent figure of the Duke of Montpensier, brother of Louis Philippe, last king of France. At the east end of the south aisle are the tombs of Charles II., William and Mary, and Queen Anne. In the centre of the nave of the chapel is a vault wherein repose the relics of George II., his wife Augusta, and three of their children; also William, Duke of Cumberland, who distinguished himself on the bloody field of Culloden. The remains of George II. and his queen are mingled by a removal of the adjoining sides of the two caskets, which was done in pursuance of the king's will. In the southwest part of the chapel, in a leaden coffin shaped to the human form, are the undisturbed remains of Cromwell's daughter, previously mentioned. North of the Chapel of Henry VII. is a small space occupied by a tomb which serves as a memorial of Mary Tudor, "Bloody Mary," and her half-sister and successor, Elizabeth. It is a stately sepulchre but a contracted one, so that the coffin containing the remains of Elizabeth rests upon that which holds the relics of her cruel sister; thus while at war when living, they sleep in peace with neither religious antagonisms nor jealous conceits to disturb their amiable repose.



MARRIAGE OF QUEEN VICTORIA.

Distinguished Dead in Other Chapels.

In the Chapel of St. Benedict lie the mortal remains of several deans of Westminster College, and of other historic persons, among whom we notice the Archbishop of Canterbury (Langham), Archbishop Spottiswoode, Abbot Carlington, Deans Bill and Goodman, the Countess of Hertford, and of Lionel Cranfield, who was Lord High Treasurer during the reign of James I.

The Chapel of St. Edmund contains twenty monuments: of the Earl of Pembroke, half-brother to Henry III., a beautiful monument of enameled metal work; tomb of John, son of Edward II.; a carved memorial, with effigies representing daughter and son of Edward III.; a brass monument of the Duchess of Gloucester, and another of the Archbishop of York; an effigy of Frances Grey, mother of Lady Jane Grey; an elaborate statue of Elizabeth Russell; and in a corner is a slab marking the grave of Edward Bulwer-Lytton—Lord Lytton—novelist and statesman, who was interred here in 1873.

In the Chapel of St. Nicholas are to be seen memorials of Anne, wife of Protector Somerset; Mildred, wife of Lord Burghley, and of their daughter, Anne; tomb of Lady Jane Clifford; a cenotaph to the wife of Sir Robert Cecil, whose body lies in other ground; an altar-tomb to the father and mother of the Duke of Buckingham; a monument to Philippa, Duchess of York, under which reposes the body of Queen Catherine of Valois, brought here in 1776.

Among the many distinguished persons interred in the Chapel of St. Paul are Lord Bourchier, who was standard bearer to Henry V., at Agincourt; Sir Thomas Bromley, Lord-Chancellor of England, who sat at the trial of Mary, Queen of Scots; James Watt, the great engineer, who has a portrait statue so great that when being moved in place the arch of the vault gave way disclosing many rows of gilded coffins beneath; a marble bust of Sir Rowland Hill, originator of the penny postal system. The chapels of St. John, and of Abbot Islip are well occupied, but the dead therein are not of much historic fame.

In the east isle of the north transept are two of the finest monuments in the Abbey, though both are memorials of persons of local rather than of general renown. One is of Sir Francis Vere, known as the "Low Country Soldier," in Elizabeth's reign. It represents the recumbent figure of Vere, under a table of marble supported by four kneeling knights, on which is a complete suit of armor. The other monument by the great sculptor, Roubiliac, is to the memory of Lady Nightingale, daughter of Lord Ferres, and her husband, Joseph Nightingale, erected by will of their son. Above is seen an arched recess, in which are represented the husband and wife, she falling into his arms with terror as she gazes below at Death, in the form of a grisly skeleton, emerging from the door of a vault and aiming his dart at the lady. It is said to be the finest piece of monumental sculpture in England.

At the north end of the transept is a monument to Lord Norris, which is in the form of a slab upborne by six kneeling figures who represent his six sons. Behind this tomb are statues of Mrs. Siddons, and of her brother, John Kemble, neither of whom, however, is buried here. Against the walls are busts of Sir Humphrey Davy, the chemist and inventor, and of Dr. Thomas Young, the first to decipher Egyptian hieroglyphics.

Observation from the Choir Stalls.

The most advantageous point of observation in the Abbey is in the choir, which is near the centre of the building. Under the tower, which may be plainly seen from this station, is the spot where all the sovereigns of England, from the time of the Conqueror to the present, have been crowned. We may also see the tomb of Sebert, which was erected by the abbots in 1308, near which is the tomb of Edmund Crouchback, Earl of Lancaster, second son of Edward III., and of his countess. From this point also a view may be had of the tomb of Aymer de Valence, Earl of Pembroke. Both of these two latter tombs are almost inconceivably grand and elaborate. Not far from these is the tomb of Anne of

Cleves, one of the wives of Henry VIII., who had the fortune to be divorced instead of being executed.

In the north transept are to be seen monuments and cenotaphs to Pitt and Fox, the rival statesmen; to Grattan, Canning, Castlereagh, and Palmerston; to the Duke and Duchess of Newcastle; Sir Peter Warren, Admiral Vernon, Lord Chatham, Lord Mansfield, Warren Hastings, Francis Horner, Sir John Malcolm, and Sir Robert Peel.

As we enter the nave on the right we confront a monument to Sir John Herschel, and beyond, in the middle of the north aisle, there is a small slab in the floor inscribed with the words, "O, Rare Ben Jonson." This is the poet's grave, which required but a small space because he was buried in an upright position. "In 1849, when Sir Robert Wilson was buried, and again when John Hunter's grave was dug, the loose sand in which Ben Jonson was interred gave way and the poet's skull with the red hair still upon it, rolled down, but upon each occasion was reverently replaced." Very near Jonson's grave is a large slab, suitably inscribed, that marks the resting place of David Livingstone, the African missionary and explorer. Other monuments and grave-slabs in this part of the Abbey are of Telford and Stephenson, the engineers; Sir Palmes Fairborne, Sir William Temple, Sprat, the poet; Bishop Atterbury "as far from kings and Cæsars as the space will admit of," as his will read; Sidney, Earl of Godolphin, chief minister to Queen Anne; Congreve, the poet, which was erected by the Duchess of Marlborough, to whom Congreve left a legacy of $50,000, and to which

THE NIGHTINGALE MONUMENT.

Walpole thus refers: "When the young Duchess exposed herself by placing a monument and silly epitaph of her own composing and bad spelling to Congreve in Westminster Abbey, her mother, quoting the words, said, 'I know not what pleasure she might have had in his company, but I am sure it was no honor.'"

In front of Congreve's monument is the grave of dear Mrs. Oldfield, the actress, who was buried, as her maid declared, "in a very fine Brussels lace head, a Holland shift, with a tucker and double ruffles of the same lace, a pair of new kid gloves, and her body wrapped up in a winding sheet." Pope was so impressed with this adornment of the actress that he composed a six line satire on the incident. Under the organ screen is a monument to Isaac Newton and another to Earl Stanhope. Near by is the "pancake" monument which Nicholas Read fashioned in his own queer way as a memorial to Rear-Admiral Tyrrell.

Then there is a group that represents the heroes of India, Lord Clyde, Sir James Outram, and Sir Henry Havelock, near which is a monument to Major André, executed in America as a spy (1780). It was erected at the private expense of George III., and, it may be added, the bas-relief figure of Washington, which is a part of the monument, has been mutilated three times by the head being broken off, but as often renewed. Among the monuments in the south aisle of the choir is one to Thomas Thynn, who was shot in his coach in 1682, with a bas-relief representation of the tragedy. In "Joe Miller's Jests" there is this piece of witticism:

"A Welshman, bragging of his family, said his father's effigy was set up in Westminster Abbey; being asked whereabouts replied, 'In the same monument with Squire Thynn, for he was his coachman.'"

Where the Poets Sleep.

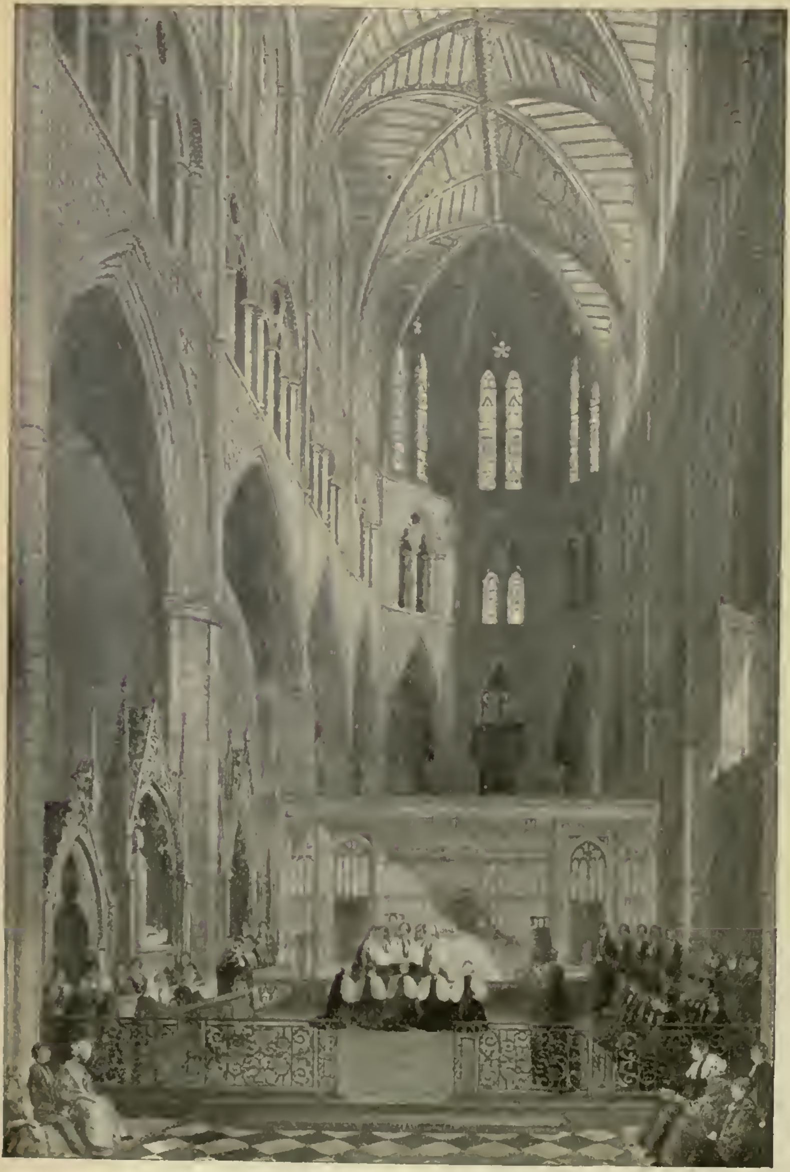
The eastern angle of the south transept is known as the Poets' Corner, being set apart for the tombs, monuments, and cenotaphs of those sublime masters whose worth transcends that of sovereigns. Here we find the tomb of Geoffrey Chaucer, who dying in 1400 left his fame as the father of English poetry. At the south end is a monument to Edmund Spenser, author of "The Faërie Queene." Poor, but lovely, learned and gifted, Spenser died in King street "from lack of bread," but he was buried here at the expense of the Earl of Essex. Strange that in life he had not where to lay his head, but in death he is bedfellow of the mightiest that have trod the earth. There is a cenotaph to Shakespeare in the west aisle, erected in the reign of George II. At the south end is a bust of Milton, who, however, is buried at St. Giles, Cripplegate, and next to it is a monument to Butler, author of "Hudibras" (buried at St. Paul's, Covent Garden), set up in 1732 by John Barber, a printer, and Lord Mayor of London. North of Chaucer's is a monument to Cowley, with an epitaph by

Sprat, and near by is a bust of Dryden, erected at the expense of Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham, while south of Chaucer's tomb is a monument to John Phillips, who wrote "The Splendid Shilling."

In the southeast corner of the west aisle is Nicholas Rowe's monument, who was author of the tragedy of "Jane Shore," the amiable mistress of Edward IV., whose career terminated by starvation in a ditch. Close by Rowe's monument is one commemorative of John Gay, author of "The Beggar's Opera," with an irreverent epitaph which begins, "Life is a jest," etc., one of his own compositions. There is also a statue of Addison, whose greatest pleasure in life was strolling in the Abbey and reading the inscriptions. Near Shakespeare's statue is a monument erected to the memory of James Thomson, author of "The Seasons," from the proceeds of a subscription edition of his works. The first part of his greatest production, "Winter," was sold in manuscript to the publisher for $15. Near by is a tablet to Oliver Goldsmith, whose remains lie in the Temple. Close to the bust of Milton is a monument to Thomas Gray, author of "An Elegy in a Country Churchyard," whose body, however, reposes at Stoke-pogis, in the churchyard where his elegy was written. There is an inscribed gravestone over the burial spot of Richard Brinsley Sheridan, and the grave of Thomas Campbell, author of "The Pleasures of Hope" is similarly marked. At the foot of Addison's statue is the resting place of Lord Macaulay, and close by is the bust of William Makepeace Thackeray, novelist, his body lying in Kensal Green; and below is the grave of that latest prince of story tellers, Charles Dickens. Other poets whose remains

POETS' CORNER, WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

lie here are Michael Drayton, Sir Robert Ayton, Sir W. Davenant, Denham, Roscommon, and Macpherson, whose "Ossian" has immortalized him.


A CONSECRATION IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

The wall of the south transept is called the Historical Aisle, in which may be seen a monument of William Camden, the great English antiquary, opposite which is the grave of Sir Henry Spelman, also a distinguished antiquarian. Close by in one grave repose the bodies of Grote and Tirlwall, both historians of Greece, and friends through life. In the centre of the south transept is the grave of Thomas Parr, whose distinction is to be found in the claim that he lived to the extraordinary age of one hundred and fifty-two years, being born in 1500, and dying in 1652. In this part of the Abbey is Roubiliac's splendid monument, and his last work, to George Frederick Handel, the great musician, who died and left the world in mourning in 1759. Other memorials are to Mrs. Pritchard, the actress, who was famous in her impersonation of Lady Macbeth. There is also a gravestone and monument to David Garrick, the actor, and an inscribed tablet to the memory of Samuel Johnson, and of William Gifford, editor of the *Quarterly Review.*

The Jerusalem Chamber.

No one who visits Westminster Abbey should fail to pay the respects of his presence, at least, to the cloisters of that sacred pile, in which will be found among other interesting things a room called the Jerusalem Chamber, where King Harry, Henry IV., died, March 20, 1413, whose great place in history is as a cruel persecutor of the Reformers. To reach the cloisters it is necessary to pass through St. Margaret's churchyard, and thence into the dean's yard, which brings the visitor directly to the famous chamber, thus referred to by Shakespeare, in the second part of King Henry IV.:

> "*King Henry.*—Doth any name particular belong
> Unto the lodging where I first did swoon?
> *Warwick.*—'Tis called Jerusalem, my noble lord.
> *King Henry.*—Laud be to God!—even there my life must end.
> It hath been prophesied to me many years,
> I should not die but in Jerusalem;
> Which vainly I supposed the Holy Land:—
> Bear me to that chamber, there I'll lie;
> In that Jerusalem shall Harry die."

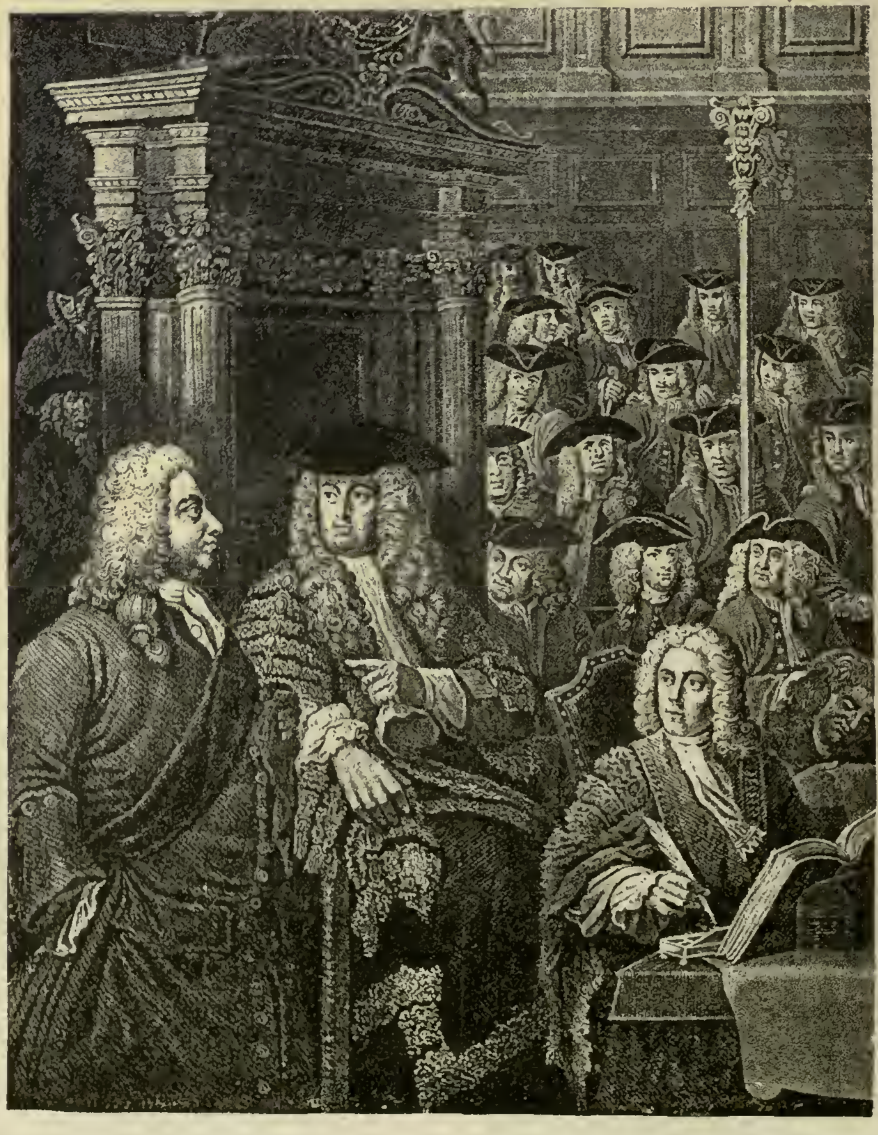
Cunningham says this apartment was of old the abbot's private withdrawing room, with doors leading to the refectory and the garden. After the dissolution of the Abbey and the appropriation of the Chapter House to national purposes, the Jerusalem Chamber became the place where the dean and chapter met to discuss business matters. Occasionally it was used for the reception of distinguished guests and for holiday festivals, and in it, too, met the famous assembly of divines of which Dean Stanley thus writes:

"Out of these walls came the directory, the longer and shorter catechism, and that famous "Confessions of Faith," which, alone within these islands, was imposed by law upon the whole kingdom; and which, alone of all Protestant confessions still, in spite of its sternness and narrowness, retains a hold on the minds of its adherents to which its fervor and its logical coherence in some measure entitle it."

In the Jerusalem Chamber the English prayer-book was adopted, and here it was the commission of theologians and philologists sat to revise the received King James translation of the Old and New Testament. In this room also lay in state before burial the bodies of Robert South, the pulpit wit, Sir Isaac Newton, and Joseph Addison.

The cloisters were once used as depositories of the bodies of abbots and monks, but after the Reformation they served a like purpose as the Abbey, to perpetuate the names of distinguished dead, who lie buried here under fine monuments and plain slabs, such as Sir Edmund Godfrey, the mother of Addison, George Vertue, Thomas Banks, Tom Brown, the wit; Henry Lawes, Betterton, the actor; Mrs. Bracegirdle, the actress; Foote, the comedian, etc.; but there are none of persons of very great fame.

Other portions of the annex include Ashburnham House, Chapter House, and the sanctuary, all of which though once very fine, the Chapter House especially so, are now in a state of disrepair, and no longer worth visiting. The sanctuary was a privileged precinct, which carried into effect the old Bible custom of providing places of refuge, gaining which any refugee was safe whatever might have been his offence. This privilege survived even the Reformation for a short while. It was in this sanctuary that Edward V. was "born in sorrow, and baptized like a poor man's child," and here Skelton, the railing satirist, found shelter from the revengeful hand of Cardinal Wolsey.



THE LAW-MAKERS.—CARTOON BY HOGARTH.

CHAPTER XI.

ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.

ST. PAUL'S, the largest cathedral in England, and the fifth largest in Europe, has an interest aside from its magnitude and ornamentation. It is, too, quite modern, having been begun in 1675, and finished in 1710, after designs by Christopher Wren. But the present St. Paul is but the successor of a very much older cathedral, whose foundations in turn were laid upon ruins that carry us back to the Roman conquest of Briton. The first St. Paul's Cathedral was built by Bishop Maurice in 1087, upon the foundation of St. Paul's Church, founded about the year 610, by Ethelbert, King of Kent, and this church occupied the site of a temple dedicated to Diana, which had been set up here by the Roman invaders at the beginning of the Christian era. The first cathedral was built largely from the ruins of what was known as the Palatine Tower, or castle, which stood near Fleet street, and almost exactly upon the site now occupied by the Black Friars Monastery. It was nearly destroyed by fire in 1136, but the rebuilding was quickly begun, though prosecuted so slowly that it was not completed until 1283. The building thus finished was 690 feet long by 130 feet broad, provided with chairs, chapels, chapter houses, and cloisters, some of which were handsomely adorned. At the northeast end of the cathedral, in the midst of the churchyard, stood the Cross of St. Paul's, from which sermons were preached during the summer months. This churchyard was an irregular area lined with houses, encircling the cathedral and burial ground, of which the side toward the Thames is called the Bow, and that toward Paternoster Row the String. This churchyard, was, until 1760, very popular as a promenade, and famous as being the book and stationers' district, for the houses fronting on the thoroughfare were almost exclusively occupied by stationers and publishers. The "Chronicle of England" was printed here in 1515, by Julian Notary, whose sign was the Three Kings. And at the sign of the White Greyhound, in St. Paul's churchyard, was published, by John Harrison, the first edition of Shakespeare's "Venus and Adonis," and "The Rape of Lucrece." Then at a house a little further down the thoroughfare, called the Flower de Luce, was published for the first time Shakespeare's "Merry Wives of Windsor," followed by the "Merchant of Venice," at the sign of the Green Dragon; "Richard II.," at the Fox; "Richard III.," at the Angel; "Troilus and Cressida," at the Spread Eagle; "Titus Andronicus" at the Gun. Here also were published, later, Goldsmith's "Vicar of Wakefield" and "Little Goody Two Shoes," and Cowper's "The Task."

St. Paul's Cathedral was severely injured by fire in 1561, and its reconstruction was not attempted until 1633, when Inigo Jones, who did almost as much for London as Christopher Wren, submitted a plan for its reparation, which so pleased Charles I. that work began with much earnestness. Activity in this direction was presently arrested, however, by the Revolution, and the part restored was used by Cromwell as a barracks for his soldiers. Early during the Restoration another effort was made to build the cathedral, and it had considerably progressed when the great fire of 1666 completely destroyed it. The cathedral at this time was not only a noble but a magnificent structure, famous too for several things, among which are these: It was the finest church in England, excepting possibly Westminster Abbey; it contained monuments erected to the fame of many great men whose bodies reposed there; it was a popular place of worship, and above all else it was the favorite rendezvous and promenade of the dudes and wits of London, and likewise of gallants and women, who came together in great numbers every day at what was called "Paul's Walk," the middle aisle of the church. In the "Works of Francis Osborn," occurs the following reference to this custom of congregating here:

"It was the fashion of those times, and did so continue till these, for the principal gentry, lords, and courtiers, and men of all professions not merely mechanic, to meet in St. Paul's Church by eleven, and walk in the middle aisle till twelve; and after dinner from three till six; during which time some discoursed of business, others of news. Now, in regard of the universal custom there happened little that did not first or last arrive here.

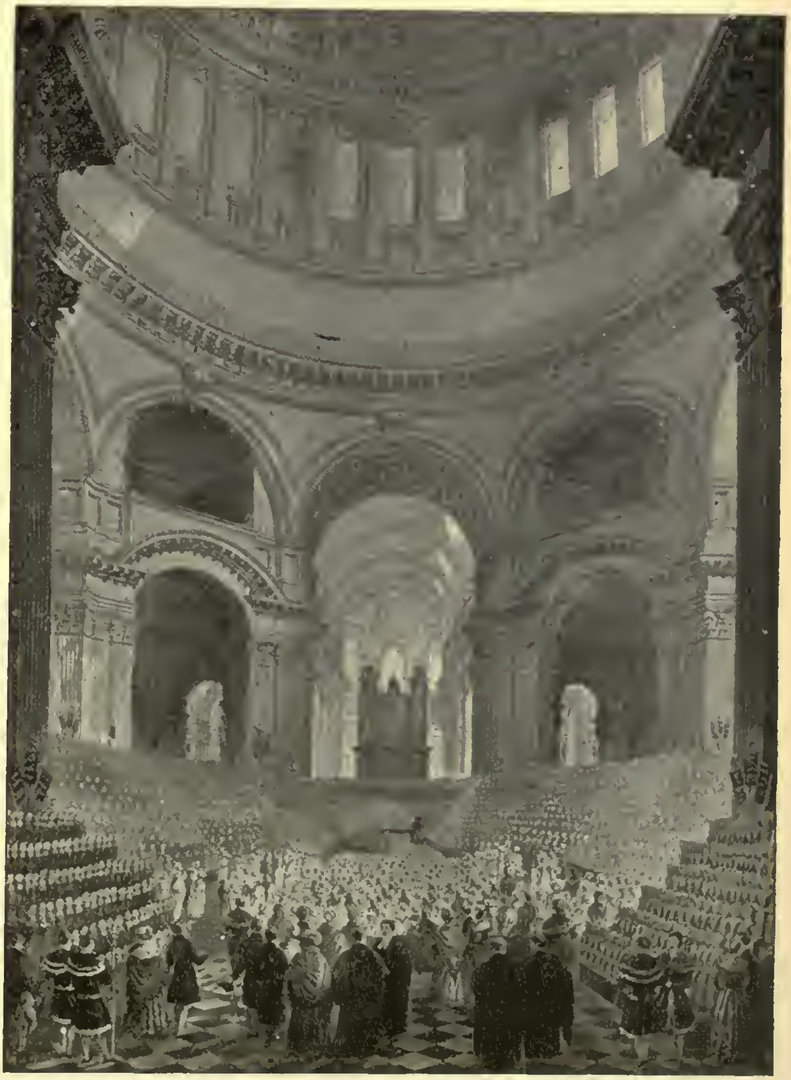
"Here lawyers stood at the pillars (like merchants on 'Change) and received their clients. Here masterless men at the *si quis* door, as it was called, set up their bills for service. Here the rood loft, tombs, and font were used as counters for payments."

Greater irreverence was shown by using the aisle to make assignations, and by the casting down of statues and the removal of images from the church in order to complete the desecration. Cunningham relates a curious incident to illustrate the profanation of the Reformers in this wise: "In the year 1600 a middle-sized bay English gelding, the property of Bankes, a servant to the Earl of Essex, and a vinter in Cheapside, ascended to the top of St. Paul's, to the delight of a number of asses who brayed below. Bankes had taught his horse, which went by the name of Morocco, to count and perform a variety of feats. 'Certainly,' says Walter Raleigh in his History, 'if Bankes had lived in older times he would have shamed all the enchanters of the world; for whosoever was most famous among them could never master or instruct any beast as he did his horse.'

"When the novelty had somewhat lessened in London, Bankes took his wonderful beast first to Paris and afterwards to Rome. He had better have stayed at home, for both he and his horse (which was shod with silver) were burned for witchcraft."

Historic Recollections of Old St. Paul's.

The old cathedral, which was completed in 1315, was a building so wonderful in its day that we may not be surprised at the frequent mention made of it in history. The church had a spire which exceeded in height even the famed St. Peter's of our day, for it thrust its point into the heavens, and paused at the height of 520 feet. The building, massive in proportions, in keeping with the loftiness of its spire, was enclosed by a wall pierced by six gates, joined on the north of the nave by the Pardon Church, which was built by the father of Thomas à Becket, who was Archbishop of Canterbury, and also Lord Chancellor of England, assassinated in the Cathedral of Canterbury at the instigation of Henry II., December, 1170.



SERVICE IN ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.

One of the most remarkable features of old St. Paul's was the "miracle aperture," which was an opening in the roof of the nave made to admit the Holy Spirit, which was supposed to descend in the form of a dove upon specially sacred occasions. A distinguished antiquarian named Lambarde credits the miracle by adding the weight of his own testimony thus: "I myself, being a child, once saw in St. Paul's Church at London, at a feast of Whitsuntide, where the coming down of the Holy Ghost was set forth by a white pigeon that was let fly out of a hole that is yet to be seen in the midst of the roof of the great aisle."

The original Lollards' Tower was a part of old St. Paul's, though it is now to be seen on Lambeth Palace. When it was one of the features of St. Paul's the tower was used as a prison for the confinement of bishops who opposed any of the opinions and faith of the Church, many of whom are mentioned in Fox's "Book of Martyrs." It was in this tower that Richard Humes was murdered, and here Bishop Bonner was confined until, being condemned, he was led to the stake at Smithfield, in 1555.

But there are other, and almost equally tragic, associations of old St. Paul's which will render it of great historic interest as long as civilization endures. Among the mighty incidents that transpired within this memorable structure may be mentioned the following: It was in St. Paul's that King John acknowledged the supremacy of the Pope, in 1213; and it was there that the son of John of Gaunt, afterward Henry IV., wept beside his father's grave with due solemnity of act and feeling, and then, with mockery, exposed the body of Richard II. after his murder at Pontefract. The first English martyr, Bishop William Sawtre, was here stripped of his vestments and sent to the stake at Smithfield. After the death of Henry V. his widow, Katherine de Valois, was brought with her child (afterward Henry VI.) in a litter to St. Paul's, where they were led into the choir by the Duke Protector and the Duke of Exeter that they might be seen by the people; and later the body of the king himself was exposed here, as were also the naked bodies of Warwick, the king-maker, and his brother, Moncute, who were killed at the battle of Barnet, April 14, 1471.

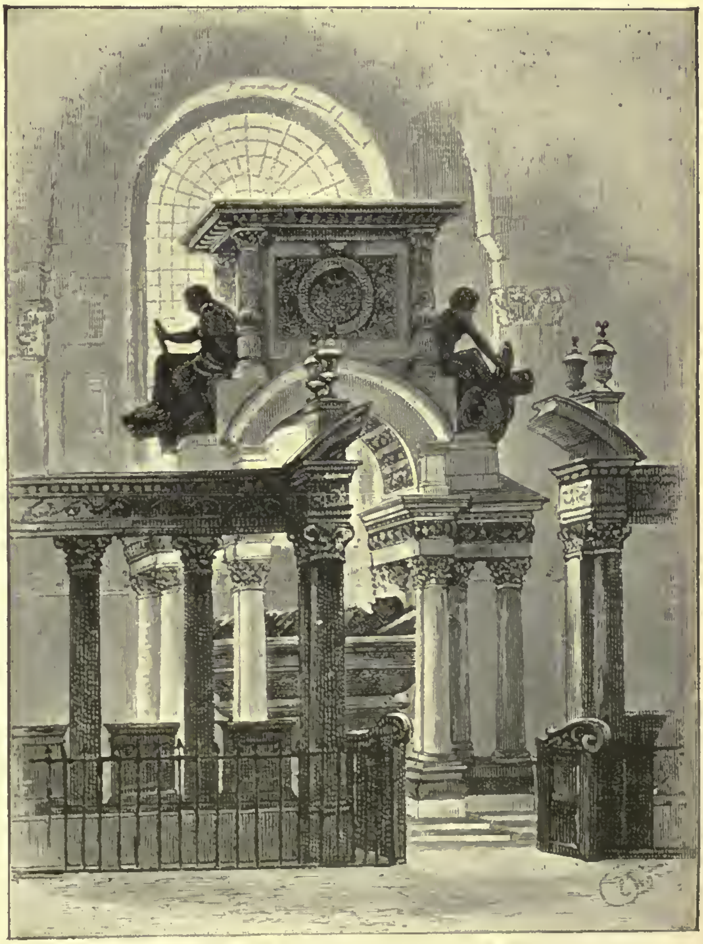
To old St. Paul's, on February 23, 1377, John Wycliffe was summoned by Courtenay, Bishop of London, and placed upon his defence against the dangerous charge of heresy. The disorderly scene which followed took place in the Lady Chapel, to the east of the high altar. Instead of a trial there was a sharp passage of words between the bishop, on one side, and John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, and Lord Percy, on the other, which, after breaking up the assembly, led to a riot and the burning of Savoy House.

St. Paul's Cross was a pulpit erected for open air addresses, and was set in a large open space on the northeast side of the cathedral. Here, as Dr. Simpson states, "folkmotes were gathered together, bulls and papal edicts were read, heretics were denounced, heresies abjured, excommunications published, great political changes made known, and penances performed." From the pulpit, in 1261, Henry III. caused the bull of Pope Alexander to be read, which permitted him to break the oath which he had sworn in the Parliament at Oxford, by which provision had been made for the election of knights of the shire, three sessions of Parliament annually, and the annual election of sheriffs, which the king considered was an abridgment of his authority. In this same pulpit, in 1483, Dr. Shaw preached a sermon urging the claims of Richard III.; and here it was that Tunstall, Bishop of London, in 1526, denounced Tyndale's New Testament, and declaring that it contained three thousand errors, ordered it to be publicly burned in his presence; and lastly, it was in this pulpit that Hugh Latimer preached the long series of sermons which in after years, upon the accession of

Elizabeth, so influenced the people against Catholicism that Protestantism was established in England.

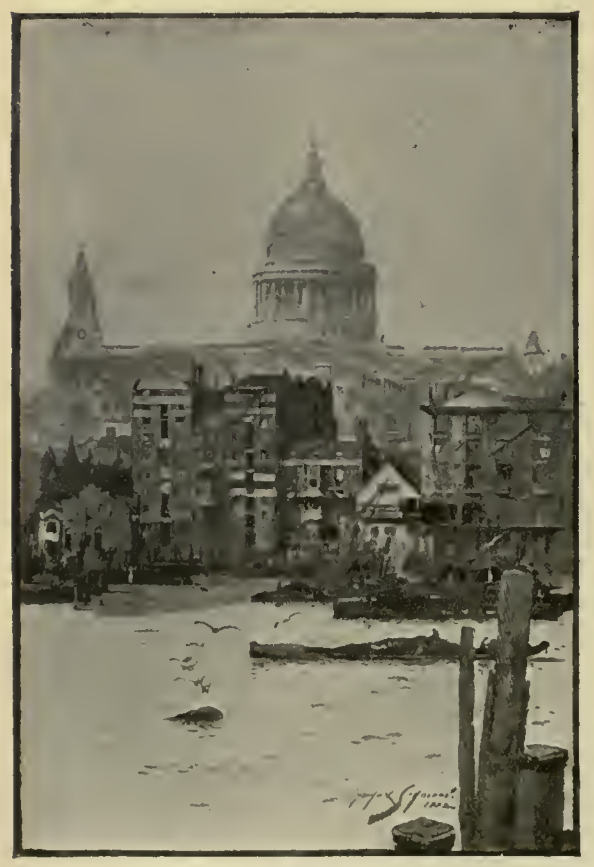
Building of the New Cathedral.

After the almost complete destruction of the old cathedral of St. Paul's by the great fire of 1666, Christopher Wren, the distinguished architect, was commissioned to submit designs with the view of constructing a new and larger cathedral on the site. A year later plans were accordingly prepared and approved by the king, Charles II. These contemplated the building of the cathedral in the form of a Greek cross, as being most convenient for the Protestant ritual and service, with the most imposing architectural effect, but the clergy were displeased and insisted that the form should be that of a Latin cross, and that there should be naves, aisles, and a lofty spire. Wren was compelled, much against his will, to prepare a design that would fulfill these conditions, which were accepted in 1775 and the work of construction was begun. Under the contract which Wren had made, however, he was given permission to make some variations from the design from time to time, as he saw proper, which he exercised to such an extent as to erect a church entirely different and infinitely superior to the one contemplated by his approved design.


DUKE OF WELLINGTON'S MONUMENT.

The total cost of St. Paul's was £747,661 10*s*. equal to $3,626,058.25. The dimensions of this great building are as follows: Length from east to west (including the portico) 500 feet; breadth of the nave 118 feet; across the transepts, 250 feet; the Morning Chapel and that which contains the Wellington monument, 190 feet; the Campanile towers at the west end are 222 feet in height, and the height of the whole structure, from the street, 404 feet. The Cathedral rears its tremendous proportions to such a height that the great dome may be likened to a monster head on the shoulders of a Titan. Its outer diameter is 145 feet, the inner 108 feet. The dome is somewhat deceptive, for instead of being of metal, as we might suppose, the shell is made of wood covered with lead, nor does it support the lantern on top, which rests upon a disguised cone of brick, which is between the inner cupola and outer dome.

It is a singular fact that the cost of constructing St. Paul's, with the exception of some $340,000 raised by subscriptions, was defrayed by a tax imposed on every chaldron (thirty-six bushels) of coal brought into the port of London, thus being a companion piece, so to speak, to Westminster Abbey, that was for so long a time supported by a tax on fish.


ST. PAUL'S FROM THE THAMES.

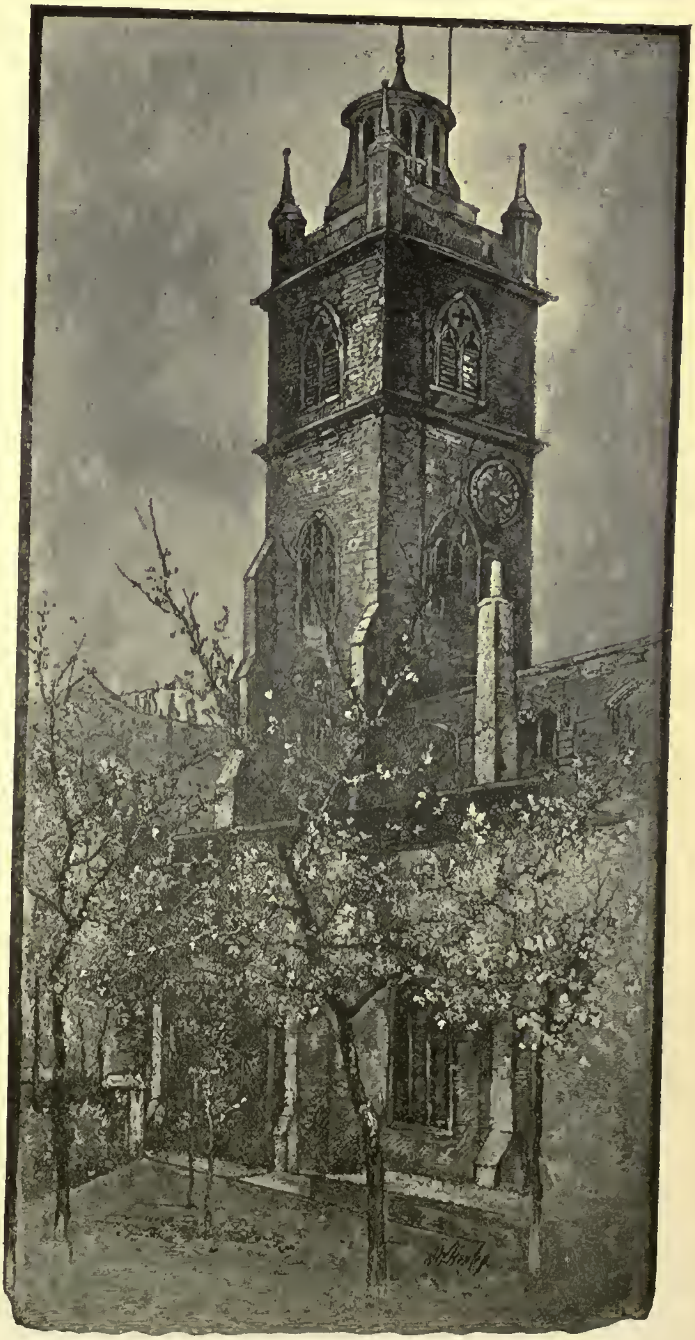
An Ascent to the Ball.

Every visitor to St. Paul's who is able to do so should ascend to the ball, though there are 616 steps in the flight, for the finest view of London may be had therefrom. The landing of the first flight of 260 steps is before the Whispering Gallery, so called because the slightest whisper is plainly transmitted from one side of the gallery to the other. A very excellent view may also be had from the outer balcony known as the Stone Gallery, but a somewhat more expansive view is obtainable from the outer Golden Gallery which is at the apex of the dome; the most favorable time for getting a satisfactory sight is early morning of a clear day.

The ball and cross rest upon a cone between the cupola and dome, and are interesting for their peculiar construction. The ball is 6 feet 2 inches in diameter, and will contain six persons at a time; its weight is 5600 pounds, and that of the cross, to which there is no entrance, is 3360 pounds.

There has been little effort made to adorn the interior of St. Paul's, and practically none in the way of paintings. The most elaborate decorative pieces in the cathedral are two reredos screens behind the altars which took eighteen months to build, at a cost of $185,000, and were set up in 1888.

The chief interest which centres in St. Paul's Cathedral is more of a secular than a religious character, for it contains many splendid monuments set up in gratitude to some of the bravest of the nation's dead. The first statue erected here was to the memory of John Howard, the philanthropist, said to have cost $6500. There are also statues of Dr. Johnson, Sir Joseph Reynolds, to Turner, the great landscape painter; a kneeling figure of Bishop Heber; a magnificent monument to Lord Nelson, of Trafalgar fame, whose body lies beneath, opposite which is a monument to Lord Cornwallis, who surrendered his sword to Washington at Yorktown; also to Sir Charles Napier, the hero of Scinde, and of his brother William, author of "History of the Peninsular War;" of Sir Henry Lawrence, whose name was writ indelibly at Lucknow; Lord Melbourne; Hallam, the historian; of Sir John Moore, who fell before Corunna; a statue of Lord Heathfield, who so gallantly defended Gibraltar; Lord Duncan, the hero of Camperdown; to Captain Mosse and many naval heroes who fell at Copenhagen; to Picton and Ponsonby who made their last charge at Waterloo; Sir William Jones, the oriental scholar; Sir Astley Cooper, the distinguished surgeon; and Dr. Wellington, the physician. The monument set up at the west end of the south aisle to the memory of the Iron Duke of Wellington is made of Cornish porphyry and is the finest in the



ST. GILE'S, CRIPPLESGATE.

cathedral, so elaborate that twenty years were spent in its production. There are also tombs and effigies of Bishops Blomfield and Jackson, Dean Milman, and of General Gordon.

Down Among the Remains of Greatness.

The crypts of St. Paul's are perhaps the most extensive in the world, occupying as they do the whole of the excavated space within the foundations, except a small portion that was fitted up in 1877 for a chapel. The crypt is not yet nearly full of the relics of greatness; indeed, the space which yet remains for this purpose is so large as to render the place quite barren. Among those whose bodies lie here are the following: Sir Christopher Wren, who died at the age of ninety-one, full of honors; there is particularly noticeable an elaborate sarcophagus which was made at the expense of Cardinal Wolsey for the burial of Henry VIII., at Windsor, but it was not used, and so in time it became the repository of the remains of Lord Nelson, which lie in a coffin that was made from the mainmast of the ship l'Orient, and presented to him by his friend, Ben Hallowell, after the battle of the Nile. Nelson so highly appreciated this gruesome gift that it is said he kept it for a long while, standing upright in his cabin—ready for emergencies. Here also is the grave of Sir John Collingwood, one of the commanders at Trafalgar; and also of James Barry, John Opic, Benjamin West, Henry Fuseli, all great painters; of Robert Mylne and John Rennie, the builders of Blackfriars and Waterloo bridges. Besides the above distinguished relics, there are monuments from old St. Paul's to the following persons: Sir Nicholas Bacon, father of the great Francis Bacon, whom many believe was the real author of the Shakespeare writings; Sir Christopher Hatton, Lord Chancellor to Queen Elizabeth; and Dean Colet, founder of St. Paul's School.

ST. OLAVE'S, HART STREET.

Other Historic Churches.

The history of England is largely written in London churches, not a few of which date back to the Normans, and yet it is the exception when visitors from abroad find a Londoner who has any knowledge of the remarkable events with which any of the churches are connected. England has been fiercely beaten by the storms of intolerance, and the struggle between the Catholics and the Non-Conformists fills more pages of history than the wars between England and France. The old centres of these mighty religious contests are about Smithfield, Moorfields, and St. Paul's, but the battles were waged on many fields far beyond these. The oldest of these shrines of the hoary past is St. Bartholomew the Great and St. Helen's, Bishopgate, but the historical associations of St. Giles, Cripplegate, St. Saviour's, Southwark, and of Allhallows, Barking, are equally interesting, even though they do not bring to mind so distinctly the literal fires of persecution that were fed with so many noble men and women. St. Giles is both old and interesting. The old entrance was called Cripplegate because so many cripples were accustomed to assemble before it on Sundays and feast days. The present building dates from 1545, but occupies the site of an older church which was destroyed by fire in 1540. Aside from the events that transpired within and about the sacred edifice, it is interesting for the distinguished dead that sleep beneath its ample roof. Here Fox, author of the "Book of Martyrs," was buried in 1587; Frobisher, the great Arctic explorer, has rested at St. Giles since 1594; and the imperishable John Milton found a grave here in 1674; and, it may be added, composed "Paradise Lost" in the parish. It is less generally known that Oliver Cromwell was married to Elizabeth Bowchier in this church, August 20, 1620, the year that the "Mayflower" landed at Plymouth Rock.

In the neighborhood of St. Giles are the Charterhouse, and remains of St. John's Priory. The former was a famous monastery until its suppression by Henry VIII., in 1537, which was one of the most fruitful events in the Reformation. It was afterwards purchased by Thomas Sutton and used as a school, a purpose which it continues to serve; and here were educated Addison, Blackstone, Barrow, Grote, Leech, Thackeray, and many others whose names are undying.

On the east side of Mark Lane, one of the busiest centres of London, is Hart street, which though itself of small importance except as a kind of a byway, rises to some dignity through the influence of St. (Olave) Olaf's Church, which was dedicated to the Norwegian king, who, after bringing Norway to adopt Christianity, was killed at the battle of Stiklestad in 1028. This sacred edifice dates back to 1319, and was one of the few churches to escape the great fire. Under the floor of its aisles are buried several prominent persons, and on the walls are tablets to the memory of William Turner and Sir John Mennis. Connected with the church is a graveyard in which a large number of victims of the great plague are interred, who are commemorated by ghastly skulls affixed over the gate that leads into the burial ground.

CHAPTER XII.

HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT.

THE Houses of Parliament are often called *The New Palace at Westminster*, and not improperly so, because long before the erection of this most splendid building in the world, there stood upon the site a palace which was occupied by Canute, the first Danish king of England, in the early part of the eleventh century, and afterward was the home of Edward the Confessor, William the Conqueror, and many of his successors, including William Rufus, who built Westminster Hall. Until the thirteenth century English kings presided in person over the courts, and thus it was that they became attached to Westminster Palace and so remained until the opening of the New Law Courts in 1882, though the House of Lords still acts as the final Court of Appeal.

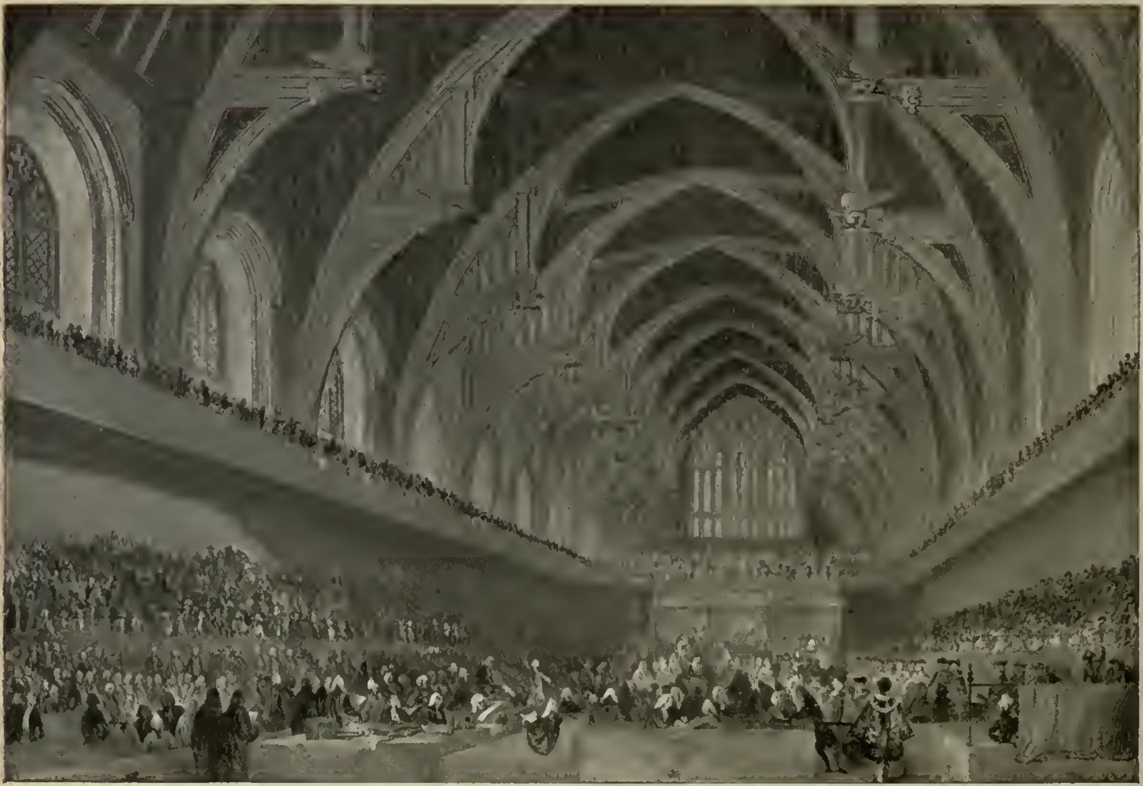
The House of Commons for a long period held their sessions in the Chapter House of Westminster Abbey, and until, during the reign of Edward VI., St. Stephen's Chapel was set apart for that purpose, which use it served until 1834. During this long period what wonderful scenes, what portentous incidents of historic renown were here enacted, when law and religion were so blended as to be inseparable! In this hall of English legislation, where constitutional progress was as often arrested as advanced, the great men of the Elizabethan age, the literary or golden period, Cecil, Bacon, and Raleigh were heard in the struggles of the times, whose influence continued until civil and religious freedom was guaranteed. In these chambers rang out the voices of Oliver Cromwell, Hampden, Eliot, Pym, and their compatriots who shattered the Stuart dynasty. Here it was that Charles I. was cried down when he invaded the House to arrest five members who stood for human rights. And above all else it must not be forgotten that it was here that Lord North's intolerant policy was persisted in, which led to the revolt and Declaration of Independence by the American colonies. The old walls seem as yet to be filled with echoes of the voices of Burke, Pitt, Fox, Canning, repeating the debates that took place on the question of sending troops to subjugate the liberty-loving Americans. In the Commons, it will be remembered also, Eliot, in 1629, made his masterly defence of the rights of that body as against the king's claim of supremacy, which the speaker, truculently to the royal wishes, tried in vain to prohibit.

Historic Memories of Parliament Houses.

The splendid Hall of William Rufus, with its great tower and immense banqueting room, are features which happily have been preserved for the admiration of the present age. William Rufus, however, is not entitled to the credit of completing this remarkable addition to the palace, for the work progressed under Henry III., Edward I., and Edward II. In 1291 it was seriously injured by fire, and stood in a semi-dismantled condition until 1398, when Richard II. enlarged the hall and added the roof, which continues to this day to be the great marvel of London, and the admiration of the world. Its magnitude is but one of its remarkable features, for though 290 feet long, 68 feet wide, and 92 feet high, the roof is supported wholly by the walls, for there is not a single column in the hall. And to this wonder of architecture must be added the amazing richness of its decorations, and the historic memories which cluster about it during the more than eight hundred years of its existence. The hall was, though while in an incomplete stage, the scene of one of William Rufus' carousals, a short while before his mysterious assassination. Henry I. celebrated his marriage with Matilda of Scotland in this same hall. Henry II. proclaimed here the opening of the Courts of Justice, and in 1265 the first meeting of the House of Commons was in this hall. When the royal captives, King John and his retinue of France, taken at the battle of Poitiers, were brought to England, Edward III. received them in this hall, and fixed the ransom of the King of Scotland one year later (1357) at $500,000.

PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS.

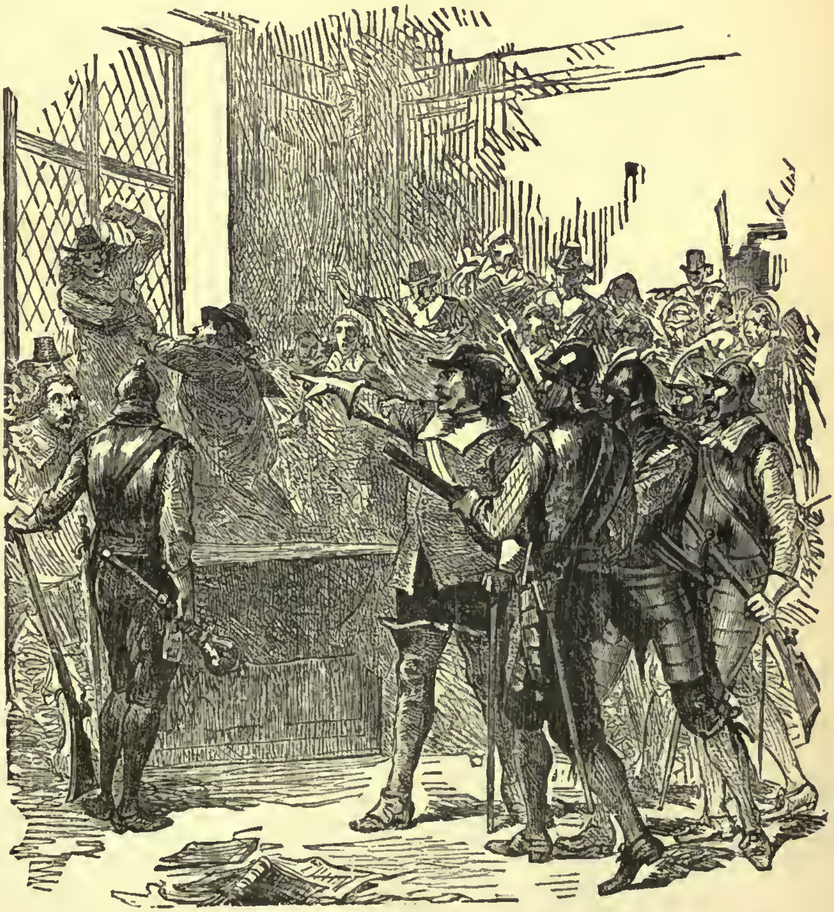
Until the time of George IV. all the coronation festivals were held here, and here it was that Charles I. was condemned, January 27, 1649, and executed in front of the banqueting house at Whitehall. This being the Court of Justice, the hall has been the scene of many great State trials and capital convictions, such as those of Sir John Oldcastle, William Wallace, the Duke of Buckingham, Sir Thomas More, the Protector Somerset, Sir Thomas Wyatt, the Earl of Essex, Guy Fawkes and his co-conspirators, and lastly the seven years' trial of Warren Hastings, which, through the eloquent defence of Edmund Burke, resulted in an acquittal.



TRIAL OF WARREN HASTINGS IN GREAT WESTMINSTER HALL.

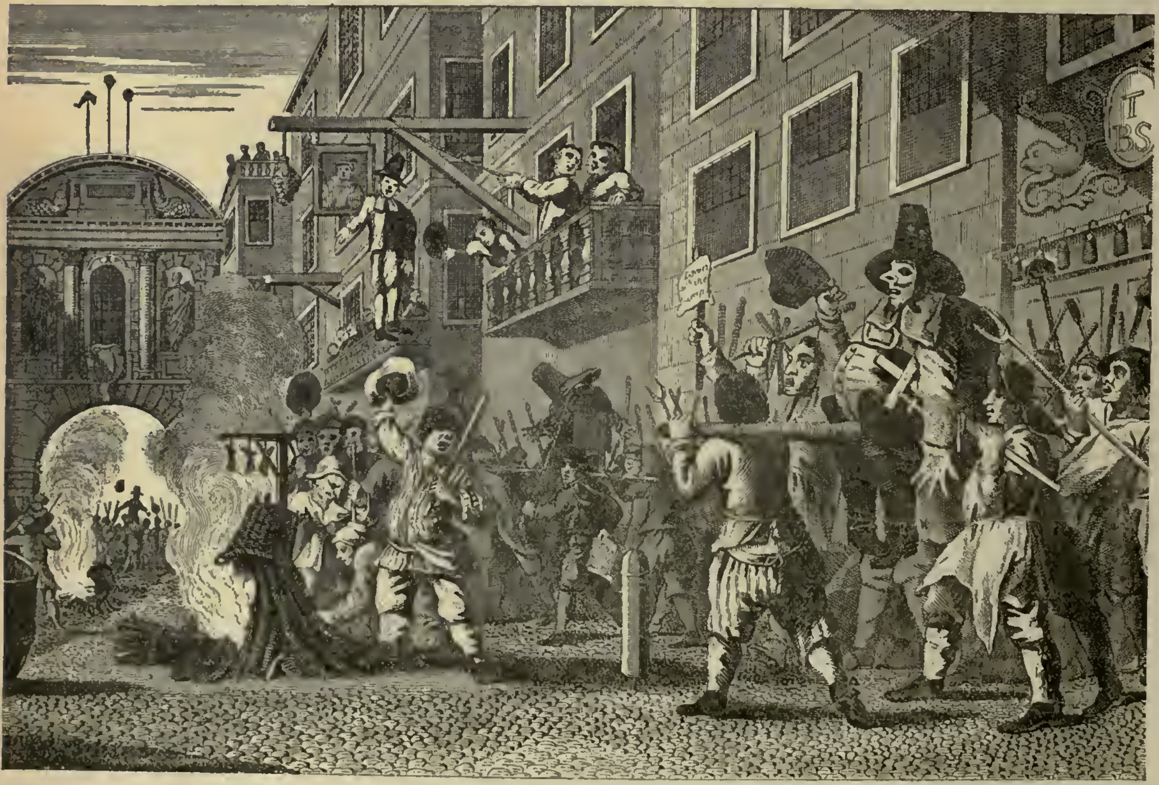
The Towers and Great Clock.

The old Westminster Palace was almost completely destroyed by fire in 1834, and it was not until six years later that the corner-stone was laid of the present new Houses of Parliament, larger and more splendid than the old. The buildings cover an area of eight acres, on the south side of the Thames, which is here embanked with Aberdeen granite. Though erected before the time of steel construction, the houses are almost wholly of iron and stone, so as to be practically indestructible. The great building has four fronts, but the main face is toward the river, with a magnificent façade 940 feet in length. It is divided into five principal compartments, every one of which is exquisitely paneled with rich tracery and arabesque work, and decorated with statues and shields of all the sovereigns of England since the time of the Conquest. The building has three principal towers, and several small ones to break what would otherwise be a vast monotony of roof. The Victoria Tower, at the southwest angle, is one of the most stupendous pieces of architectural work ever attempted, and is never likely to be equaled. The Royal Entrance, grand almost beyond the power to describe, is 75 feet square, above which rises the tower which is 340 feet in height. This splendid arched entrance, 65 feet in height, is embellished with statues of the patron saints of the empire, and of the queen, the latter being so large as to be out of proportion to the hall it occupies. This tower was seventeen years in building, as work proceeded slowly in order to avoid the danger of too rapid settling. The Central Tower contains what is called the Grand Central Octagon Hall, a very beautiful piece of architecture, exquisitely adorned, and is 60 feet in diameter and 300 feet in height. The chief feature of Parliament Houses, however, is the Clock Tower, adjoining Westminster Bridge, which is 40 feet square, and 320 feet in height, estimating to the peak of the belfry spire. This tower is the home of "Big Ben," the largest clock bell in the world, named after Sir Benjamin Hall, who was commissioner of works at the time the tower was building. The harsh, jarring noise of the stroke betrays the fact that "Big Ben" is cracked, but, like an old soldier whose wound has not destroyed his patriotism, he disregards his hurt and bravely remains in service. The dials of this monster clock are nearly twenty-



ATTEMPT OF CHARLES I. TO ARREST THE FIVE MEMBERS OF PARLIAMENT.

three feet in diameter, the hour hand eleven feet long, the minute marks one foot square, and it requires five hours of very hard work every three days to wind up the strike weights. The largest bell weighs thirteen and a half tons, but the quarters are struck upon four bells weighing from one to four tons each, the chimes thus rung being the first bar in the Messiah oratorio, "I Know that My Redeemer Liveth." The system of lighting the dials is both elaborate and expensive, for behind the four is a large fire-chamber, which, however, is soon to be replaced by electricity. Offenders against Parliamentary discipline have on several occasions "been consigned to the Clock Tower for custody; and, as may be imagined, the chief portion of their sufferings, night and day, must have been the shocking booming of the bells so close to their ears." So large a clock might be expected to have a cumbersome machinery that would make accuracy almost impossible, yet as a timepiece it is almost as perfect as a chronometer, showing as it does a variation of less than one second per week.



A GUY FAWKES PROCESSION IN LONDON.—HOGARTH'S CARTOON.

Interior of Westminster Palace.

The chief entrance to Parliament Houses is through Westminster Hall and Old Palace Yard, both of which lead to the Octagon Hall, with passages on the

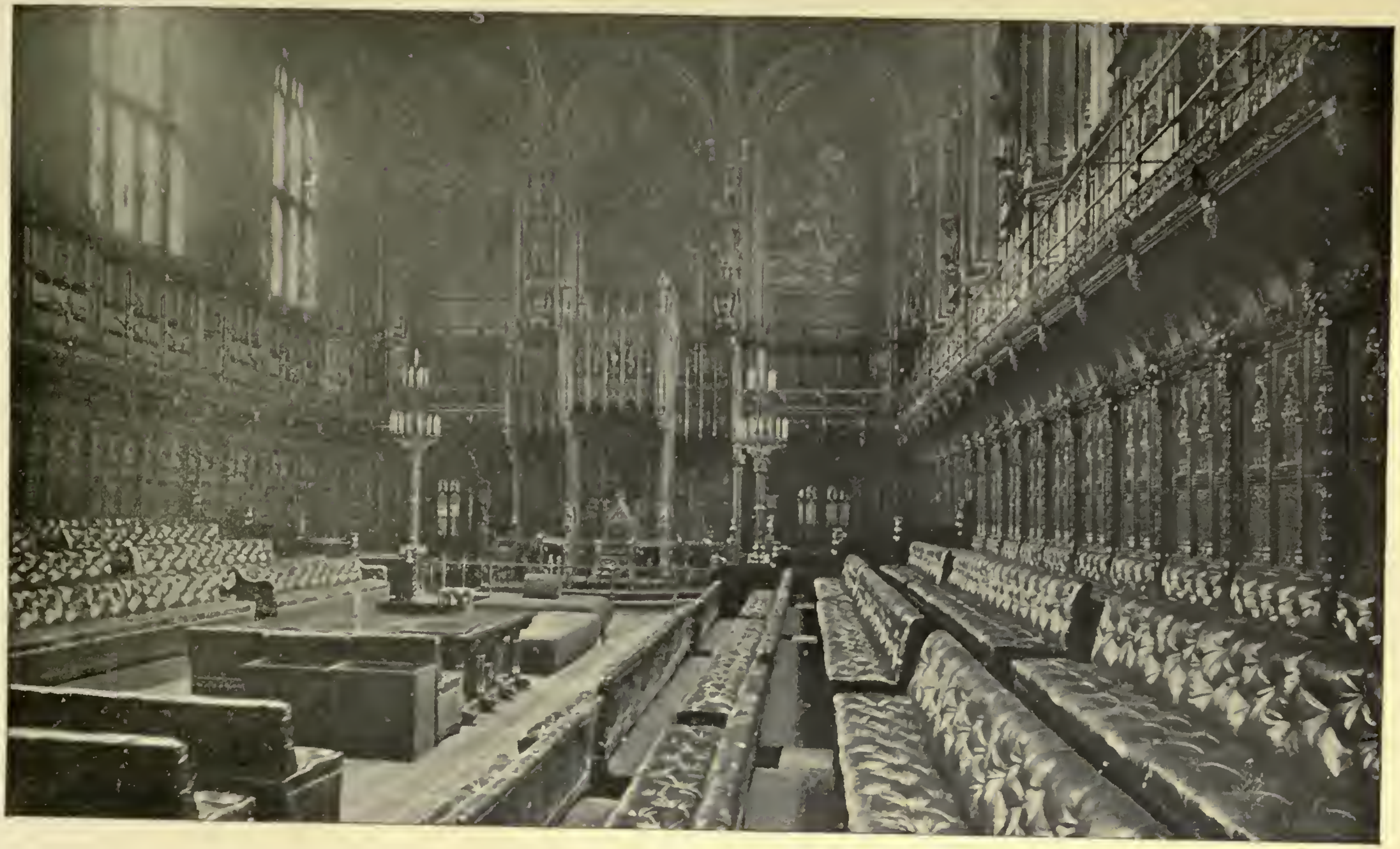
SESSION CHAMBER OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

right to the House of Lords, and on the left to the House of Commons, splendidly adorned with carved bosses and venetian mosaics. On the right hand of the Royal Entrance of Victoria Tower is a spacious apartment called the robing room, sumptuously furnished and lavishly decorated with beautiful frescoes illustrative of the legendary history of King Arthur and his Round-Table Knights. When the queen is about to appear before Parliament she enters this room to prepare for the ceremony by robing herself in the vestments of royal state, after which Her Majesty passes into the Victoria Gallery, 110 feet in length, on the right and left walls of which are paintings on glass 46 feet long and 12 feet high, representing respectively "The Death of Nelson," and the "Meeting of Wellington and Blucher after the Battle of Waterloo." Thence she enters the prince's chamber, magnificently adorned with wood carvings and portraits, then passes into the House of Lords, where she takes her place upon the throne. This last room is 97 feet long, 45 feet wide and 45 feet high, and may be best described by saying it is beyond all comparison, the richest chamber in the world. Beside the throne on which Her Majesty sits is a chair for the Prince of Wales, and in the centre of the room is a large square sack of wool, covered with red cloth, but without arms or back, which is the seat of the Lord Chancillor. The Reporters' Gallery faces the throne, and the Strangers' Gallery is immediately above. The accompanying illustration affords a clearer idea of the appearance of the chamber than description can give.

The House of Commons is somewhat smaller, and much less splendid than the upper chamber, being only 70 feet long though of nearly the same breadth and height; and, it may be added, is much too small for the accommodation of all the members. "When, in 1886, Mr. Gladstone introduced his celebrated Home Rule bill, an unprecedented spectacle was witnessed, the floor of the House, extending from the clerk's table to the door opening into the lobby, being crowded with chairs for the accommodation of members who could find no other seats." The chamber is supplied with benches upholstered in green leather. The Speaker sits in a handsome chair that is placed directly opposite the lobby door, the benches on his right being occupied by supporters of the government, and those on his left by the opposition.

An Attack upon the House of Peers by a Band of Ladies.

It is a little strange that the chamber provided for the sessions of the more numerous body should be the smaller, and more difficult to account for is the fact that no effort has been made to correct this mistake. But it is proper to state that the House of Lords, though commodious for the sittings of the members, has not always been sufficiently large to accommodate the crowds of visitors, whose curiosity, more frequently than political interests, prompted them to gather there in earlier years. Indeed, it so frequently happened that the comfort of members was destroyed by the pressure of idle spectators that to correct an abuse of privilege an attempt was made to restrict admissions, which resulted in a most ludicrous fiasco. The circumstances of this impotent effort are thus recorded by



SESSION CHAMBER, HOUSE OF LORDS.

Lady Mary W. Montagu, in a letter dated 1738, and published in the works of Lord Warncliffe:

"At the last warm debate in the House of Lords, it was unanimously resolved there should be no crowd of unnecessary auditors; consequently the fair sex were excluded, and the gallery destined to the sole use of the House of Commons. Notwithstanding which determination, a tribe of dames resolved to show on this occasion that neither men nor laws could resist them. These heroines were Lady Huntingdon, the Duchess of Queensberry, the Duchess of Lancaster, Lady Westmoreland, Lady Cobham, Lady Charlotte Edwin, Lady Archibald Hamilton, and her daughter, Mrs. Scott, Mrs. Pendarvis, and Lady Saunderson. I am thus particular in their names, because I look upon them to be the boldest asserters, and most resigned sufferers for liberty, I ever read of. They presented themselves at the door at nine o'clock in the morning, where Sir William Saunderson respectfully informed them the chancellor had made an order against their admittance. The Duchess of Queensberry, as head of the squadron, pished at the ill-breeding of a mere lawyer, and desired him to let them up-stairs privately. After some modest refusals, he swore by G—— he would not let them in. Her Grace, with a noble warmth, answered by G—— they would come in, in spite of the chancellor and the whole House. This being reported, the Peers resolved to starve them out; an order was made that the doors should not be opened till they had raised their siege. These Amazons now showed themselves qualified for the duty even of foot soldiers; they stood there till five in the afternoon, without either sustenance or evacuation, every now and then playing volleys of thumps, kicks, and raps against the door, with so much violence, that the speakers in the House were scarcely heard. When the lords were not to be conquered by this, the two duchesses (very well apprised of the use of stratagems in war) commanded a dead silence of half an hour; and the chancellor, who thought this a certain proof of their absence (the Commons also being very impatient to enter), gave order for the opening of the door; upon which they all rushed in, pushed aside their competitors, and placed themselves in the front rows of the gallery. They stayed there until after eleven, when the House rose; and during the debate gave applause, and showed marks of dislike, not only by smiles and winks, but by noisy laughs and apparent contempt; which is supposed the true reason why poor Lord Hervey spoke miserably."

Admissions to the Galleries, and Royal Sights.

Admission to the gallery of the House of Lords may be obtained upon a peer's order at general sittings, but when Her Majesty opens, prorogues, or dissolves Parliament admission is by order of the Lord Chamberlain, or by a peeress' ticket that admits ladies only. The grandest, most courtly, and impressive sight to be witnessed in England is that afforded by the brilliant ceremony which attends the appearance of Her Majesty before Parliament. It is a survival of all the graces and magnificent pageantry that have distinguished the entré of English sovereigns upon State functions before the public since the time of Henry II. On such occasions the peers appear in their splendid robes accompanied by heralds wearing tabards decorated with the arms of their lords, and all officials who take part in the ceremonies are dressed in court or military costumes. The queen, of course, is the centre of interest, who is gorgeous in her royal robes, and crown. In front of her throne is the gallery, in which only ladies in full evening dress are allowed to sit. Ladies may also, if they hold tickets therefor, obtain seats in the Royal Gallery, or corridor, through which the procession passes twice, thus offering a double opportunity to see the queen and her great officers.

Two hours before Her Majesty enters Parliament House, the cellars under the House of Lords are carefully examined to see if any combustibles or explosives have been placed there by conspirators, a custom which obtained and has continued to be observed since 1605, when the Gunpowder Plot of Guy Fawkes was discovered.

The corridors that connect the two Houses with Central Hall are exquisitely decorated with frescoes illustrative of many leading events in English history, from the raising of the standard of Charles I. at Montrose, to the Lords and Commons presenting the Crown to William III. and Queen Mary, and beyond is the Poets' Hall, so called because it is adorned with eight frescoes of subjects taken from the writings of Chaucer, Shakespeare, Milton, and Dryden.

St. Stephen's Hall is 95 feet long, 30 feet wide, and 56 feet high, occupying the same space as the chapel of the ancient Parliament Palace. It is a charming hall in its proportions and decorations, and both sides are lined with statues of such famous statesmen as Hampden, Falkland, Clarendon, Selden, Robert Walpole, Somers, Chatham, Pitt, Fox, Burke, and Grattan. This famous chapel was the assembly room of the Commons from the time of Edward VI. until 1834, when the building was so nearly destroyed by fire.

The Palace of Westminster, which is the home of the English Parliament, was erected between the years 1840 and 1859, after plans by Sir Charles Barry, who adopted the modern Gothic style, at a cost of nearly $15,000,000. It contains more than 400 apartments, in addition to distinct residences for the Speaker of the House of Commons, the Sergeant-at-Arms, Usher of the Black Rod, and of other officers of the two Houses, so that the total number of rooms in the palace is said to be 1100.

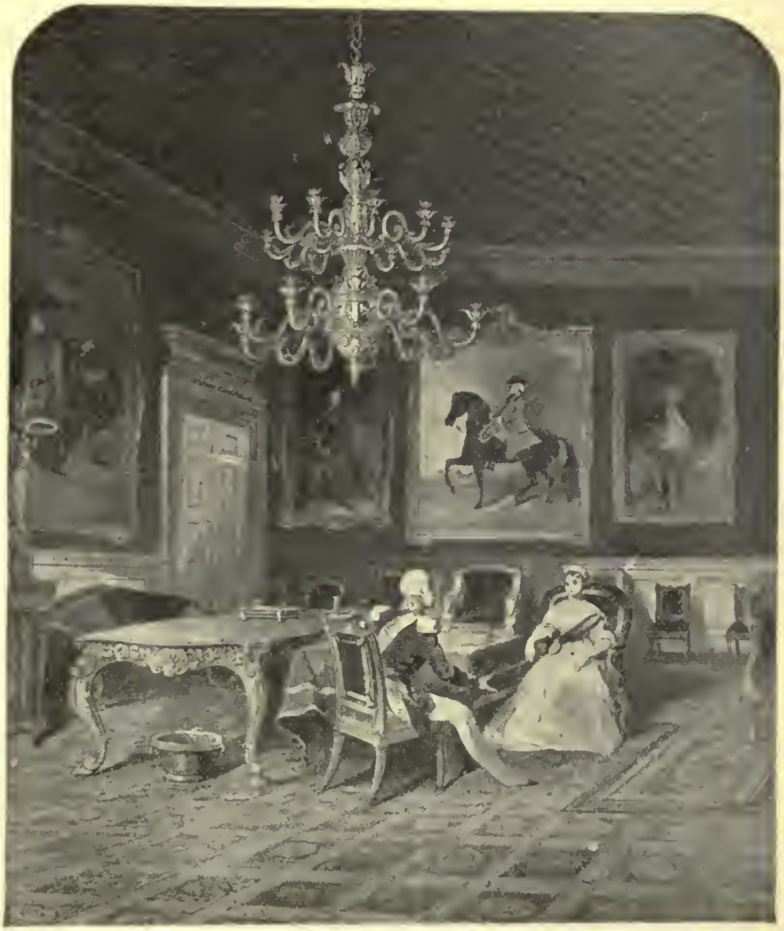
CHAPTER XIII.

PALACES OF LONDON.

THE greatest, and one of the oldest, palaces in the world is that at Windsor, but a description of it does not properly belong in this work, even though so much of moment and interest in English history appertains to this famous royal residence. It is twenty-three miles west of London, and hence beyond the scope of our undertaking, but it is not inappropriate to remark that Windsor was a residence of several Saxon kings before the Norman conquest, though the present palace was founded by William the Conqueror, and rebuilt by Edward III. In the royal vault connected with St. George's Chapel are the bodies of Henry VI., Edward IV. and his queen, Henry VIII., Jane Seymour, Charles I., George III. and his queen, George IV., the Princess Charlotte, the Duke of Kent, father of Queen Victoria, the Duke of York, William IV. and his queen, and Eugene Louis Jean Joseph Napoleon, son of Napoleon III. and Eugenie, Prince Imperial of France, who lost his life in South Africa in a battle with Cetewayo. He was the *fiancé* of Princess Beatrice.

The oldest palace in London is St. James, a fact which its appearance indicates, for the building is in a sad state of neglect, nor is it now used as a royal residence, though it continues to serve royal purposes, and is therefore somewhat reverently regarded. The palace was occupied by all the English sovereigns, however, from the time of the fire at Whitehall, in the reign of William III. (1697), to the occupation of Buckingham Palace by George IV. (1826). It is an irregular, I may say, unsightly, brick building founded for fourteen sisters, who were known as the "maidens that were leprous," as a hospital dedicated to St. James. The building was not long used for this purpose, however, for in 1528 Henry VIII. made it a manor, and wrought so many alterations and additions as entirely destroyed all semblance of its original appearance, besides annexing the present park and connecting it with the Palace of Whitehall. The only thing that remains of the old building is the brick gatehouse that faces St. James street, part of which is called the Chapel Royal, on the chimney-piece of which in the old presence chamber are still to be seen the initials H. A., which stand for Henry and Anne Boleyn, said to have been placed there by order of Henry VIII. There is a detached library that stands on the site of Stafford House, which was built by Caroline, queen of George II., and that portion which faces Cleveland Row was built for Frederick, Prince of Wales, upon his marriage in 1736, which event led to bitter disputes over the question of his income, that resulted in a permanent rupture between the king and prince.

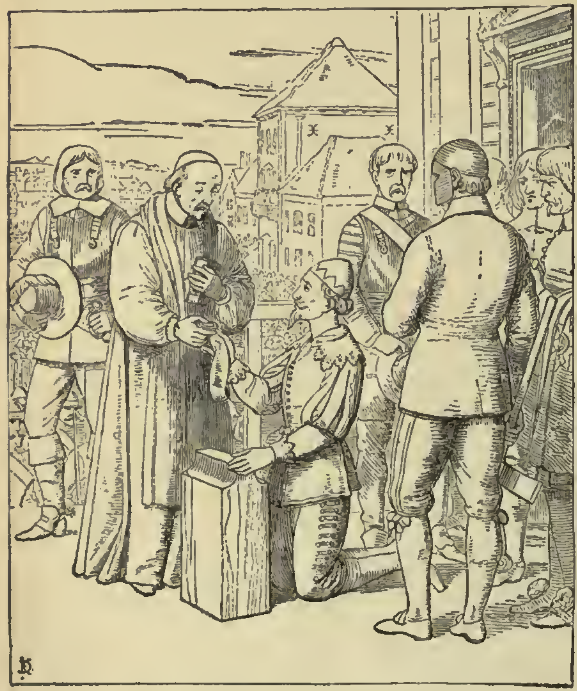
St. James Palace underwent many alterations and vast improvements during the negotiations for the marriage of Charles, Prince of Wales (afterward Charles I.), with the Infanta of Spain, being at the time designed for their residence, and which was so lavishly furnished and decorated that the people, already greatly oppressed by taxation, raised an outcry of opposition to such extravagances, and expressed, with much violence of language, their disapproval of the match. By a fire, in 1809, much of the eastern part of the building, occupied by the Duke of Cambridge, was destroyed, and has not since been restored, and in later years the palace has been suffered to show great deterioration. Until the death of the Prince Consort, in 1861, the Queen held her drawing-room social seances in St. James, and some few of the State levees are still held here, but all the royal receptions and great functions occur at Buckingham Palace. In what is known as the Color Court, where the standard of the household regiment is planted, the guards muster every day at eleven, and the regiment band plays for nearly half an hour.



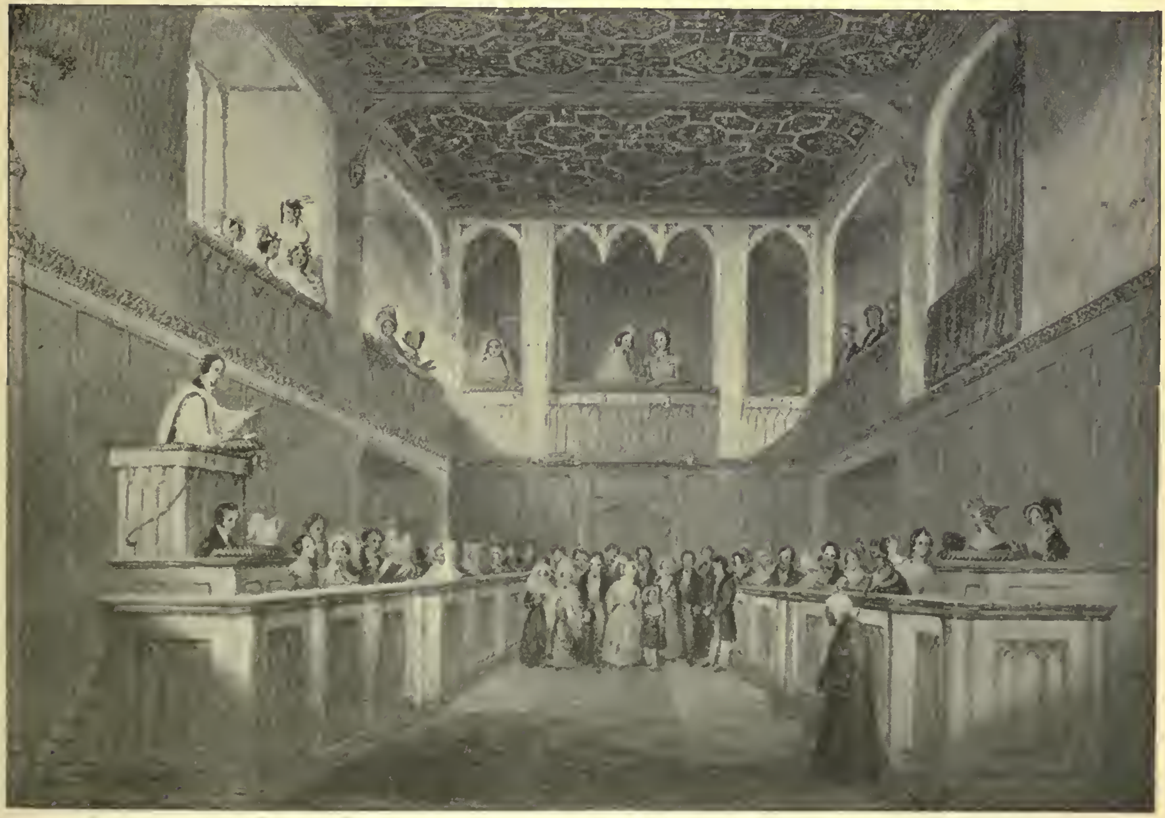
THE ROYAL CLOSET, ST. JAMES' PALACE.

Historic Memories about St. James Palace.

Mary I., surnamed "Bloody," died in St. James Palace, 1548; and it was here also that Henry, the Prince of Wales, eldest son of James I., quitted the earth, under suspicious circumstances (1612). Charles II. was born in the palace, in 1630, and here, under the closest guard, Charles I. spent the last fifteen days of his life (1649). It is said that during the last fortnight of his confinement "no man was suffered to speak to him but the soldiers of his guard, some of whom sat up always in his bed-chamber, and never allowed him to go into any other room, or out of their sight." It was in this royal cell he took final leave of his wife and children the day before the execution (January 30) and walked hence through the park to Whitehall, where the scaffold upon which he perished was erected. George Monk, Duke of Albemarle, Cromwell's great lieutenant and leader of the Restoration, resided for a while in the palace. On June 10, 1688, a son was born in the palace to James II., by his queen, Mary of Modena. This son received the name of James Edward Francis Stuart, whose life proved to be both a remarkable and stormy one. His legitimacy was suspected, because many believed the queen had not really been pregnant, but that a spurious child had been smuggled in a warming-pan to Her Majesty's bed in the great bed-chamber, with the intention of thus fraudulently introducing a pretended Roman Catholic heir. This charge was subsequently disproved, but it was the reason given why the infant prince was not immediately proclaimed king after the dethronement of his father in 1688. He was given an asylum at St. Germain by Louis XIV., who recognized his title to king, but he was never permitted to occupy the throne, and died in Rome, 1766, while there stood a reward of 100,000 crowns for his arrest and delivery in England.


KING CHARLES I. AT THE BLOCK.

The Duchess of Kendal (Schulemberg), the German mistress of George I., and Miss Brett, an English woman, who occupied the same disgraceful relationship to the king, had apartments in St. James Palace. And, as if to increase the shame of the king, three of his granddaughters were lodged in the palace at the same time. A most natural thing it was that a rupture should result. It presently fell out that Anne, the eldest granddaughter, took offence at the effrontery and flagrance of Miss Brett, who, in order to have direct connection with the palace garden, ordered a door to be cut in her apartment for that purpose. Miss Anne ordered that it be immediately closed, which Miss Brett as promptly had torn out again, and in this contest all social London became more or less interested, until the king suddenly died, when Miss Brett was ruthlessly forced from the palace. But more shocking misfits and mésalliances than the amours of George I. took place in the palace, to the disgrace of royalty. It is related that Mrs. Howard, who afterward became Countess of Suffolk, became the mistress of George II., and succeeded to the apartments once occupied by the Duchess of Kendal. The relationship was covert for a while, but Mrs. Howard had a husband who, not being able to account for the frequent absences of his wife from her lawful bed, made some unpleasant investigations which discovered to him his displacement by the king. He went to the palace, where he made a great disturbance, and in bawling speech demanded the restoration of his wife. The guards violently ejected him, but Walpole tells us the king was more considerate of his feelings, for by a gift of $6000 per year for life, he quieted the title, and thenceforth had Mr. Howard's consent to keep his wife in the royal harem. Some years later a Miss Vane, who was a "maid of honor," gave birth to a child in the palace, the father of which was Frederick, Prince of Wales. Poor Caroline, the queen of George II., died in the palace, which was the birthplace of George IV. And it may also be mentioned, as a relief to the social tragedies and shames therein enacted, that in the great council chamber of St. James odes of the poets-laureate were recited before the king and queen.



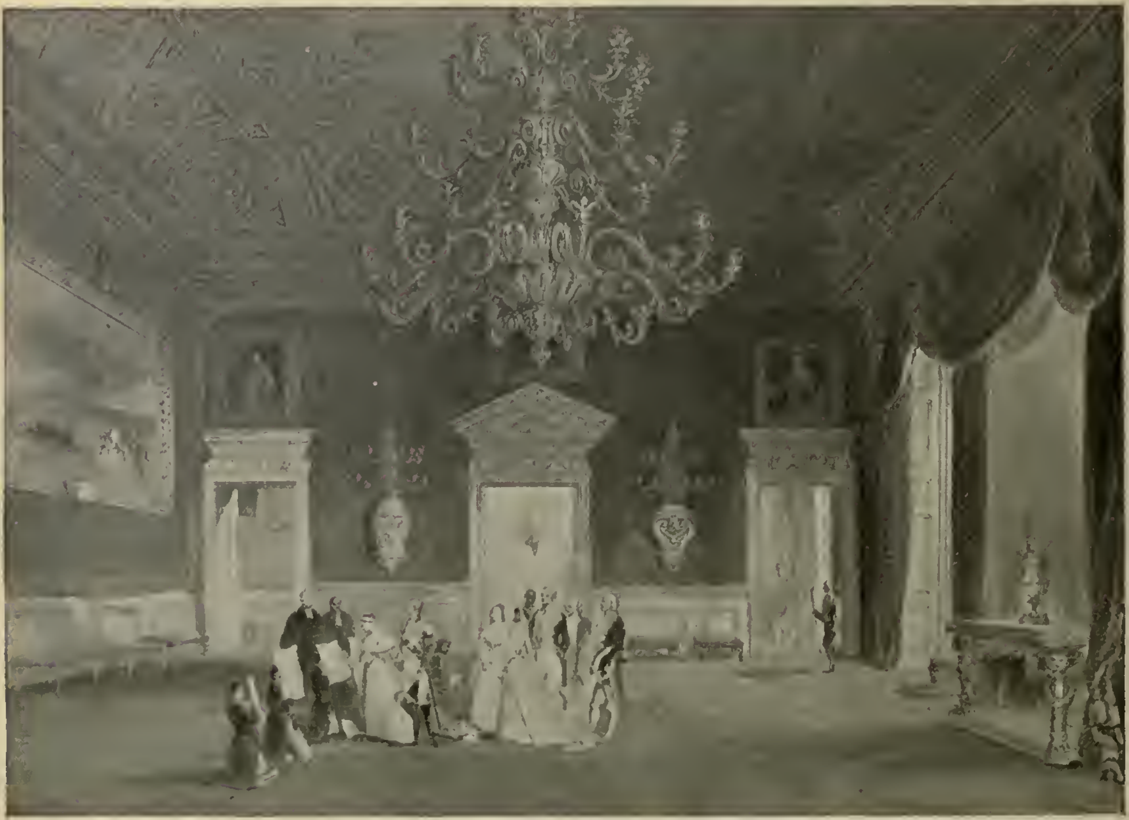
CHAPEL ROYAL. ST. JAMES PALACE.

Buckingham Palace,

The London residence of Queen Victoria is Buckingham Palace, a building to which the Duke of Wellington thus referred in the House of Lords in 1828:

"Yet, I must say, notwithstanding the expense which has been incurred in building the palace, that no sovereign in Europe, I may even add, perhaps, no private gentleman, is so ill lodged as the king of this country."

Buckingham House in St. James Park, was built in 1705 for John Sheffield, who was Duke of Buckinghamshire. The site was a mulberry garden in the time of Shakespeare, and during the reigns of Charles I. and II. it was a place of entertainment with a reputation that was not worth preserving. The old house was burned in 1674, at which time the garden was abandoned. The building erected by Sheffield was probably the finest in all London. It was situated at the west end of the park, fronting the Mall, with a fine garden in the rear, and in the yard was a large fountain lined with freestone and adorned with figures of Neptune and the Tritons. "Under the windows," as the duke himself wrote, "is a green-house wilderness full of blackbirds and nightingales." After the duke died the house became the property of his widow, and in turn that of the duke's natural son, Sir Charles, from whom George III. purchased it in 1762 for the sum of $140,000. The property was settled on Queen Charlotte in lieu of Somerset House, in 1775, and was then called "the Queen's House," in which Johnson had his famous interview with George III. Buckingham House underwent a great


DRAWING ROOM, ST. JAMES PALACE.

change after the accession of George IV., who in 1825 began making additions to the building, which work was continued for several years, and not completed until the reign of William IV., which lasted from 1830 till his death in 1837. When finished, however, the king was so displeased with the general appearance and inconvenience of the whole structure that he refused to occupy it.

When Queen Victoria ascended the throne, upon the death of William IV., several improvements were immediately made in the building, and she entered the new palace July 13, 1837. Since that time greater changes have been made, such as the removal of the marble arch, and the construction of a new front 160 feet in length at a cost of $750,000. The chapel on the south side, which was originally a conservatory, was consecrated in 1843, and the State ballroom, 110 feet long and 60 feet broad, was added in 1856.

Magnificence of Buckingham Palace.

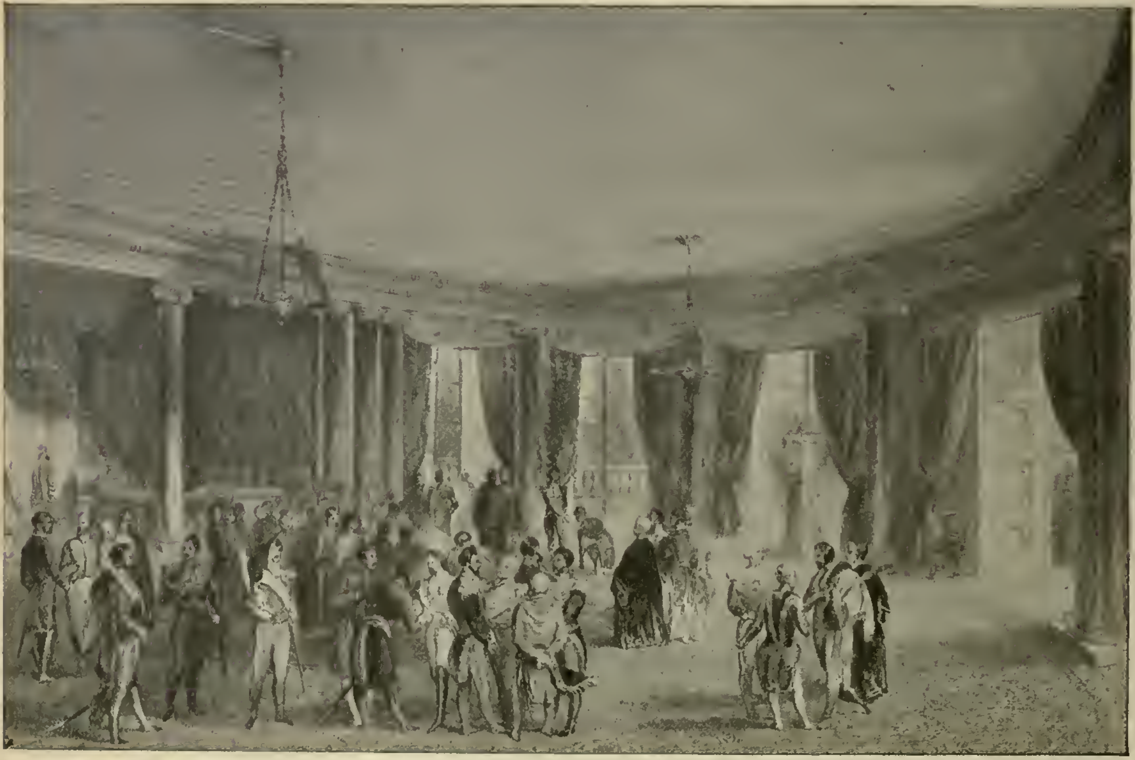
The palace is a huge quadrangle and so severely plain on the outside as to be positively unsightly, but the interior possesses many imposing features which render it appropriate, in point of splendor, for a royal residence. One of the most splendid of these is the Grand Staircase, which is composed of white marble, gorgeously decorated, and the Marble or Pillar room is a fitting accessory to the imposing escalier The library is tastefully adorned and of great size, which is used as a-waiting-room for deputations, who to reach the queen must pass through the Sculpture Gallery into the Marble Hall and thence ascend the Grand Staircase to the Green Drawing-room and thence to the Throne room. The drawing-room is 50 feet long and 32 feet in height, with walls hung with green satin, striped and gilded, while the door and shutter panels are filled with mirrors. The Throne room is 64 feet long with a ceiling gilded in the Italian style of the fifteenth century, and the walls are richly emblazoned with arms and heraldic devices. In the State rooms adjoining are many portraits and the picture gallery, 180 feet long, contains examples of the greatest Dutch and Flemish artists, a few of the pictures being very large.

BUCKINGHAM PALACE.

The mews, or enclosures where formerly the royal hawks and falcons were kept, are now used as a spacious riding school, a part of which is devoted to the housing of the State harness, stables for State horses, and forty carriages, among the latter being the magnificent State coach built in 1762, and superbly painted with a series of emblematical subjects, at a total cost of $3,608.34. Entrance to the stables is by the Buckingham Palace road, and the stud of horses and the carriages may be inspected by an order from the Master of the Horse, which is usually to be had upon application. The garden connected with the palace comprises about forty acres, five of which are occupied by a lake. In the garden is the queen's summer house, with a pavilion containing eight beautiful frescoes from Milton's "Comus," and several charming border decorations.

The Queen's Drawing-Room.

The Queen generally holds three or four Drawing-Rooms, or receptions, each year, which are the most important social functions given by any of the world's sovereigns. A very rigid censorship of the list of those to whom cards of admission are sent is exercised, and a very strict etiquette in point of dress and procedure is enforced. When State balls are given, visitors who have the *entré* are required to leave their carriages at the temporary garden entrance, and thence proceed to the Grand Hall, on which occasions refreshments are served in both the Garter-room and the Green Drawing-room, but supper is laid in the principal Dining-room. State concerts are always given in the Grand Salon.



THE LIBRARY, BUCKINGHAM PALACE.

Appearance before the Queen of England is an ordeal of no small severity, though the honor of a presentation is well worth the physical inconvenience consequent. The first step toward such an introduction is a call upon your ambassador to the court who, upon request, if you are properly recommended, will send your name to the Queen—not direct, of course, but through the Lord Chamberlain, who must have the candidate's personal card, accompanied by the ambassador's recommendation, at least two days before the Drawing-Room. This is necessary in order that the Queen may have time to examine the cards and communicate to the Lord Chamberlain her refusal or consent to receive the persons seeking to be presented. The costumes prescribed for such presentations consist of full-dress suits for gentlemen, and low corsage, long trains and well-coiffured hair for ladies.

GRAND STAIRCASE, BUCKINGHAM PALACE.

The number in attendance at these royal functions is always large, and a lady must be graceful, self-possessed and dexterous to avoid being confused. When leaving her carriage she passes through the gate and enters the ante-room, where she meets the lords-in-waiting, who will conduct her to the private drawing-room where she drops her train, which thus far has been carried folded over her left arm. The lord-in-waiting will adjust and spread her train by the use of his wand, and taking her card will pass it to the Lord Chamberlain, who will advance and read it aloud, at the same time directing the lady to the Presence Chamber. The lady so announced will then approach within a few feet of the Queen, usually to the edge of the dais upon which Her Majesty sits, where she must bow as low as possible. The Queen formerly arose and extended her hand, but infirmity of age permits her now to remain seated throughout the ceremony, so the Queen merely presents her ungloved hand, which the lady takes by the fingers and lifts to her mouth and imparts a light kiss *upon the back of her own hand.*

This completes the presentation, but great presence of mind and much dexterity will now be required in retiring from the royal presence, for the lady must not pick up her train, neither must she turn her back to Her Majesty, but bowing while she retires, she must manage her train with her feet and go backward until the doorway of the Presence Chamber is reached, when with another very low bow she may make her exit.

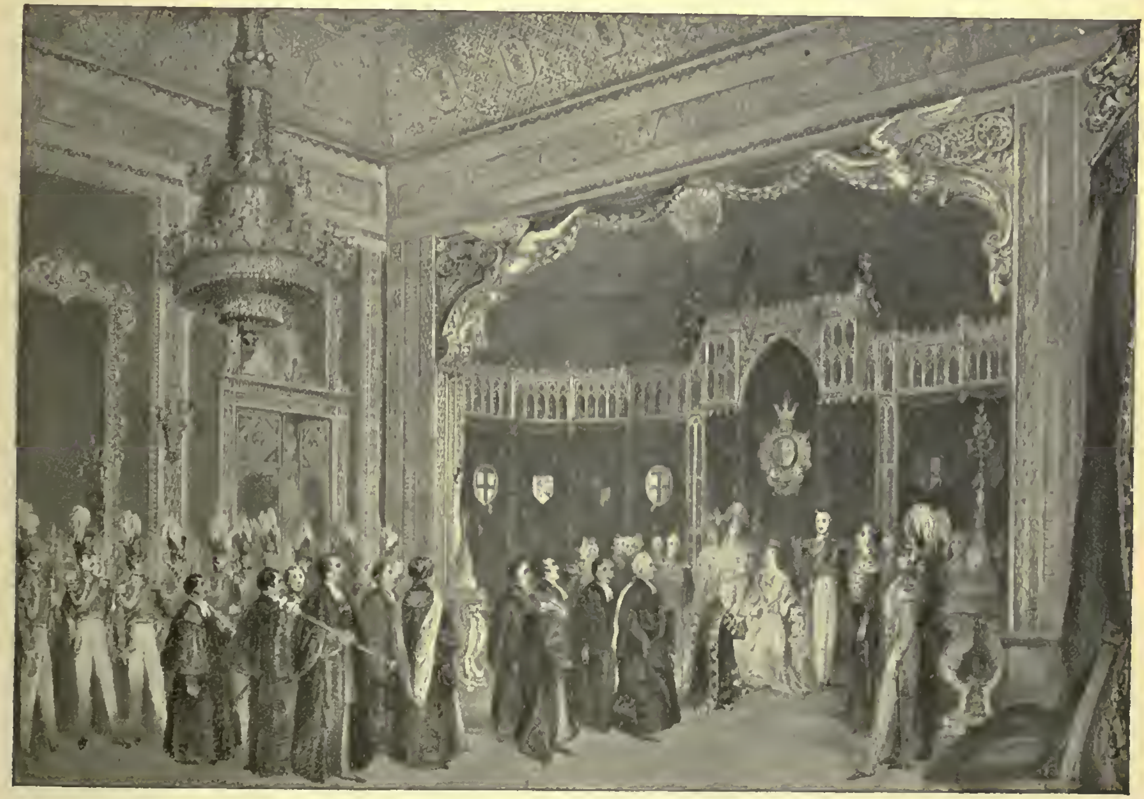
Historic Memories of Buckingham Palace.

Her Majesty, England's gracious Queen, was born at Kensington Palace, (May 24, 1819) but much of her early married life was spent in Buckingham Palace. She is the only child of Edward, Duke of Kent, fourth son of George III., and the princess Victoria Mary Louisa, of Saxe-Coburg-Saafeld. Neither George IV. nor his two brothers, the Dukes of York and Clarence, had surviving legitimate issue, and so she became heir presumptive to the throne on the accession of her uncle William IV., in 1830, and succeeded as sovereign upon his death in 1837, though she was not crowned until June 28, 1838. She resided at Buckingham Palace but was married in the small chapel of St. James Palace, February 10, 1840, to her cousin Prince Albert, of Saxe-Coburg Gotha. It was in Buckingham Palace, however, that her first two children, Victoria and Albert Edward, present Prince of Wales, were born. The former (in 1858) became the wife of the crown prince, afterwards Frederick William, Emperor of Germany, who died in 1891. Since the death of the Prince Consort, at Windsor, December 24, 1861, the sorrowing Queen has spent little of her time in London, preferring the quieter life afforded in her palaces at Windsor, Osborne, and Balmoral.

QUEEN'S DRAWING-ROOM RECEPTION.

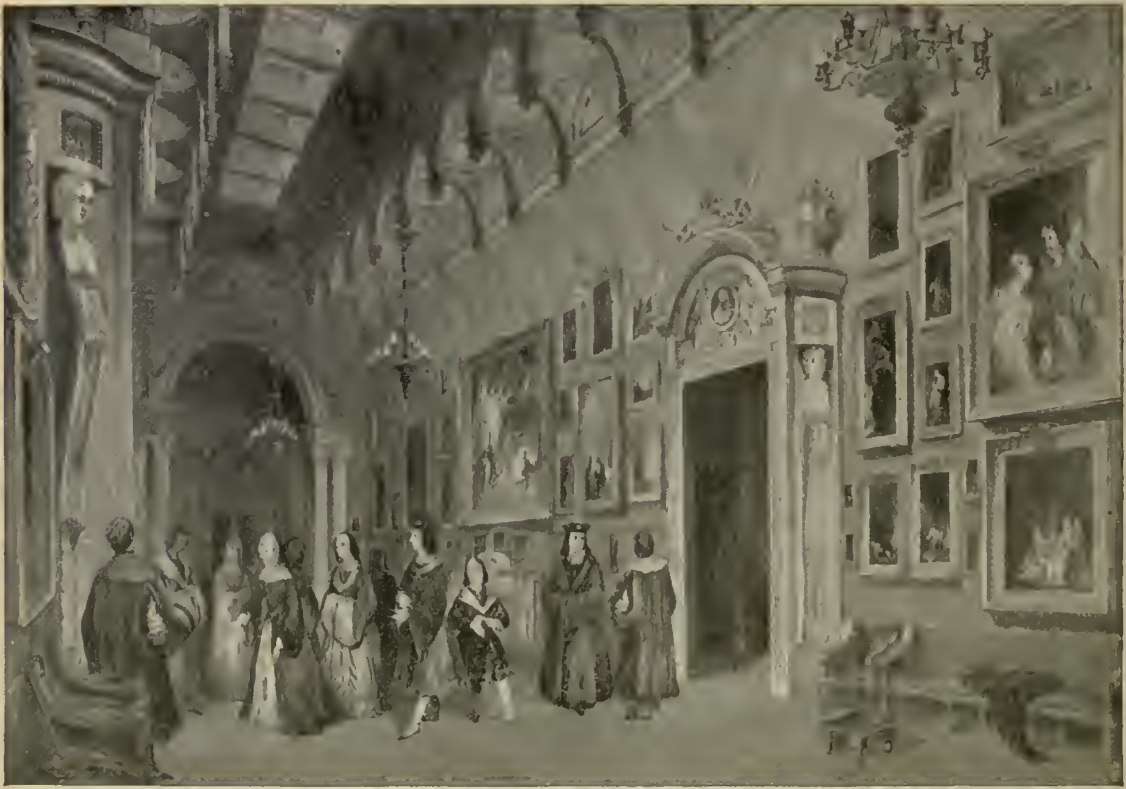
Marlborough House.

The London residence of the Prince of Wales is Marlborough House, which is on Pall Mall, near Buckingham Palace. The building was designed by Sir Christopher Wren for John Churchill, who was the great Duke of Marlborough, and built in 1710 at a cost of $220,000, an amount then that would be equivalent to about $1,000,000 now. A description of the house written by Mackey in 1722, reads thus: "Marlborough House, the palace of the Duke of Marlborough, is in every way answerable to the grandeur of its master. Its situation is more confined than that of the Duke of Buckinghamshire; but the body of the house much nobler, more compact, and the apartments better disposed. It is situated at the west end of the King's Garden on the Park side, and fronts the Park, but with no other prospect than the view. Its court is very spacious and finely paved; the offices are large and on each side as you enter; the stairs mounting to the gate are very noble; and in the vestibule as you enter are finely painted the battles of Hockstet and Blenheim with the taking of Marshall Tallard prisoner."



THE THRONE ROOM, BUCKINGHAM PALACE.

The building as it now appears is a long and low red brick with stone rusticated pilasters and a balustrade on the summit. The walls, especially of the principal staircases and great hall are splendidly decorated with battle paintings representing the victories of the duke. It is a strange thing that when extensive alterations were made in the building in 1861 these fine paintings, covering an area of some 500 square yards of surface, were discovered beneath several coats of paint and wall paper, and when exposed and cleaned found to be in an admirable state of preservation, the pictures in the meantime having been entirely forgotten. The great Duke of Marlborough died in his Lodge at Great Windsor Park, but his body was brought to the house to lie in state until his burial in Westminster. His duchess survived him twenty-two years and died in the house in 1744. After her death the house passed successively to the second and third dukes of Marlborough, but reverted to the crown in 1817 and became the residence of the Princess Charlotte and Prince Leopold. It was next occupied by the Queen Dowager Adelaide, widow of William IV., upon whose death it served as a museum for the Vernon collection and the Turner paintings which were removed to South Kensington in 1859. Two years later the building was put in thorough repair, the interior remodeled and newly decorated and it became the London residence of the Prince of Wales, which it continues to be.


PICTURE GALLERY OF BUCKINGHAM PALACE.

Mansion House, or Lord Mayor's Residence.

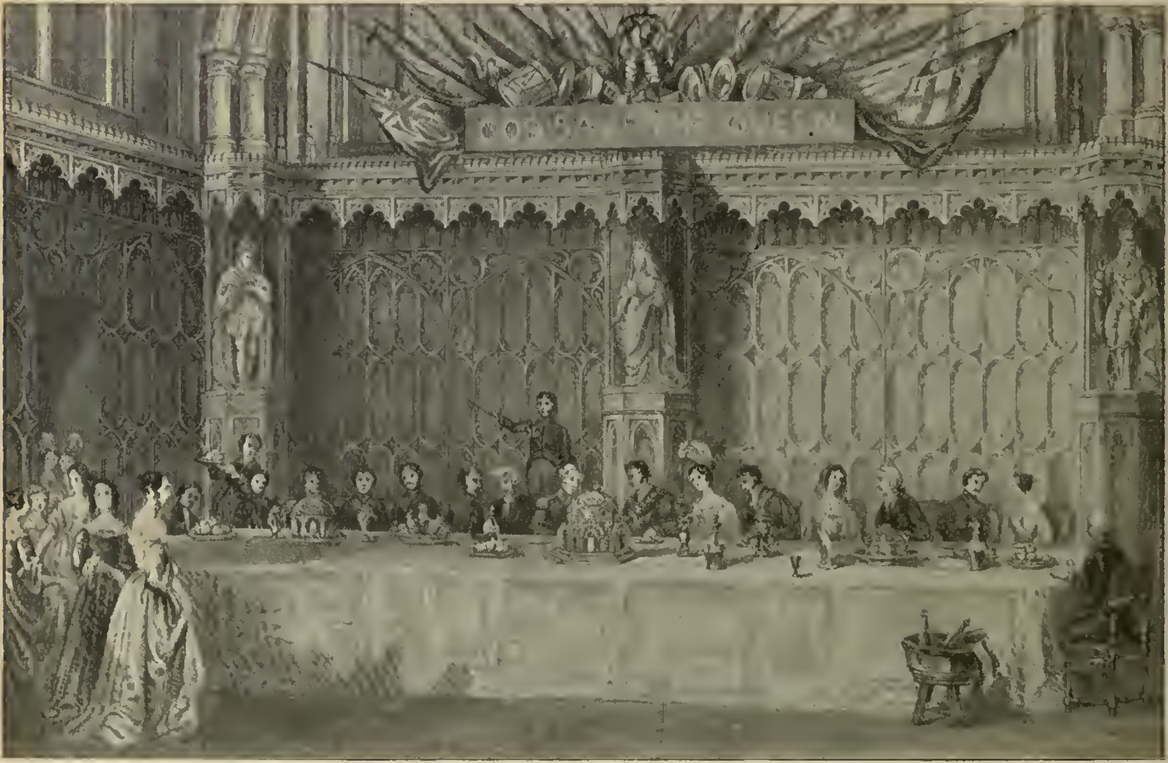
One of the greatest offices in England is that of Lord Mayor of London, a dignity which, though almost ephemeral, is as potent as that of emperor, for in London the Lord Mayor takes precedence of royalty. Mansion House, which is the Lord Mayor's official residence, occupies what was once the site of the old stock market, opposite the Bank of England, and though its erection was begun in 1739, the building was not completed until 1753, at a total cost of $350,000. It is a substantial structure of Portland stone with a handsome exterior, the chief feature of which is a beautiful portico of six lofty, fluted Corinthian columns, resting on a rustic base. In the pediment is an alto-relievo of a woman crowned with turrets, symbolizing the wealth and dignity of London, and the roof is supported by large Corinthian pillars of stone, that give a solid and effective appearance to the interior, which is resplendent with color and gilding. The principal room is called Egyptian Hall, because it was made to correspond exactly with the hall described by Vitruvius, and is 90 feet long by 60 feet broad, with a ceiling of a most ornate character. In this hall the Lord Mayor gives his banquets and entertainments, where 350 persons may dine at one time. The salon, drawing, and reception rooms are also very large and splendidly decorated, in which are to be seen many charming pieces of sculpture, such as "Genius and the Morning Star," "Egeria and Caractacus," "Alastor and Hermione," and "Comus." In a large room in the basement is held the city police court, where the Lord Mayor, or a designated alderman, presides.

MANSION HOUSE AND QUEEN VICTORIA STREET.

Something about the Bedizened Lord Mayor.

The Lord Mayor of London is chosen annually on the twenty-ninth of September from the aldermen who have served as sheriff, and is sworn in at the Law Courts on the ninth of November following, at which time a wonderfully spectacular procession takes place. The pageant forms at Guildhall at eleven o'clock, and escorted by a company of cavalry traverses the ward of which the Lord Mayor is alderman; thence it proceeds to the Law Courts, through the Strand to Westminster, and returns to Guildhall by way of Charing Cross and Northumberland Avenue. During this official parade the Lord Mayor rides in a heavy but richly carved and gilded coach, built in 1757 at a cost of $5155, and upon which $500 is spent every year. This splendid vehicle is drawn by six much-bedizened horses, that lend mediæval pomp to the display. He is robed in a red gown, and is accompanied by sword and mace-bearers, the former carrying the sword and pearl scabbard that was presented to the Corporation by Queen Elizabeth, at the opening of the Royal Exchange, while the latter support the great gold mace that was given to the city by Charles I. At the close of the pageant the Lord Mayor gives a grand dinner in Guildhall, at which he presides, and which is always attended by some of Her Majesty's ministers; for it must be understood that both the Lord Mayor's show and the banquet is an annual assertion of the monarchy of the middle classes, and are symbols of the power and influence of the municipality.

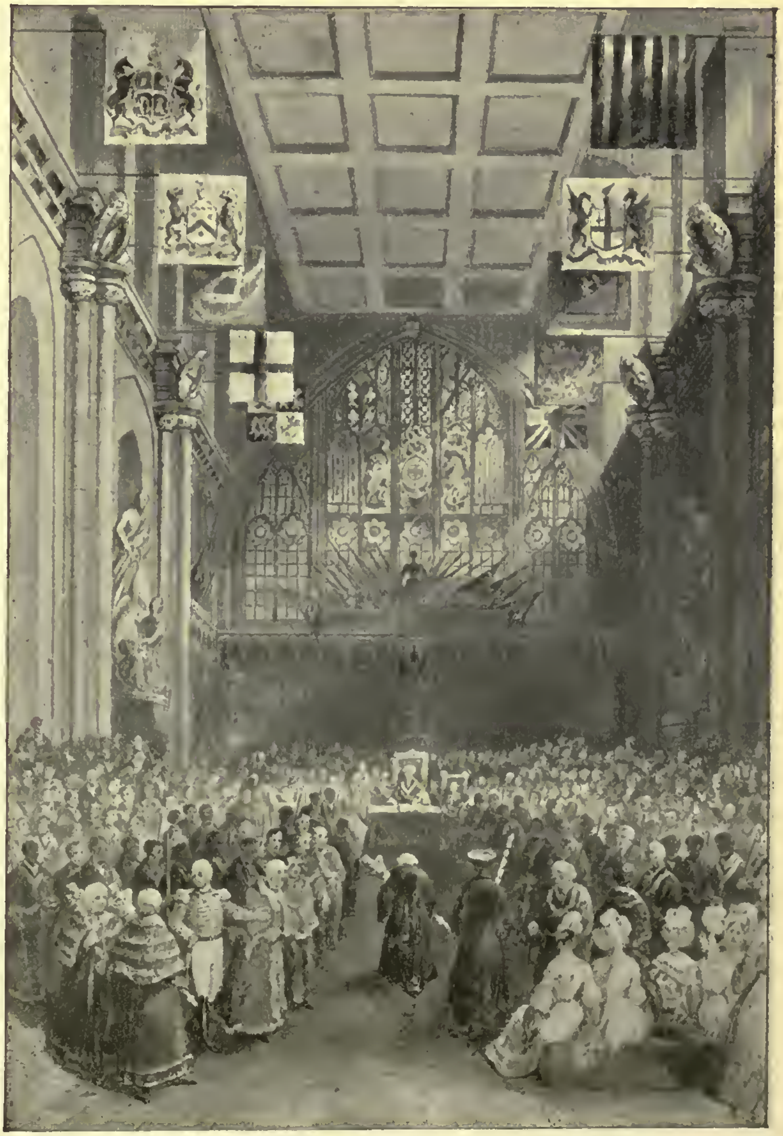
On November 9, 1896, I had the pleasure of witnessing the Lord Mayor's parade and the installation of Mr. A. Faudel-Philips as the successor of Sir Walter Wilkins. On this occasion the procession was composed largely of triumphal floats illustrative of London industries, partaking more of a trades display than of an official pageantry, for a very great number of leading manufacturers were represented by splendid cars that were generally dressed in a manner typical of their respective industries, the whole procession being almost two miles long. In addition to the trades pageant there were other features of a novel and very pleasing character. The lady mayoress rode in a separate carriage behind that of the Lord Mayor's, attended by maids of honor, who in turn were accompanied by a half score of groomsmen. Preceding the Lord



LORD MAYOR'S TABLE, GUILDHALL.

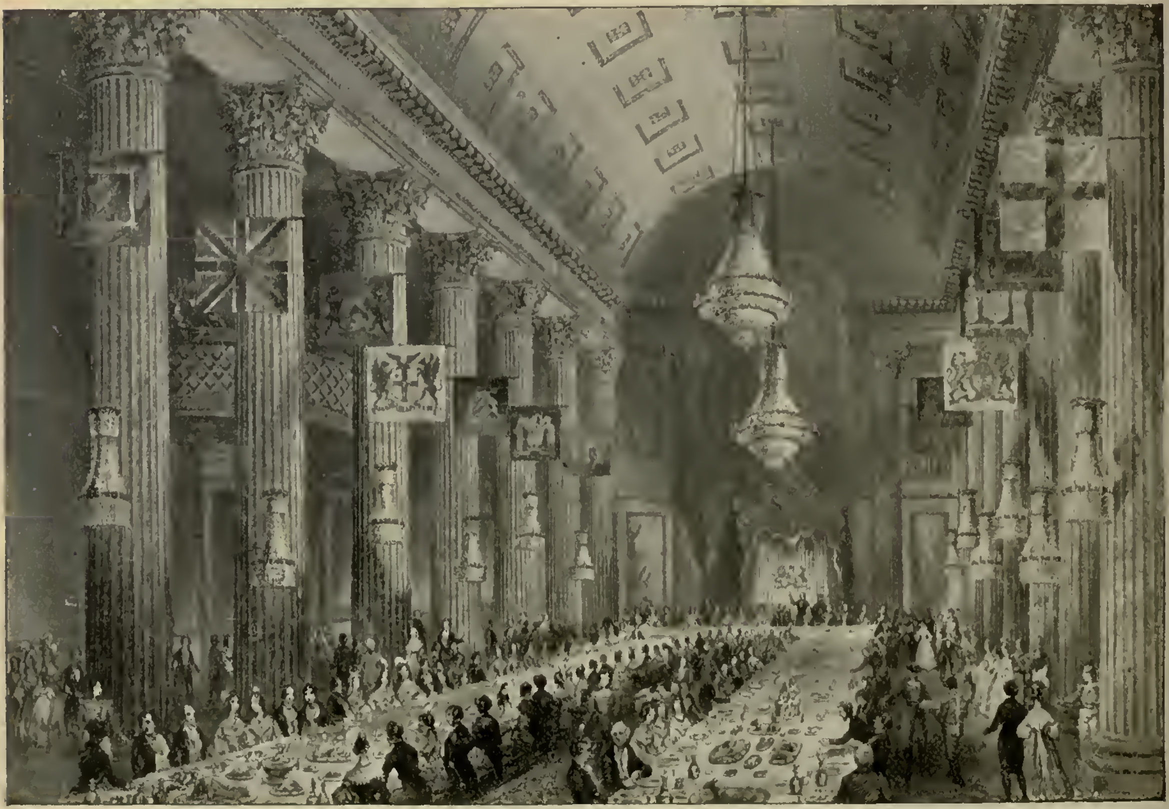
Mayor's carriage was an escort of Scot's Greys, and behind the State carriages marched several line regiments, followed by naval cadets and a division of the Gordon Boys' Orphanage. All the streets along which the procession passed were a flutter of color, for every house on the way was heavily hung with bright bunting, and flags were swung out above the pavement until the dancing shadows caused by a cheerful sun emphasized the city's jubilation.

The banquet which followed the parade was one of the greatest ever given in London, and one of the most important, for responding to the toast "The Ministers," Lord Salisbury announced the policy of government in the matter of the Venezuelan controversy and the Armenian massacres. The former, he declared, was in a way of satisfactory settlement, and the latter, he admitted, was in the hands of the five powers, independent action by England, to force Turkish reforms, being inexpedient.


INSTALLATION OF THE LORD MAYOR IN GUILDHALL.

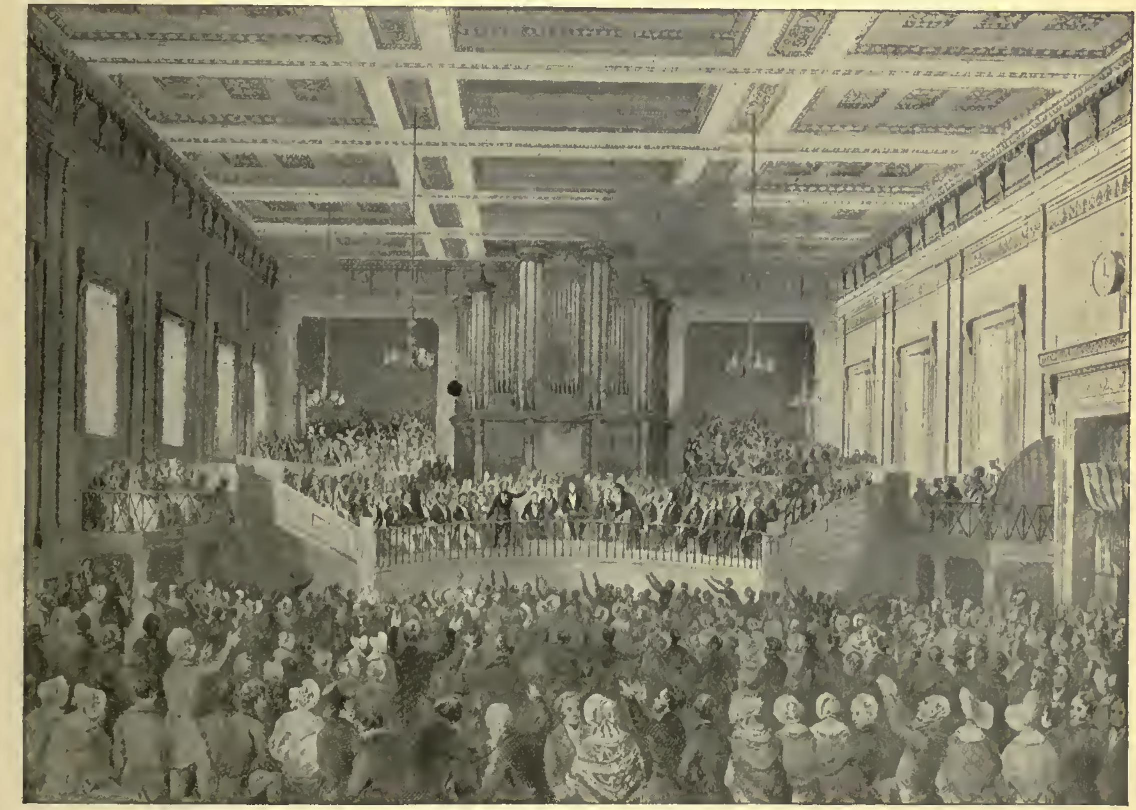
Hoary and Famous Guildhall.

One of the most ancient and noted buildings in London is Guildhall, devoted to municipal purposes, corresponding to the Hotel de Ville of French cities and to the town hall of American municipalities. The name is derived from the association of guilds, or companies, in which various trades of London were incorporated, as explained in an earlier chapter. The origin of this establishment is unknown, and the date of the erection of the first guildhall is likewise obscure, but there are historic references which show its existence as early as the twelfth century, and the location was then, as it is now, in the ward of Cheap. It was not until near the end of the fourteenth century, however, that the commerce of the city had so increased as to arouse public sentiment to the importance of agitating the erection of a new guildhall or enlargement of the one then in use. The matter was considerably discussed but no definite action was taken until about the year 1411, when an enlargement of the hall was begun, which work was of such a thorough character as to result in the erection of a practically new building. At this time there were in the city no less than ninety separate guilds, and as it was not convenient for all of them, with their ever-growing importance, to occupy the same hall, they began the erection of private meeting places until gradually Guildhall was left entirely to civic purposes, and thus became the City Hall. The building was not finished until 1433, and since that time it has been altered so frequently, following damages by fire and decay, that very little of the original structure remains; certainly not more than the walls and crypt. The present building, which is a decided patchwork, dates from 1789, nor does it demonstrate any genius of the architect, George Dance, whose name is all but forgotten.



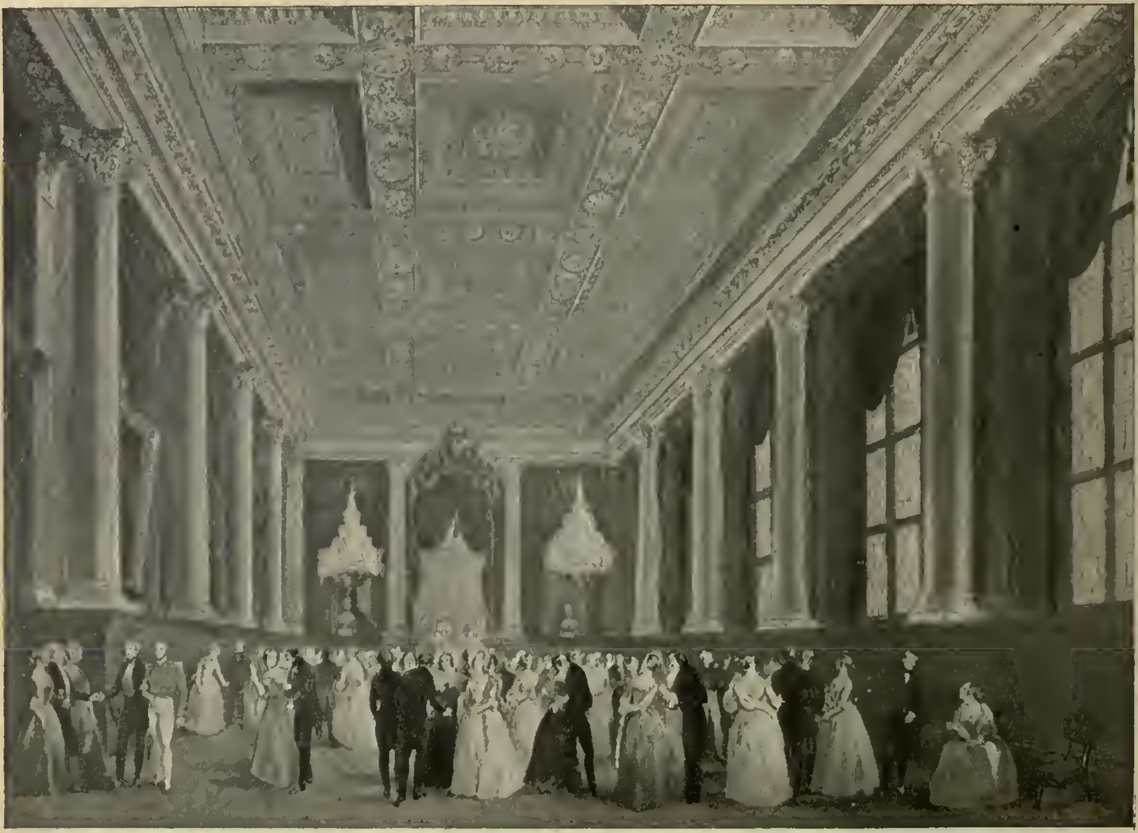
BANQUET IN EGYPTIAN HALL, MANSION HOUSE.

Guildhall is, in one respect, a public meeting house, wherein aldermen assemble to transact municipal business, and also to canvass the elections of members of Parliament, lord mayors, sheriffs, and other civil officers. In addition to these uses it serves for others of a more flamboyant character, for it is in this hall important receptions are held, city banquets given, and many entertainments and ceremonials celebrated. The banqueting room is of noble dimensions, being 152 feet in length, 49 feet in width, and 89 feet in height to the Norman roof. The room is also beautifully embellished with eight bay windows filled with glass illuminated with scenes illustrating many striking events in London history, and with portraits and armorial bearings. The crypt is 75 feet long by 45 feet wide, divided by marble columns into naves and aisles and the ceiling is vaulted.



PUBLIC MEETING IN EXETER HALL.

Connected with Guildhall proper is a library and museum, opened in 1872, the former of which is 100 feet long by 64 feet wide, while the latter is 83 feet in length, and the same width as the library. The library contains some 75,000 volumes, among which are many books and illustrations of early plays and London pageants, with municipal literature abounding. Herein may also be seen Shakespeare's autograph affixed to a deed of conveyance, for which the corporation of London paid the sum of $735 at a public sale. The museum is very interesting, especially to a British archæologist, for it contains a great many London antiquities, relics of Roman occupation, a larger part of the exhibits having been unearthed during excavations for the Royal Exchange and other public buildings. There are also shown, among other curiosities, a considerable collection of mediæval tokens of pilgrims and tradesmen, the most famous one of which is the carved and painted boar's head, from the tavern in Eastcheap, where Prince Hal (afterwards Henry V.), and Sir John Falstaff drank sack, and with good capon lined told jokes and held bacchanals.


BALL IN THE GOLDSMITHS' HALL.

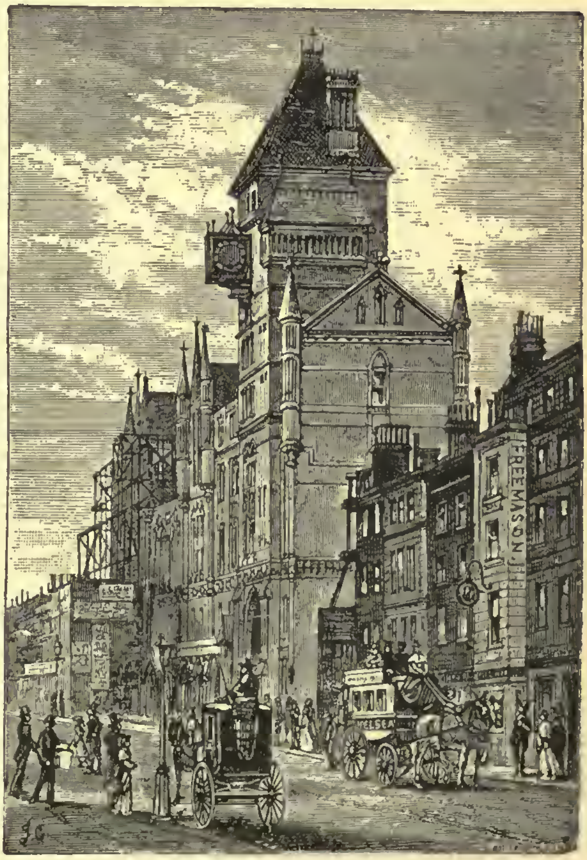
Two Legendary Giants

Through the aisles of Guildhall are distributed many monuments to English statesmen, such as Lord Chatham, Edmund Burke, William Pitt, Admiral Nelson, Duke of Wellington, and others. In the main hall there are two colossi, known as the two giants, Gog and Magog, but which antiquarians declare to represent Colbrand and Bradmore, two giants of Irish legends. Hentzner, however, says the gilded statues are those of Corineus, of Britain, and Gogmagog, of Albion, two giants who gave valuable assistance to the Britons during the Roman invasion.

Fairholt refers to two giants, supposed to be the same that are now in Guildhall, as follows :

"In 1415, when Henry V. entered London from Southwark, a male and female giant stood at the entrance of London Bridge, the male bearing an axe in his right hand, and in his left the keys of the city hanging to a staff, as if he had been the porter. In 1432, when Henry VI. entered the city the same way, a mighty giant awaited him, as his champion, at the same place. In 1554, when Philip and Mary made their public entry into London, 'two images, representing two giants, the one named Corineus, and the other Gogmagog,' stood upon London Bridge, holding between them certain flattering Latin verses; and when Elizabeth passed through the city, the day before her coronation (January 12, 1558), these two giants were placed at Temple Bar, holding between them a poetical recapitulation, in Latin and English, of the pageants that day exhibited."

The new council chamber, which is on the north side of Guildhall, was first used for a court sitting in 1884, but now the courts within the hall are several, as follows : Court of Common Council, Court of Aldermen, Court of Hustings, Court of Orphans, Sheriff's Court, Court of the Wardmote (where defaults in matters relating to the watch, police, and the like, within the ward, are presented) and the Chamberlain's Court. The crown courts were also held here until their abolishment by the judicature act.

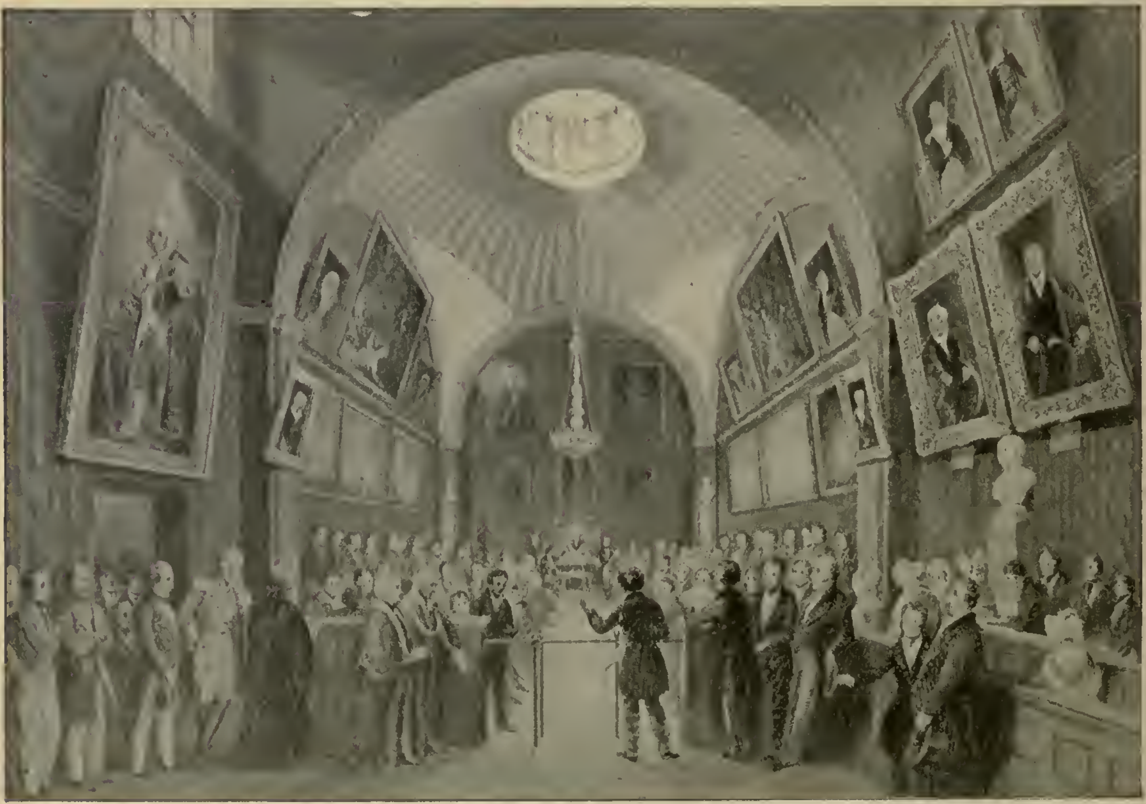


THE LAW COURTS BUILDING.

Historical Events in Guildhall.

Many memorable scenes have transpired in Guildhall to render the building one of great historic interest. It was here that the trial and condemnation of Anne Askew took place, who was burnt at Smithfield in July, 1546. Among other great trials held in Guildhall was that of the Earl of Surrey, the poet, in 1547, who, being convicted of treason for having quartered the royal arms with his own, was beheaded on Tower Hill the same year. In 1553, the trial of Lady Jane Grey and her husband took place here; in 1554, Sir Nicholas Throgmorton was brought to bar in the hall charged with being an accomplice in Sir Thomas Wyatt's rebellion, but was acquitted, to become Chief of the Exchequer under Elizabeth shortly after. On January 5, 1642, Charles I., after his futile effort to arrest the Five Opposition Members of Parliament, attended a common council in Guildhall to claim the assistance of citizens to seize the offending members in case they took refuge in the city.

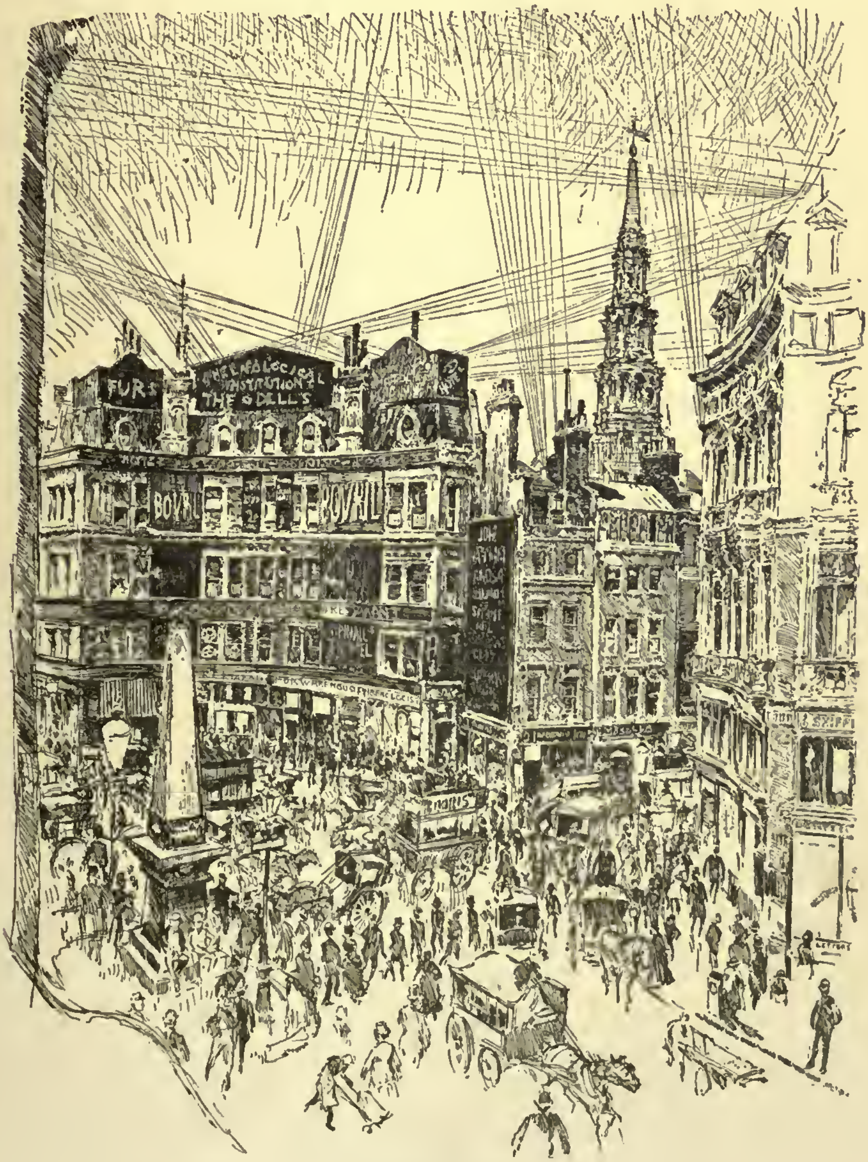
The splendid feasts at which sovereigns and distinguished persons have been the guests have been too numerous to specially name, for many have been given in the hall during every reign since the building was first erected. The chief event of this character now is the Lord Mayor's dinner, given on the installation of that functionary on the ninth of every November. Upon such occasions the main hall is divided, one part being called the Hustings, and the other the Hall, thus providing for the attendance of persons of higher and lower rank. There is also another distinction made by serving only hot dishes in the Hustings, and only turtle soup in the Hall; but in both old, shop-worn, mediæval customs are observed, the loving-cup still being passed, and beef-barons make themselves conspicuous by both dress and manners, to which lack of refinement Pope thus alludes:



COURT OF COMMON COUNCIL, GUILDHALL.

"Have you not seen at Guildhall's narrow pass
Two Aldermen dispute it with an Ass?"

"The annual salary of the Lord Mayor is $50,000, but his expenditures are usually much greater. As the chief magistrate of the city he has the right of precedence in the city before all the royal family; a right disputed in St. Paul's Cathedral by George IV. when Prince of Wales, but maintained by Sir James Shaw, the Lord Mayor, and confirmed by George III. The entire city is placed in his custody, and it was usual on State occasions to close Temple Bar at the aproach of the sovereign, not in order to exclude him, but in order to admit him in form."



LUDGATE CIRCUS.

CHAPTER XIV.

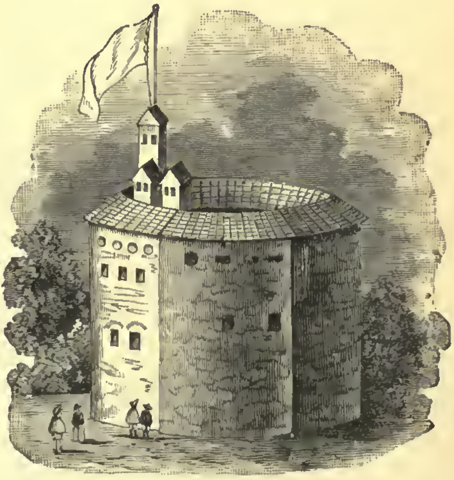
LONDON THEATRES.

LONDON is the most opulent city of the world, and due provision is made to amuse the population by keeping open no less than threescore theatres, not all first-class, during the winter, and an undiscoverable number of amusement places in summer, where all classes of persons may be found, so that you cannot fail to find some who belong to your own level if you care to look for them. You have heard of Sir Henry Irving, who has a greater reputation perhaps for mounting plays than for acting, but who stands the undisputed head and exemplar of the profession. Sir Henry is the presiding genius of the greatest theatre in London, which is only a paraphrase of the equally true assertion that he is proprietor and chief actor of the most famous playhouse in the world, viz., the Lyceum, which unpretentiously fronts upon the Strand. The name is borrowed from what was the academy or exhibition room, built in 1765 for the Incorporated Society of Artists, in which were displayed R. Ker Porter's famous war pictures, "The Battle of Agincourt," "Battle of Lodi," "Siege of Acre," and "Siege of Seringapatam." At this time concerts were also given in the building, but in 1790 it became a theatre, and in 1809 the English Opera House, but was totally destroyed by fire in 1830. A new building arose from the ashes, and was opened four years later with a double front, one on upper Wellington street and the other on the Strand, but its fame was gained under the administration of Sir Henry, whose identification with the theatre has continued for more than twenty years, as has also his invaluable adjunct and co-laborer, the beautiful and talented Ellen Terry.

One of the greatest events in London is a "first night" at the Lyceum; an affair of equal importance whether regarded from an artistic or social standpoint, for the presentation of a new play, or an old drama, in the refurbished and brilliant dressing that characterizes Sir Henry's representations is impressive and educational in historic fidelity and spectacular effects. To secure an admission to this great playhouse on such occasions is a privilege almost beyond estimation, which thousands think it a modest sacrifice to stand as much as six hours before the box office to obtain. The boxes are, at these times, filled with members of the loftiest rank, and the stalls are crowded with leaders of wealth, fashion, the professions, and of society. Even the gods in the gallery black their shoes and slick their hair and leave their noisy whistles on the outside, that the great audience may shine throughout with eminent respectability and decorum. And however great may be your expectations as to the pleasure of the performance, I promise there shall be no disappointments, for scenic accessories in the Lyceum harmonize perfectly with the excellence of the acting, and the entertainment is mental banquet and eye refreshment for all classes.

Covent Garden Theatre.

Next in point of popularity to the Lyceum is Covent Garden Theatre, known also as the Royal Italian Opera House, situate on the west side of Bow street, Covent Garden. The site has been a strangely unfortunate one, since the present is the fourth theatre that has occupied it, two of its predecessors having fallen victims to accidental flames, and one proved a bad failure. The first theatre hereon was opened in 1733 by John Rich, a famous harlequin, who lost his fortune in a vain effort to maintain it. This first building was greatly enlarged sixty years later at an expense of $150,000, but in 1808, while under the management of John Kemble, it was burned during a performance, and some thirty persons lost their lives. Before the year expired, however, its rebuilding was begun by the laying of the corner-stone by the Prince of Wales (George IV.), and the new theatre was opened a year later, the cost of the structure being $750,000. So magnificent was the style of the building and so lavish its ornamentation, both exterior and interior, that a new tariff of prices was adopted, almost double what they had previously been, which gave occasion for a great popular protest since known to history as the O. P. (old prices) riots. The following description of these noisy protestations is taken from "Notes of Horace and James Smith:"



SHAKESPEARE'S THEATRE.

"The new Covent Garden Theatre opened September 18, 1809, when a cry of 'Old Prices' (afterward diminished to 'O. P.') burst from every part of the house. This continued and increased in violence till the twenty-third, when rattles, drums, whistles, and cat-calls, having completely drowned the voices of the actors, Mr. Kemble, the stage-manager, came forward and said that a committee of gentlemen had undertaken to examine the finances of the concern, and that till they were prepared with their report the theatre would continue closed. 'Name them!' was shouted from all sides. The names were declared. 'All shareholders!' bawled away from the gallery. In a few days the theatre reopened; the public paid no attention to the report of the referees, and the tumult was renewed for several weeks with even increased violence. The proprietors now sent in hired bruisers to mill the refractory into subjection. This irritated most of their former friends, and among the rest the annotator, who accordingly wrote the song of 'Heigh-ho, says Mr. Kemble,' which was caught up by the ballad singers and sung under Mr. Kemble's windows in Great Russell street. A dinner was given (December 14) at the Crown and Anchor Tavern, in the Strand, to celebrate the victory obtained by W. Clifford in his action against Brandon, the box-keeper, for wearing the letters O. P. in his hat. At this dinner Mr. Kemble attended, and matters were compromised by allowing the advanced price (seven shillings) to the boxes." The riot lasted sixty-seven nights, after which the pit price was reduced to three shillings and six pence (eighty-four cents).

Wheatley says: "The expenses of Covent Garden Theatre were so great that it was long unlet for the purposes of the legitimate drama. M. Jullien held his promenade concerts in it for some time, and in the years 1843–45 it was leased by the members of the Anti-Corn Law League. Great alterations were made in the spring of 1847, and on Tuesday, April 16, 1847, it was publicly opened as an Italian Opera, but with such an extravagance of expenditure that in 1848 there was a loss of $168,218.04, and in 1849 of $123,202.20. In one year (1848) the Vocal Department cost $161,449.16; the ballet, $40,228.20; and the orchestra, $48,632.32. It continued, however, to be maintained as an Italian Opera, but was let occasionally for other purposes, and on March 5, 1856, after the holding of a bal-masque, it was burned to the ground."

PARIS AND
EUROPE HOTEL

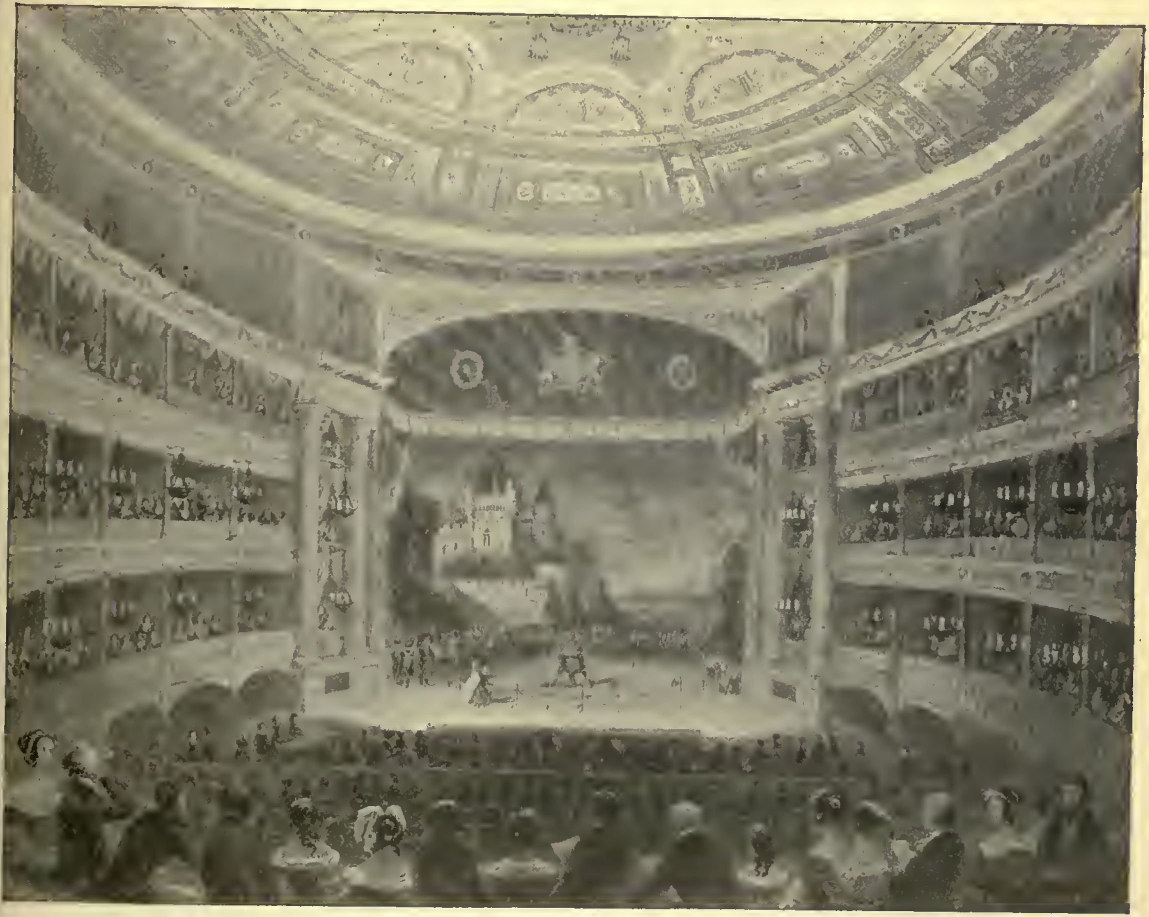
EMPIRE THEATRE, LEICESTER SQUARE.

It is surprising how frequent is the destruction of theatres in London by fires, whereas in Paris nearly all theatres, as well as public buildings generally, seem to have immunity, except from the torch of the Commune.

In less than six months after the burning of the Covent Garden Theatre, the labor of erecting a new and larger theatre building on the site was begun, next in size to the La Scala of Milan, which has a seating capacity of 4000. The work was under the superintendence of E. M. Barry, R. A., who pushed it so energetically that the house was opened and dedicated exclusively to Italian opera in May, 1858. The dimensions of the present building are as follows: depth

75 feet, width 65 feet, height 80 feet, and yet the seats are set so far apart that the capacity is only 2000. The stage is 90 feet deep, and 50 feet high, and the proscenium is 50 feet high and 40 feet deep. Connected with the Opera House is a glass building called Floral Hall, which was constructed originally for a flower market, but is now used for concerts.

Londoners are proud of their Royal Opera House, yet it does not favorably compare in point of richness with those in Paris, Milan, Vienna, or St. Petersburg; and it can hardly be said that opera is so well patronized in the world's metropolis as it is in many of the lesser cities of the continent.

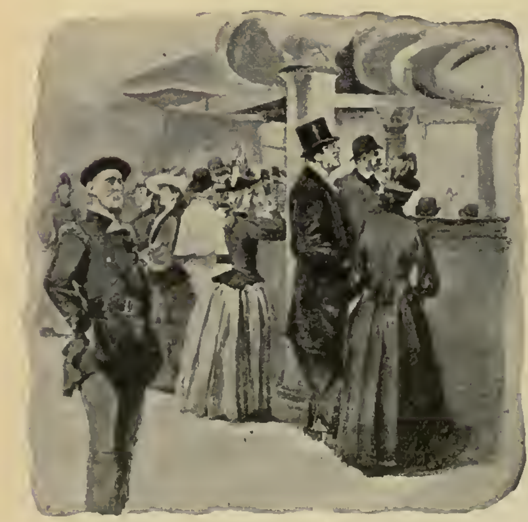


DRURY LANE THEATRE.—WRESTLING SCENE IN "AS YOU LIKE IT."

Drury Lane Theatre.

Drury Lane Theatre is the oldest playhouse in London, located on Catherine street, Covent Garden, and about it is clustered many historic memories both agreeable and tragic. The first theatre on this site was opened in 1663. It must have been a small affair since the cost was only $7500, and was probably without a roof because the audience was more than once deluged with rain and sleet as older chroniclers declare. It was burned in 1672, but a new theatre was erected on the site two years later at a cost of $20,000. In the time of Charles II., there were only two theatres in London, and in 1682 there was only one, viz., the Drury Lane. It was in this playhouse in 1716 that a man named Freeman, who is said to have been a person of large means, tried to shoot the Prince of Wales, afterward George II., the attempt growing out of a personal wrangle. Another effort to commit murder was made in the theatre in 1800, when an insane fellow known as Hatfield tried to take the life of George III. And it was also in Drury Lane that Louis Laguerre, the painter whom Pope immortalized, expired suddenly while witnessing "The Island Princess," which was being performed for the benefit of his son, an actor.

Horace Walpole relates in one of his letters the particulars of a serio-comic effort made to prevent the introduction of pantomime on the stage of Drury Lane, and the same writer says the House of Commons on one occasion adjourned on the night of an important debate to attend a performance of "Othello" at this theatre.

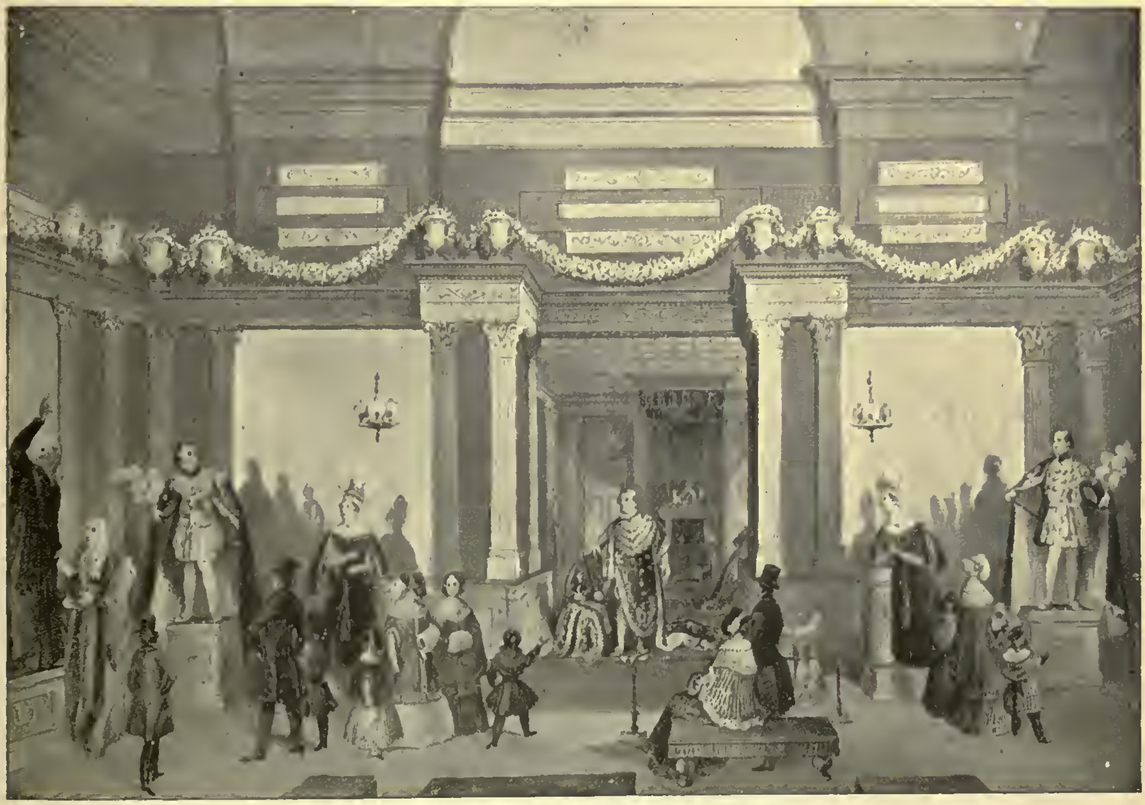

LOBBY OF THE ALHAMBRA THEATRE.

The second Drury Lane, like its predecessor, was destroyed by fire, and likewise the third one, a really beautiful building opened in 1794, and burned in 1809. A fourth theatre, the present one, was begun in 1811, and opened a year after with a prologue by Lord Byron, and to avoid a repetition of the fiery fate that had followed the theatre, which the people had come to regard with superstitious fears, the new theatre was fitted throughout with a system of perforated water pipes by means of which the house might be deluged at a moment's notice, which arrangement so far restored confidence that the new theatre was immediately popular and so continues. The spectacular drama is here to be seen well performed, but grand opera, and especially the Wagner, is frequently produced at the Drury Lane, since opera has become fashionable and Wagner an idol.

The principal theatres in London to-day are the following: Adelphi, which is on the Strand; Alhambra, on Leicester Square; The Avenue, on Northumberland Avenue; The Comedy, on Sloane Square; Covent Garden; Criterion, Piccadilly East; Daly's, on Leicester Square; Drury Lane; Empire, on Leicester Square; Gaiety, on the Strand; Garrick, Charing Cross Road; Globe, on New Castle street, Strand; The Grand, Islington; Haymarket, on Haymarket street; The Lyceum; The Lyric, Shaftsbury Avenue; New Olympic, Wych street, C.; Opera Comique, on the Strand; The Palace, Shaftsbury Avenue; Prince of Wales, Coventry street, Haymarket; The Princess, Oxford street; The Royalty, Dean street, Soho; The St. James', King street, St. James; The Savoy, Beaufort Buildings, Strand; The Shaftsbury, on Shaftsbury Avenue; The Strand, on the Strand; The Surrey, Blackfriars Road; Terry's, on the Strand; The Duke of York, on St. Martin's Lane; The Vaudeville, on the Strand.

Concert Halls and Bar-Maids.

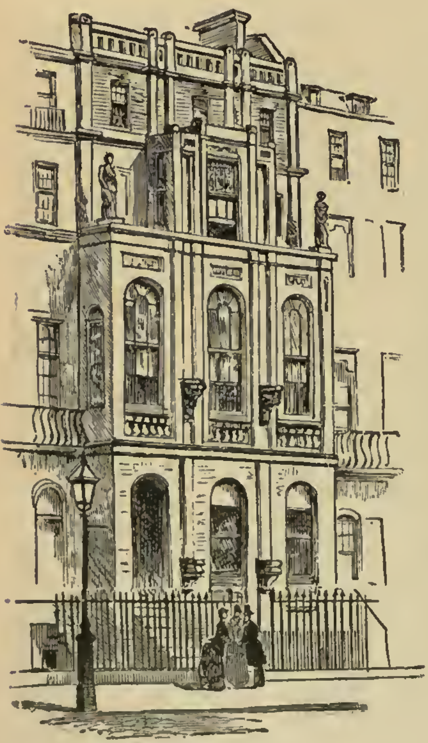
Concert halls are numerous in London, but they are almost entirely confined to the poor quarters. On the other hand some of the vaudeville theatres are located in aristocratic business sections, such as the Empire and the Alhambra.



A SECTION OF MADAME TUSSAUD'S MUSEUM.

But it may be said, to the credit of London, that the kind of entertainments given at these high class variety show houses is very different in character from those to be seen in first-class vaudevilles in Paris, and the patrons, too, are of a more reputable kind. Indeed, some of the best people are always to be seen in the audiences at these London theatres, for propriety here is never offended by act or word; whereas in Paris variety shows are largely of a risque type, as already explained.

London concert halls are not places of resort for the most fashionable and proper folks, but neither are they so bad as people accustomed to Paris might expect to find them. There are, of course, drinking places where girls sing from a stage and bar-maids circulate among the audience, smiling in a knowing way and taking liberties to sit down beside any one she chooses, for her duty is to solicit patronage for the bar. The bar-maid is almost an English institution. Yes, to be sure, girls are to be seen serving beer in Germany, and in fact they are in a way accessories of drinking places in nearly all countries, but it is in England, and most prominently in London, that the bar-maid is a conspicuous feature of the saloon. Efforts have been made time and again to influence public sentiment against the employment of girls in drinking places, and a society was organized to promote legislation to this end, but when its membership became large and influential enough to give hope that necessary prohibitory laws would be passed, the Metropolitan press, and notably the London *Times*, so violently opposed the proposal that the agitation died, as it had done before, without accomplishing anything. The contention of the *Times* was that girls had been so employed for centuries, that the vast majority of them were honest, that the temptations were not especially great, and that nearly all of them were the sole supports of dependent mothers and families who would suffer if this means of livelihood were by law taken from them. There is something, of course, in this argument, but to an American, at least, the appearance of serving girls in what are necessarily disreputable places is anything but proper, and the custom and license of such employment is unquestionably degrading, if not positively destructive of morals. It is noticeable that bar-maids, as a rule, are comely in both face and form, which establishes the proof that there is greater profit to bars in employing such, and that attractiveness is the prime consideration. Bar-maids not only mix and serve drinks, but they sit at tables in the English saloons, and by many expedients, such as free conversation, singing, permissions, and drinking, increase the bar patronage and their own profits as well, for their pay is in tips. The custom is to be reprobated, nor can it obtain in any countries except such as have a great disproportion of female population.

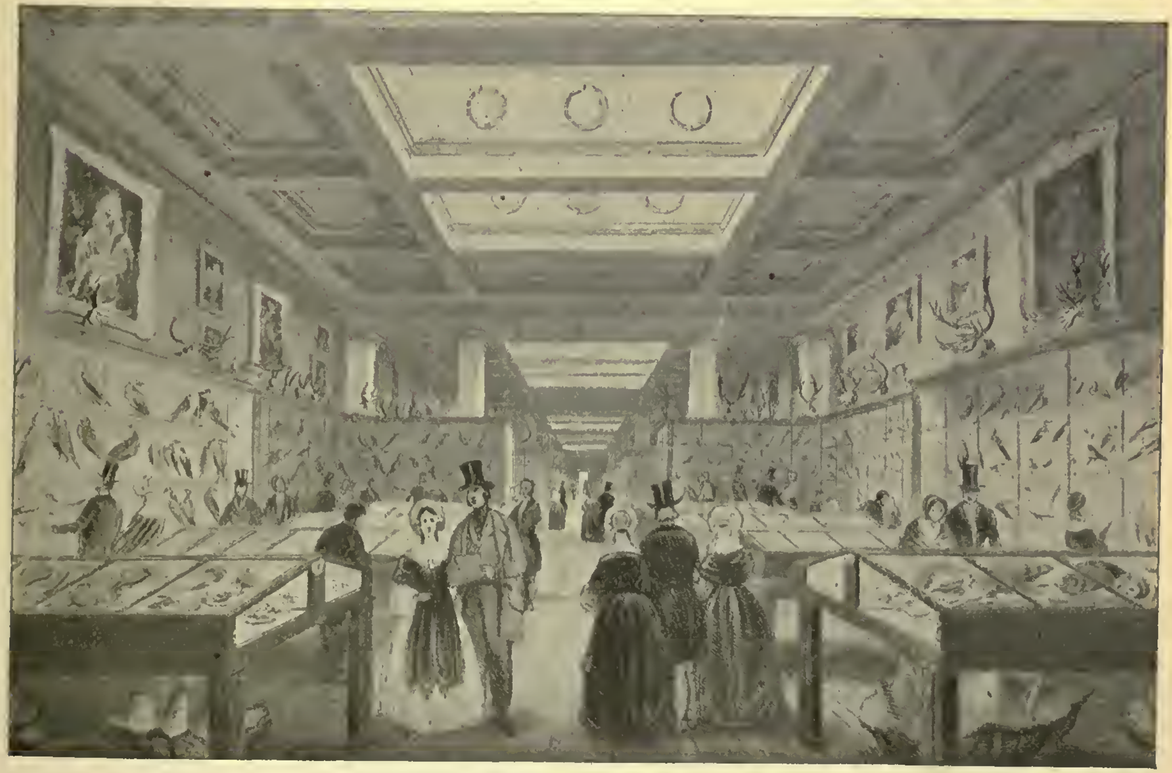

OLD SLOANE MUSEUM.

Other Amusement Features.

There is no dearth of amusement in London, nor is there a noticeable absence of any single character, so that whatever be your tastes, whether refined or debased, intellectual or frivolous, scientific or dreamy, they may be satisfied by the shows in London. The greatest spectacular exhibition ever given in the metropolis was opened at Earl's Court in the summer of 1896 under the management of the Kiralfys, with a really wonderful representation of the "Conquest of India." But remarkable as was the show, with more than 1000 persons in the spectacle, a great river that floated a paddle-wheel troop ship loaded with soldiers, marches that exhibited all the glory of Eastern potentates, and splendid stage creations of Delhi, it failed to draw sufficient crowds to make it profitable. But Earl's Court will continue to be the largest and most attractive summer garden and show in the world.

Madame Tussaud's Waxworks.

One of the best known institutions of London is Madame Tussaud's Waxworks, located on Marylebone Road, and is said to be the oldest exhibition of the kind in Europe. The original waxworks collection of this now world-famous show was first opened on the Boulevard du Temple, in Paris, 1780, and from there was removed to London and shown at the Lyceum in 1802. From this place it was removed to Portman Square, Baker street, where it remained until the present building was specially erected for the exhibition in 1884, the dimensions of which are 60 feet deep and 400 feet frontage, while the furnishing is very elegant. Madame Tussaud was a niece of M. Curtius, a skillful modeler, from whom she

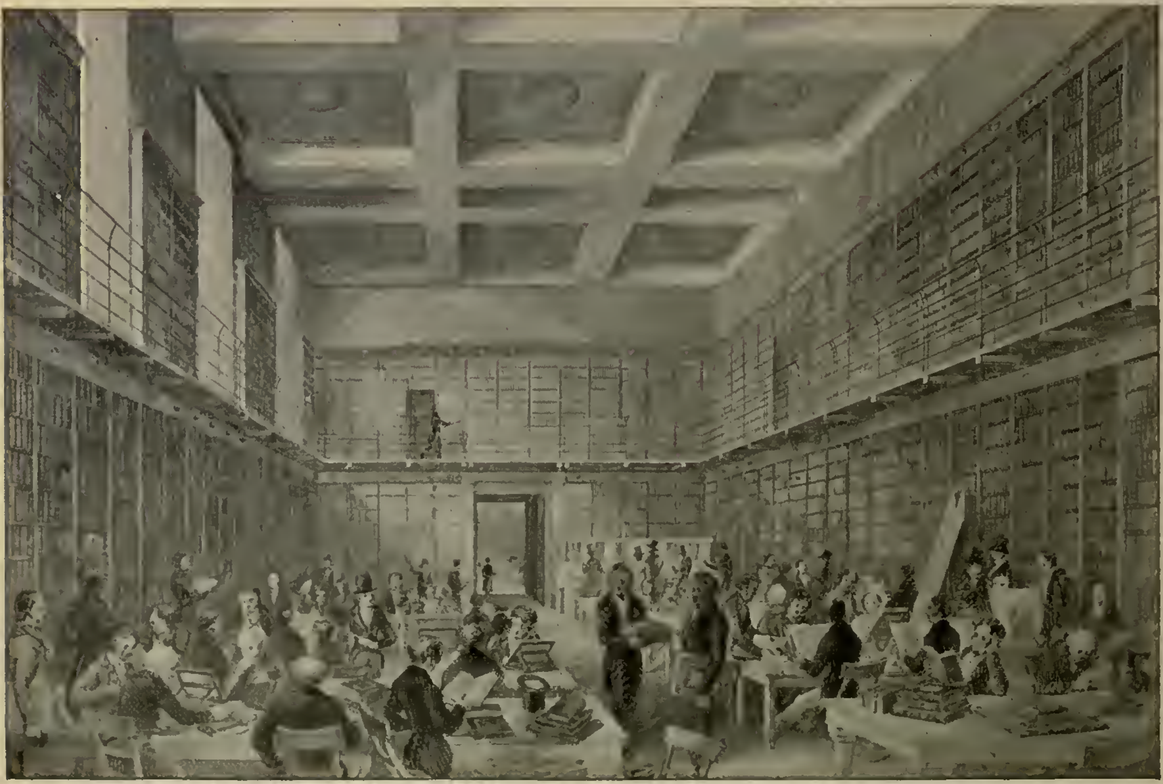


BRITISH MUSEUM, ZOOLOGICAL GALLERY.

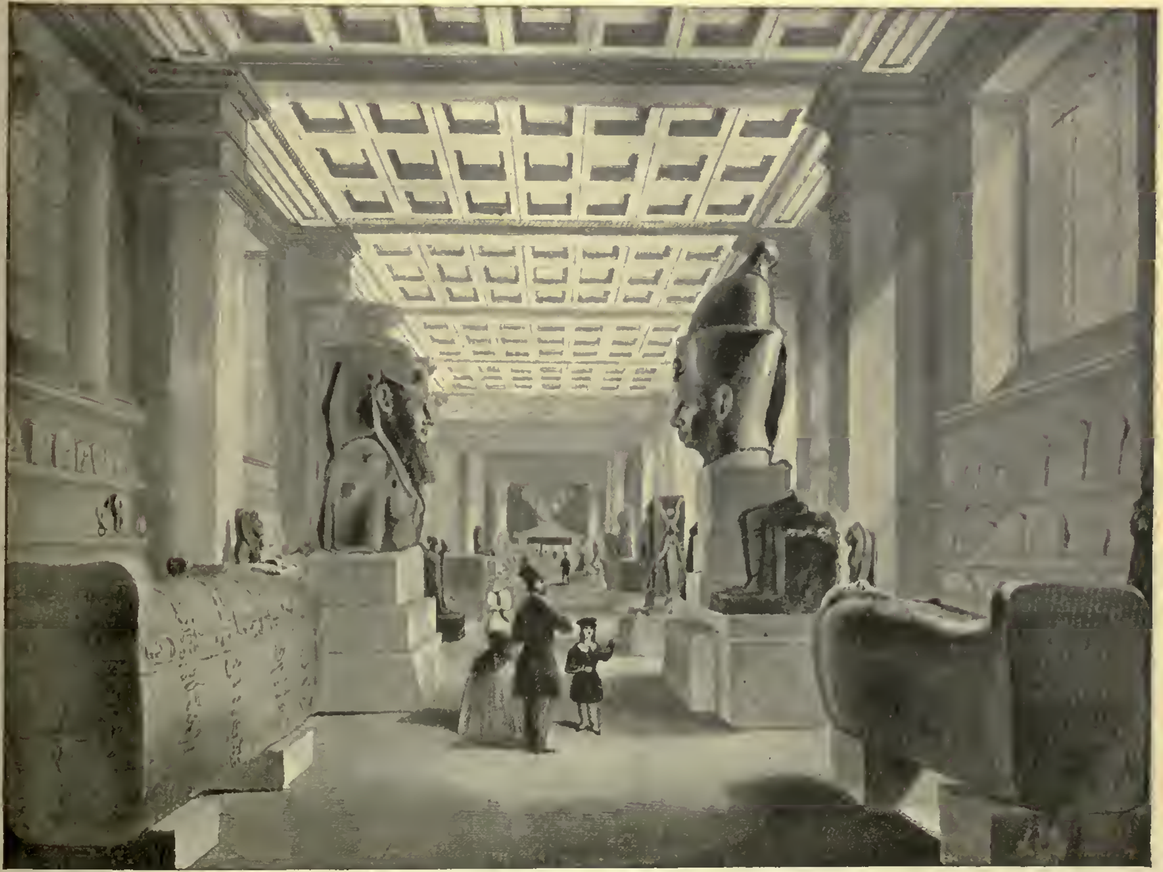
learned the art, and pursued it so passionately that before she was twenty-five years of age her reputation was continental. Born at Berne, in 1760, she was at the zenith of her fame during the French Revolution, and being a resident of Paris she modeled the heads of nearly all the notorious men and women who had any part in that bloody drama. These she carefully preserved, together with a large number of relics of Napoleon I., which still compose the most interesting portion of the waxworks gallery, and it was these that established the institution so firmly in public favor. Madame Tussaud died in London in 1850.

The British Museum.

Description of such a colossal institution as the British Museum, to give an adequate idea of the collection of historic relics which it contains, cannot be given in less than a large volume devoted exclusively to that purpose, so the reader must be content with the following general observations. The museum is established in a quadrangular building, constructed for the purpose, that fronts on Great Russell street, Bloomsbury. The nucleus of this mammoth institution is the old Sloane Museum, established by Hans Sloane, baronet, in Smithfield, early in the eighteenth century, which is said to have cost the founder $250,000. This collection was offered to Parliament by Sloane's will for $100,000, which was accepted by an act of purchase in 1753. Following this


BRITISH MUSEUM, THE READING ROOM.

came the purchase of the Harleian collection of manuscripts, and the adoption of a plan whereby a suitable repository should be provided. To raise the necessary money a lottery was established that continued until the sum of $1,500,000 was realized, with which other collections and Montague House, Bloomsbury, were purchased, the latter being remodeled and enlarged to accommodate the collections that had been acquired, and the institution was opened to the public January 15, 1759, Provisions for the public were so inadequate, however, and the rules governing admission so restrictive, that not more than sixty persons could visit the museum in one day. These stringent regulations continued in force for half a century, and they were only gradually relaxed to admit one hundred and fifty persons each day until 1810, when it was opened on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, from ten to two, "to any person of decent appearance."



EGYPTIAN ROOM, BRITISH MUSEUM.

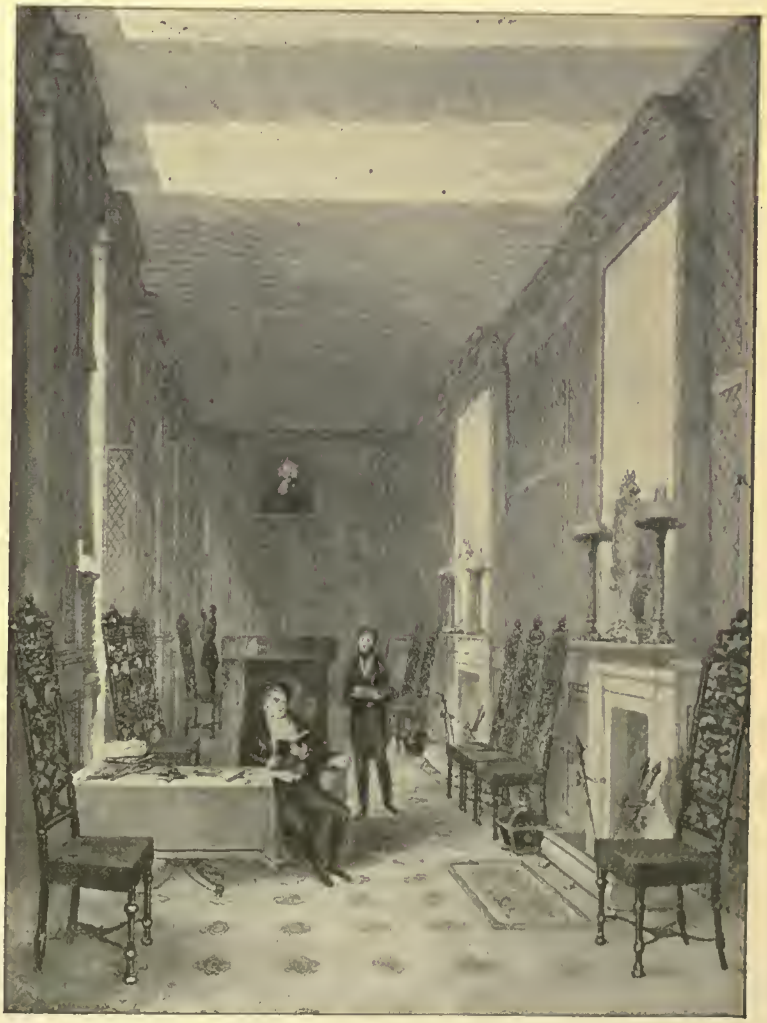
The original structure, Montague House, was considerably enlarged before the museum was established therein, but the collection increased very rapidly, principally by gifts, and in 1807 a separate department, with thirteen rooms, was opened, and thereafter additions were continuous until 1850, when the space that had been acquired did not permit of further extensions, and the great building as it now stands, with a colonnaded façade of forty-four Ionic columns, and splendid dome, is the noblest example of classic architecture in London, if not in the Old World.

The collection continued to grow after the vast structure was unable to accommodate anything more, and necessity therefore compelled the removal of the geological and botanical specimens to the South Kensington Museum. The general arrangement is now as follows: Entrance on the ground floor leads to the reading room, on one side of which are printed books and manuscripts, and on the other a vast exhibition of antiquities. Thence the visitor proceeds to the Roman Gallery and to the Greco-Roman Salons, parallel with which, across a hall, are rooms devoted to collections of the archaic Greek and Assyrian, leading thence to the mains rooms devoted to Assyrian and Egyptian relics, these several rooms occupying a space 300 feet long by 40 feet wide, which are the dimensions of the King's Library, on the second floor. Back of these, or rather west, are other salons containing exhibits of the antique, known as the Ephesus, Elgin, Hellenic, and Mausoleum rooms.

NATURAL HISTORY MUSEUM, KENSINGTON.

The upper floor is reached by a splendid stairway that begins to the left of the entrance, along which is arranged several colossal India sculptures from the Buddhist tope of Amaravati, and ascending the stairway at the head is the Prehistoric salon. On the south side of the building are the terra-cotta, Anglo-Saxon, Anglo-Roman, Mediæval, and Asiatic rooms; on this floor, too, are the Ethnographical rooms, and the vase and bronze rooms, and a part of the space here is likewise devoted to Assyrian and Egyptian exhibits. This is a very brief notice of the arrangement, but the contents of the rooms are so numerous that a book would be required even to catalogue them, since the objects thus gathered include thousands of precious articles great and small resurrected from nearly all the buried cities of antiquity, and are of such interest that the visitor cannot resist the temptation to go again and again to view them.

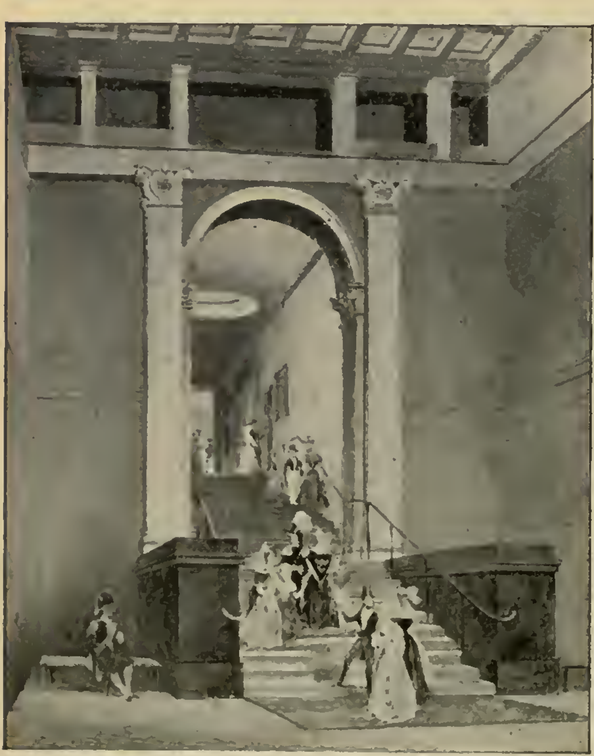
There is a Natural History branch of the British Museum fronting Cromwell Road, which was begun in 1873 and completed in 1880 at a cost of $300,000. The building sets back 100 feet from the road and has a frontage of 675 feet which is relieved by towers 192 feet in height. In this splendid addition are four large departments, viz., the Zoological, Geological, Mineralogical, and Botanical, among which are to be found specimens of almost every known thing animal, mineral, and vegetable.


SUSSEX LIBRARY, KENSINGTON PALACE.

The Exhibition Galleries are open to the public free on Monday, Wednesday, Friday, and Saturday. On Tuesday and Thursday all the galleries are open except the British and Mediæval antiquities and Ethnographical exhibits, the hours of admission being ten till four o'clock, January, February, November, and December; ten till five, March, September, and October; ten till six, April, May, June, July, August. The number of visitors to the general collection is about 500,000 annually, and to the natural history departments about 400,000. The government of the museum is in the control of forty-nine trustees; twenty-four by virtue of their offices, one by appointment of the Queen, nine who represent the seven families who made the largest contributions, and fifteen chosen by the other thirty-four. The chief officer is the librarian, who is elected by the trustees.

South Kensington Museum.

Next in importance and extent to the British Museum, is the South Kensington Museum, in South Kensington, which is one of the most fashionable districts of London. The museum occupies some twelve acres of land which was acquired by the government in 1851, the year in which the Crystal Palace Exposition, at Sydenham, was opened, at a cost of $300,000, and is the outgrowth of a collection of models, casts, and prints that were purchased for the purpose of instruction in design and ornamental art in the schools of design at an expense of $25,000 which were placed upon exhibition at Marlborough House in 1851 and made a permanent museum the year following. Many additions were made the succeeding years, and in 1856 an iron building was erected on the site purchased in 1851, at a cost of $75,000, which was opened on June 22, 1857, by the Queen and Prince Consort. Immediately thereafter the erection of other permanent additions were begun which gave to the museum the picture galleries, schools of art, the ceramic gallery, lecture room, refreshment room, and the north and central courts. The museum is really a mammoth art school, with a great collection of paintings, architectural designs, porcelains, sevres, sculpture, bronzes, musical instruments, scientific apparatus, manuscripts, and books. The museum is open on Mondays, Tuesdays and Saturdays from 10 a. m. till 10 p. m. free, but on other days an admission fee of twelve cents is charged.



ENTRANCE TO THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

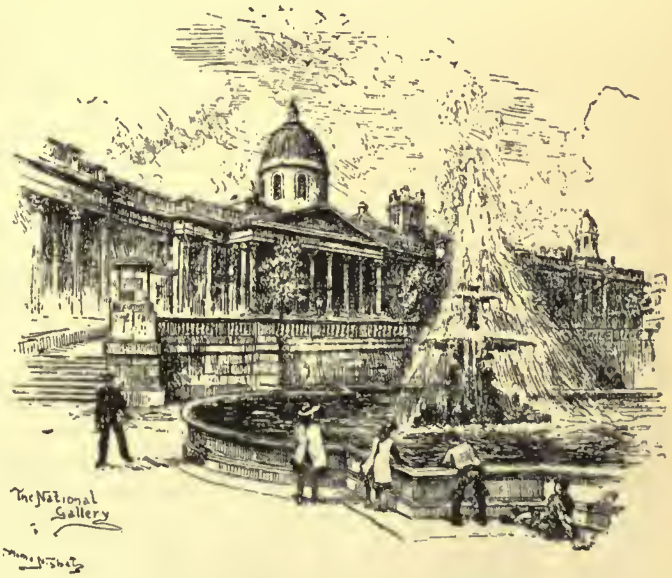
The Zoological Gardens.

London can justly boast of the largest animal collection in the world, and the fame of her Zoological Garden, in Regent's Park, is as great as that of any other single institution within the municipality. It is the property of the Zoological Society of London, which was founded in 1826 and incorporated by

Royal Charter in 1829, the chief organizers being Sir Humphrey Davy and Sir Stamford Raffles, through whose bequests and efforts the garden was opened in 1828. It is here the visitor may see a really remarkable gathering of splendid specimens of the animal kingdom from all parts of the world, consisting of reptiles, carnivora, quadramana, elephants, rhinoceroses, hippopotami, giraffes, bears, seals, antelopes, and in separate apartments are aviaries and aquariums. The gardens are open every week day from 9 a. m. till 1 p. m., and on Saturday afternoons, during summer, when concerts are given by a military band. Admission is one shilling, except on Mondays, when the charge is twelve cents.

Art Galleries.

There is no lack of art galleries in London, and some of these take rank among the largest and most select in the world. The National Gallery, Trafalgar Square, has cost the government $2,500,000, besides the large presentations and bequests made to the institution since its founding, by vote of Parliament, April 2, 1864, though the entire collection of paintings and water colors numbers less than 1200. But the pictures here exhibited include not a few of the most expensive ever purchased for a national gallery, for one of which, Raphael's Madonna, the great price of $375,000 was paid, and for Vandyck's portrait of Charles I. the price was $87,000, both being bought from the Duke of Marlborough.



THE NATIONAL FINE ART GALLERY.

Other great galleries in London include the Royal Academy of Arts, Burlington House; Society of British Artists, Suffolk street, Charing Cross; Institute of Painters, Pall Mall, East; Exhibition of French Works, Pall Mall and Bond street; the Dulwich Gallery, at Hampton Court, Windsor, and many others of only second importance, while of private galleries there is scarcely any end.

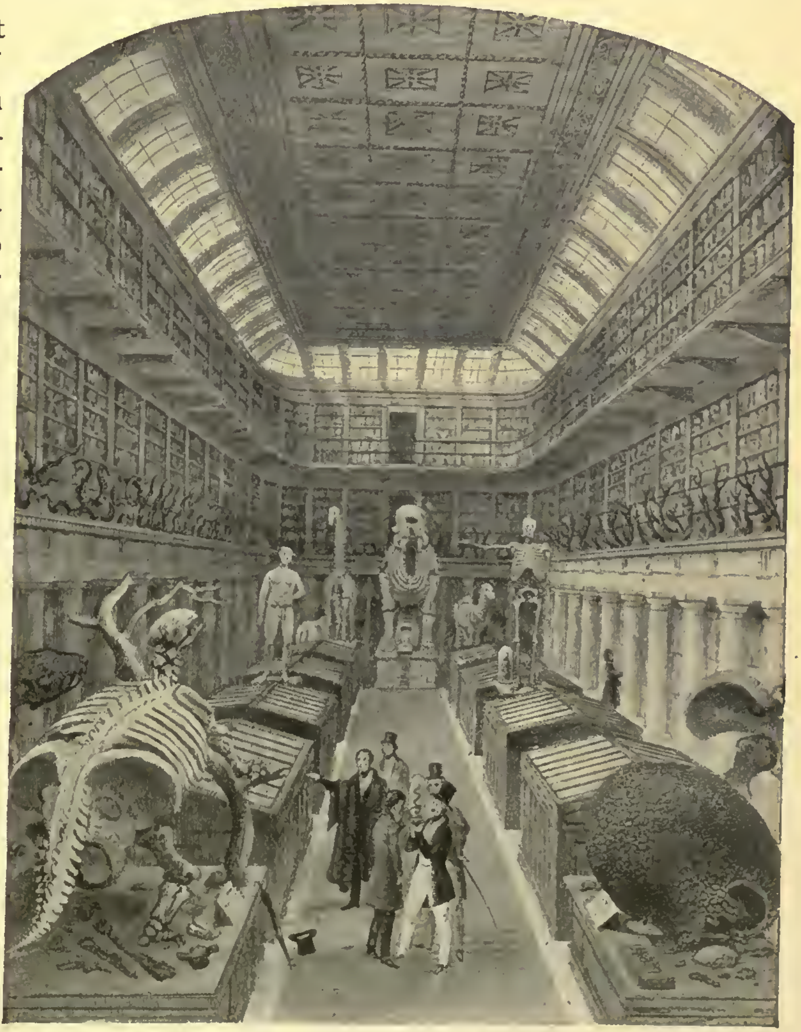
The Albert Memorial.

London is great in everything save alone it be in public memorials such as arches and statues, in which respect the metropolis exhibits a striking deficiency. The Nelson monument, in Trafalgar Square, is an object of interest rather than of beauty; an historic column of glorious commemoration, rather than a splendid sample of testimonial architecture, but it fulfills the English idea of stately recognition and appreciation of the services of one of their greatest heroes. Contrasted with this lofty monument is the really superb Albert Memorial, at Kensington, opposite the Royal Albert Hall, erected in honor of the beloved Prince Consort, who died in 1861, leaving a nation in mourning and the Queen forever inconsolable.

The Albert Memorial was the outcome of a public meeting held at the Mansion House, January 14, 1862, at which proper committees were appointed to undertake the raising of funds with which to provide a suitable monumental structure as a mark of the national esteem in which the lamented prince was held by the country of his adoption. The work was so vigorously prosecuted and met with such universal favor, that the sum of $600,000 was speedily raised by public subscription, to which Parliament added a grant of $250,000, and the Queen contributed the expense of the architect's fees. Designs were solicited in competition, and the choice of those submitted was awarded to Mr. G. G. Scott, R. A., whose plans were so heartily approved that he was knighted upon the completion of the memorial. As described by the architect himself, in submitting the design, the structure contemplated a colossal statue of the prince, seated under a magnificent tabernacle and surrounded by works of sculpture illustrative of the arts and sciences which he had so successfully originated and fostered. "I have," says Mr. Scott, "elevated the monument upon a lofty and wide-spreading pyramid of steps. From the upper platform rises a podium, a continuous pedestal, surrounded by sculptures in alto-relievo, representing historical groups or series of most eminent artists of all ages of the world; the four sides being devoted severally to Painting, Sculpture, Architecture, Poetry, and Music. The figures are about six feet high, and are treated somewhat after the manner of Delaroche's '*Hemicycle des Beaux Arts*' (encaustic paintings in the amphitheatre of the School of Fine Arts, in Paris, consisting of seventy-four life-size figures of masters of art in all ages). This forms, as it were, the foundation of the monument, and upon it is placed the shrine, or tabernacle. This is supported at each of its angles by groups of pillars of polished granite, bearing the four main arches of the shrine. Each side is terminated by a gable, the tympanum of which contains a large picture in mosaic, and its mouldings are decorated with carving, and inlaid with mosaic-work, enamel, and polished gem-like stones, thus carrying out the characteristics

ALBERT MEMORIAL AND ALBERT HALL, HYDE PARK.

of a shrine. The intersecting roofs are covered with scales of metal richly enameled and gilded, and their crestings are of gilt-beaten metal in rich relief work. The whole structure is crowned with a lofty spire of rich tabernacle-work in partially gilt and enameled metal, terminated in a cross, which reaches to a height of 180 feet above the surrounding ground. Beneath this vast canopy and raised upon a lofty pedestal is the statue of the prince."



MUSEUM, ROYAL COLLEGE OF SURGEONS.

This description by the architect does not fully convey the idea of magnificence with which it was conceived or executed, for there are other even more striking embellishments accessory to rather than a part proper of the monument, which the architect omits to mention. At the four angles of the pyramid are placed as many allegoric groups in marble representing respectively Europe, America, Asia, and Africa, while on the upper pedestals at the angles of the podium are marble groups, typifying Agriculture, Commerce, Manufactures, and Engineering, and on the podium, at the base of the great canopy, is a series of 178 life-size figures in high relief, which are admirable portraits of eminent painters, sculptors, architects, poets, and musicians. At the angles of the podium are clustered columns of polished red and gray granite which support the canopy under which is the seated gilded statue of the prince, by the sculptor Foley. These grouped pillars on their outer faces also support bronze statues that represent Astronomy, Geometry, Geology, and Chemistry, while in niches above the capitals are bronze figures of Rhetoric, Philosophy, Physiology, and Medicine, and in bold relief are also figures of the four Christian virtues, viz., Faith, Hope, Charity, and Humility, while at the angles are statues figurative of the moral virtues, Temperance, Justice, Prudence, and Fortitude.

Work on the monument was continuous from 1861 until its completion in 1871, but the statue of the prince was delayed by reason of the illness of the sculptor, so that it was not put in place until 1876.

The Royal Albert Hall.

The Royal Albert Hall, opposite the Memorial, is a noble and imposing structure, designed for musical performances and exhibitions of art and science, but it is also occasionally used for important assemblies. The Prince Consort is credited with the suggestion, but the building was erected after his death by a private company, the foundation stone having been laid by Her Majesty in 1868, and the opening occurred in 1871. The hall is a vast amphitheatre, 200 feet by 160 feet, covered with a hemispherical dome that rises to a height of 140 feet. The walls are of red brick with terra cotta dressings, decorated with a frieze of monochrome in which are inlaid figures of Art and Science. The auditorium has a seating capacity for 1000 persons, while there are stalls for 1366 persons, boxes for 1000, a balcony for 1800, and a gallery for 2000, in addition to which is the monster stage upon which 1000 performers may appear at one time. The organ used in the hall is 60 feet wide and 70 feet high, with 9000 pipes, for working the bellows of which two steam engines are required. The cost of the mammoth building was $1,000,000.

CHAPTER XV.

THE MARKETS OF LONDON.

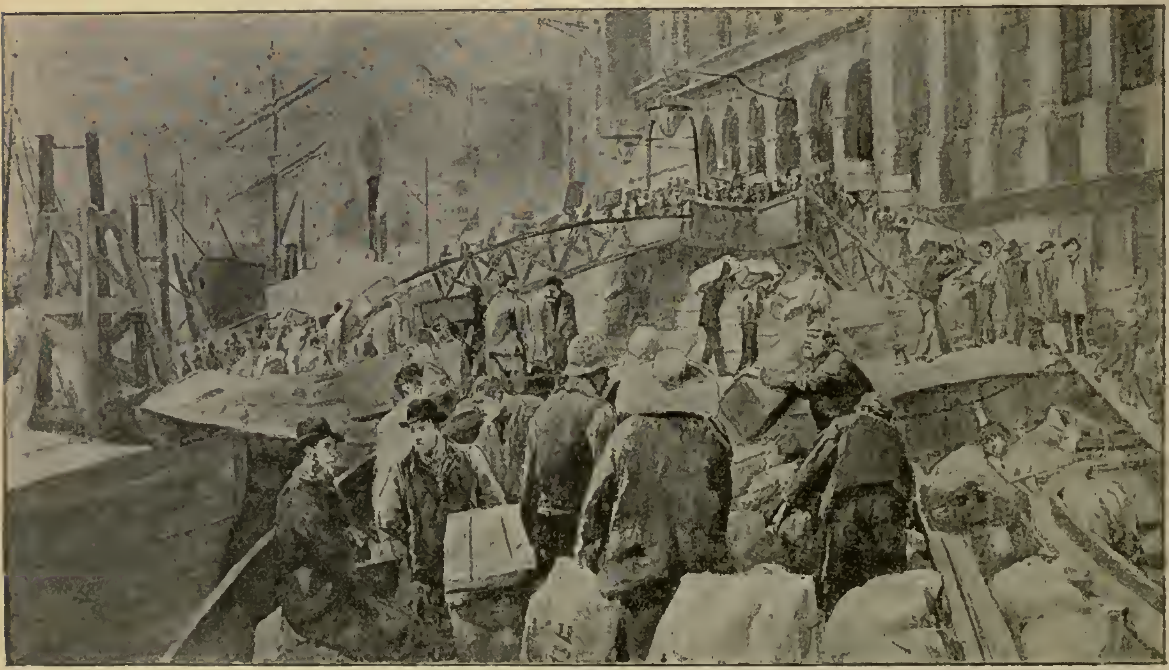
TO the superficial observer there is no greater problem than that involved in the query, "How does such a vast population as London contains manage to secure sustenance; whence comes the daily supplies?" The visitor to this world's metropolis is impressed with the feeling that he is being buffeted upon an ocean of dense humanity, for whither way he looks there are swarms of hurrying people and an apparently illimitable expanse of buildings, with no where visible means of production. It almost appears impossible for trains and boats to bring into the city enough provisions to suffice the needs of the millions, and the country seems too small to provide sufficient for the appetite of so vast an aggregation of families and animals.

For me there is no more interesting place than a great market, and the most fascinating and instructive of all such places is Billingsgate Market, the largest supply station anywhere on the globe. No wonder that it is world famous, for it has both age and size to distinguish it; while the evil reputation of the language common to the stall-keepers is no small part of its fame.

> "Hard by a sty, beneath a roof of thatch,
> Dwelt obloquy, who in her early days
> Baskets of fish at Billingsgate did watch,
> Cod, whiting, oyster, mack'rel, sprat or plaice—
> There learned she speech from tongues that never cease."

Billingsgate is the great fish market of London, located on the Thames just below London Bridge, convenient for vessels bringing their cargoes of fresh and salt sea products to the city, and here it has endured for more than six centuries, of so much consequence that we find it referred to in the orders of Edward I. and II. as being worthy of vigilance, where watches were kept by a body of "forty men-at-arms and sixty archers," and which the trade guilds were required to protect in succession each night as follows: On Tuesday, the drapers and tailors; on Wednesday, the mercers and apothecaries; on Thursday, the fishmongers and butchers; on Friday, the pewterers and vinters; on Saturday, the goldsmiths and saddlers; on Sunday, the armorers and cutlers; on Monday, the tanners and curriers. In 1559 it was declared by Elizabethan order to be "an open space for the landing and bringing in of any fish, corn, salt stores, victuals, and fruit (grocery wares excepted), and to be a place of carrying forth of the same, or the like, and for no other merchandise." And in 1699 "it was made a free and open market for all sorts of fish."

Until 1850, Billingsgate consisted of shed buildings that were constantly threatened with fire, and which did frequently fall victims to flames, but were as often rebuilt with the same wooden houses, which provided an indifferent shelter for the fishmongers who occupied them. But in that year the sheds were torn down and a large market structure erected by the city architect, which sufficed the needs of the trade until 1872 when the present immense building was begun, to cover Billingsgate stairs, wharf, and Darkhouse lane, which was finished, and opened by the Lord Mayor in 1877. This vast structure, which covers an area of 30,000 square feet, is of Portland stone laid on a granite foundation, and comprises, in the Thames street and river fronts, a pedimented centre and continuous arcade, flanked at each extremity by a pavilion tavern, covered with louvre glass roofs that are forty-three feet high at the ridges. A gallery thirty feet wide is appropriated to the sale of dried fish, beneath which is a well-lighted basement, twenty-four feet high, devoted to the shell-fish market. To this place not only do great numbers of vessels bring their cargoes of fish, but the Great Eastern Railway discharges a large portion of similar freight, the total amount brought annually to Billingsgate being estimated at 100,000 tons, or two hundred million pounds. Estimating the population of London and suburbs at six million souls, this will



BILLINGSGATE FISH MARKET.

allow more than thirty-three pounds of fish products for every man, woman, and child in the city, though this does not indicate the total annual consumption for it does not take into account the private catches of fish, which is considerable. On the other hand, however, not all of the fish brought to Billingsgate is consumed in the city, for much of the product here received is shipped to interior points.

Scenes in Billingsgate.

The market opens at five o'clock every morning in the year, and to those who visit the place at this early hour a scene is presented which is as startling as it is curious, as impressive as it is interesting. "The spawning of the everlasting sea," as Mr. Beecher used to say, can no where else find such perfect appreciation, for there are such quantities as seem to indicate that the ocean has been depleted of its teeming life, and the rivers have given up to the seine all that animated them. But if the mountains of natural history of the waters present wonder pictures, the purveyors and the mongers are no less amusing, and the language that is to be heard in the sharp competitions of trade is a revelation to the lexicographer. Here you will catch the accent of the cockney and the coster, the fat fish-woman and the man of 'alf and 'alf, whose noisy disputations and localized expressions proclaim them "Billingsgate warriors."

In a letter written by Bagford, 1715, and printed in "Leland's Collection" occurs the following strange description; strange, because no other reference can be found to the singular custom therein referred to:

"This brings to my mind another ancient custom that hath been omitted of late years. It seems that in former times the porters that plyed (worked) at Billingsgate used civilly to entreat and desire every man that passed that way to salute a post that stood there in a vacant place. If he refused to do this, they forthwith laid hold of him and by main force bumped him against the post; but if he quietly submitted to kiss the same, and paid down six pence, they gave him a name, and chose some one of the gang for his godfather. I believe this was done in memory of some old image that formerly stood there, perhaps of Belus or Belin."

Covent Garden Market.

Billingsgate is the most famous market in London, whose reputation seems to be largely due to the shocking language which has characterized, for scores of years, the stall-keepers, but Covent Garden Market is more important from a pure business point of view. The name is properly "Convent Garden," because it was originally connected with the Abbey at Westminster, but names undergo strange changes in London, and we cannot guess how long any title will endure that the cockney has occasion to use frequently.

Covent Garden is a large square, in which the market stands, with an arcade on the north side and the church of St. Paul's on the west, which square was dedicated at the expense of the Earl of Bedford, in 1631, and laid out by Inigo Jones, the great English architect, and here, under "a small grotto of trees most pleasant in the summer season," the first market was originally held, about 1645. This section of the city was, in Dryden's time, and up to the beginning of the eighteenth century, a very fashionable quarter, but later it became one of the most immoral parts of London. The dramas of the time of Charles II. and Queen Anne, abound with allusions to the libertinism of the residents and visitors, "and Kit Smart's 'Epilogue to the Lying-in Hospital,' written in 1755, shows that, even as late as the middle of the last century, almost any coarseness would be tolerated in reference to Covent Garden." Very few of these quotations seem to have been preserved, but society is not the loser.

"This town two bargains has not worth one farthing,
A Smithfield horse—a wife of Covent Garden."—*Dryden.*

"Come, come, do not blaspheme this masquerading age, like an ill-bred city-dame,
Whose husband is half-broke by living in Covent Garden."—*Wycherly.*

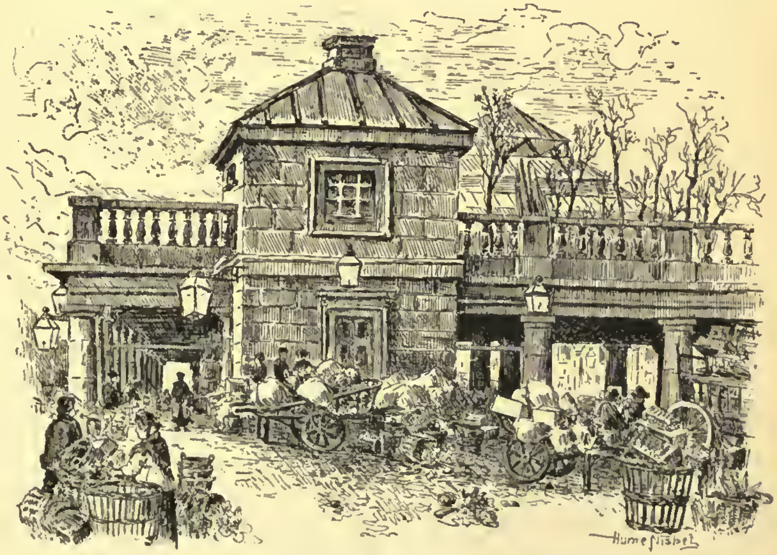
Other much more objectionable quotations might be given, from the pens, too, of great English writers, but they would only serve to shock, even while indicating the laxity of the last century, when a great many of the books and plays needed fumigation.

The present market-place was erected in 1830, by the Duke of Bedford, at a cost of $250,000, since which time the buildings have been altered many times, and greatly enlarged to meet the ever-increasing trade. A London visitor who would see Covent Garden Market, should visit the place as early as six o'clock on a Tuesday, Thursday, or Saturday morning. "The Market, with its motley array of buyers and sellers, is an animated and picturesque sight, while the stores of vegetables, piles upon piles, often in fantastic arrangement, is truly remarkable. Wagons and carts heavily laden begin to arrive at the market about midnight, hundreds coming from the adjacent country, and hundreds of others bringing supplies from the freight warehouses, and the selling to dealers begins as early as 4 a. m., that time may be given to stall-keepers to arrange and display their stocks. "Fruits and vegetables are sold in the open space, and flowers are exposed in the flower market, which extends into Wellington street. When the dealers have made their purchases from the wholesalers, the remaining stock is disposed of chiefly to costermongers or hawkers, by a sort of Dutch auction." The displays of flowers and fruits are believed to be the finest in the world, and of vegetables the stocks and assortment are the largest, in keeping with the magnitude of the metropolis.

The Bank of England.

Very much more important than markets is the banking interests of London, but they are hardly so fascinating to visitors, for which good reason I chose to present the following brief sketch as a finale to this chapter, which will be instructive if not absorbing.

The Bank of England, the largest financial institution in the world, which partakes of both a governmental and private character, is located in a detached building, some four acres in extent, bounded by Threadneedle, Lothbury, Princes streets and Bartholomew Lane, with entrances from all the thoroughfares. The bank was founded in 1694, by a rich Scotchman, named William Paterson. whose scheme it was to establish a great bank by taking advantage of the pressing needs of the government, when William III. was so beset with financial troubles that for relief he was willing to grant a liberal charter. Paterson interested in his enterprise Charles Montague, one of the Lords of the Treasury, and Michael Godfrey, one of the most influential merchants of London, and the three proposed a loan of $6,000,000 to the government, for which they were to receive 8 per cent interest and a charter of incorporation, under the title of The Governor and Company of the Bank of England, which it still retains. A bill to this effect promptly passed both Houses of Parliament, and received the royal assent, upon which the sum named was paid into the Exchequer. The bank began business in Grocers' Hall, where it continued until 1734, when it removed to the premises it now owns, since which time it has passed through many crises, and been the means of saving the credit of the government on divers occasions. It must be understood, that among its other privileges, the bank has the management of the entire public debt of Great Britain, for which service it receives compensation that varies in amount according to circumstances. At the time of the bank's incorporation the government debt was $6,000,000, but at the present time the debt is three and one-half billion dollars, for the control of which the bank receives about $2,000,000 annually. The management of this colossal financial institution is vested in a governor, a deputy governor, and a board of twenty-four directors, all of whom are required to be stockholders, and to be elected annually.



COVENT GARDEN.

In 1696 the bank began issuing notes in denominations of $100, and above, and the discounting of bills, which gave great impetus to trade, but within two years the public became suspicious, and under this feeling of distrust its notes fell as low as 50 per cent below par. To meet the steady drain upon the bank's resources in 1697 the capital was increased to $7,000,000, which caused a rapid rise in the stock, until it reached a premium of 12 per cent.

It became necessary for the bank to renew its charter every ten or twelve years, which requirements served to take away some of its original privileges, and to impose greater obligations. For example, in 1723 the bank contracted to pay certain pensions and annuities arising out of the then recent wars, amounting to some $65,000,000, for which the government allowed the bank an annuity of $3,000,000, which, though appearing to be good interest, was not so regarded by the bank, for the contract was termed the "dead weight."

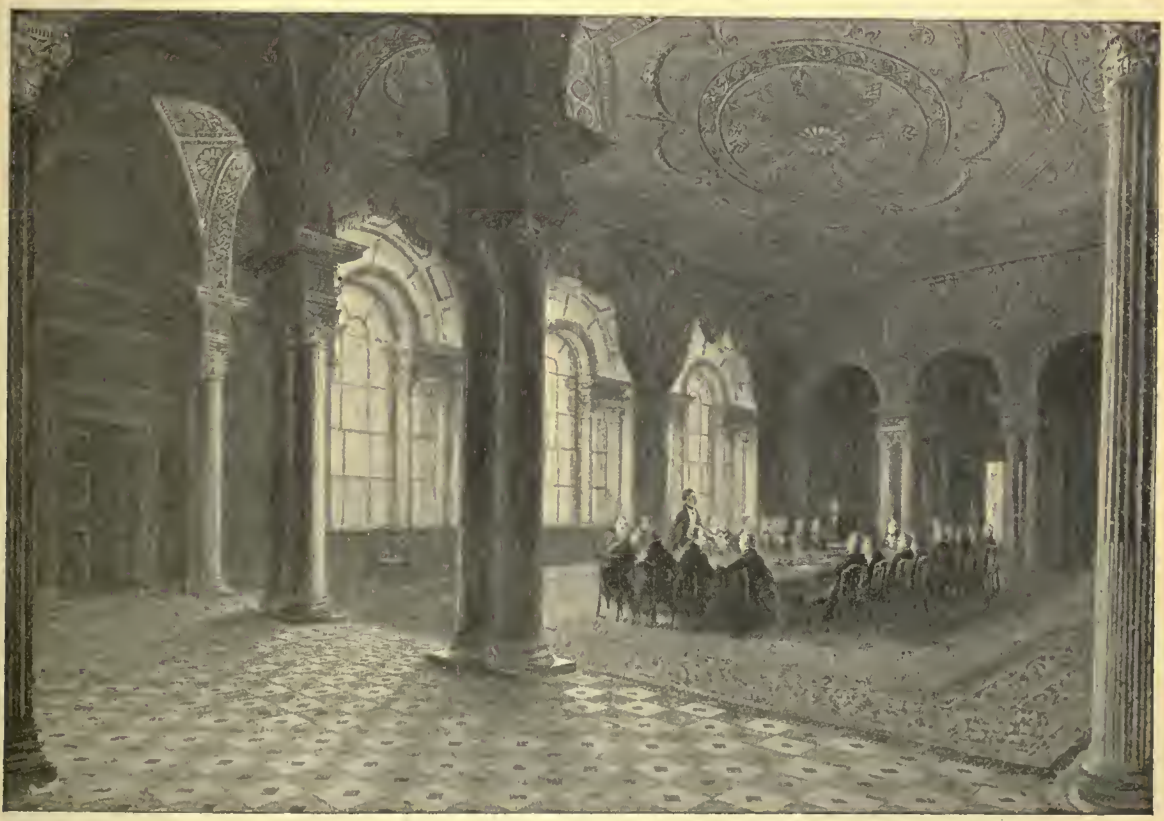
In 1746 there was a "Black Friday" panic, which would have destroyed the bank had it not secured an order from Parliament to pay each note separately, when presented, in shillings and sixpences, which device gave the directors time to allay the public disquiet by assurances of the institution's stability. In 1797 a still more serious crisis was precipitated upon the rumor that a French frigate had landed troops in Wales to invade the country. At this time, while the bank's assets were $75,000,000, the amount of cash and bullion in her coffers did not exceed $6,000,000. To prevent a run that would have crushed the bank and the government's credit, on Sunday an order of Council was obtained prohibiting the directors from paying notes in cash until the sense of Parliament had been taken. Action by both Houses was prompt, and a bill passed that prohibited the bank from paying out cash except in sums of £1 ($5) and under, nor was specie payments fully resumed until 1821, which act was followed by widespread disaster.

The ever varying and never stable system of bank loans, which were first expanding and then contracting, to the great disturbance of business, led finally to the adoption of a measure proposed in 1844 by Sir Robert Peel, then prime minister, by which the circulation was regulated by the amount of coin and bullion in the bank vaults. There were eleven material clauses in the bill, the most important of which provided that the bank might issue notes to the amount "of $55,000,000, for which the public debt due the bank should be security, and $15,000,000 on exchequer bills and such other government securities as it might hold, but that for every pound sterling issued beyond $70,000,000 the bank should hold an equal amount in gold and silver," though the bank was not allowed to retain in its issue department at one time silver to any amount greater than one-fourth the gold held at the same time. Another section required the bank to purchase all standard gold bullion offered in exchange for notes, at the rate of £3 17*s.* 9*d.* per ounce (about $18.80), which requirement is still in force. This act has failed signally to remedy the evil for which it was proposed, for the fluctuations have never been more violent than since its passage, and at least four times its suspension has been rendered necessary, when the effort to comply with its clumsy provision precipitated the most terrible panics.

The amount of bullion in the Bank of England constitutes, with its other securities, the assets which are placed against its liabilities on account of circulation and deposits, and the difference, which is never allowed to fall below $15,000,000, between the several amounts is the guarantee fund to provide against possible losses.

Some of the Mechanisms in the Bank.

Nearly all the gold purchased by the bank is in the "bar" form, a gold bar or brick being of the weight of sixteen pounds, and of the value of about $4000. To weigh the precious metal a remarkable pair of scales is used, invented in 1877 by Mr. Napier, of Glasgow. So delicate is its construction that it will dip under the weight of a postage stamp. In addition to this, there is also an automatic balance that will weigh and assort thirty-three sovereigns per minute, depositing the coins of light weight into one receptacle and those of standard weight into another.



DIRECTORS' ROOM, BANK OF ENGLAND.

All the notes are printed within the bank on presses designed by a Mr. McPherson, one of the officials. The value of bank notes in circulation at this time is about $125,000,000, notwithstanding the fact that every note is canceled as soon as it is returned to the bank. For even if paid out at one window of the institution and turned in immediately at another, the notes thus received are filed, and never permitted to appear again. After holding them for ten years they are destroyed.

"The bank acts as the agent of the government in all the business transactions connected with the national debt, which now amounts to three billion five hundred million dollars; receives and registers transfers of stock, and pays stock dividends. The stock annuities upon which the public dividends are payable amount to about *three billion eight hundred million dollars;* the yearly dividends payable thereupon to about *one hundred and twenty-five million dollars;* and the yearly payment to the governor and company of the bank for the charges of management, $680,000. The bank is also the State Banker. The balances of money belonging to the State are deposited in the bank; the receivers-general make their payments on account into the bank, and the bank makes payments to the order of the government in the same way as a private banker for a customer. The bank also acts as an ordinary banking house, and carries on every class of banking business for private customers." All the London bankers who are members of the Clearing House have accounts at the Bank of England, the daily transactions of which average about $50,000,000. The number of clerks employed is 900, whose salaries range from $250 to $7500 a year.

The Bidwell and Noyes Forgeries.

Time and circumstances have abundantly proved that the devices of dishonest men may render futile the circumspection of the wise and honest; that prevention of crime of any character is one of the impossibilities, and must therefore be reckoned upon in all great financial enterprises. The first forgeries perpetrated upon the Bank of England (in 1758), though the offender was executed, startled the nation, and new and what were believed to be effectual schemes were adopted to prevent a repetition of such a crime. But later a London banker named Fauntleroy succeeded in securing $1,800,000 of the funds of the institution upon forged notes, whereupon alarm concerning the safety of the bank became so intense for a while that there was talk of its liquidation. But these fears abated, and the growing success of the institution inspired confidence again which continued until a most audacious and amazingly successful robbery of the bank was accomplished by three Americans, named respectively Austin Bidwell, Edward Noyes, and George McDonald, in 1873.

The story of this extraordinary exploiture is as dramatic as any adventure in the lives of the most famous highwaymen, and the moral of the undoing of the cunning trio is as impressive as was ever conveyed by justice visited upon the wicked. Austin B. Bidwell, who was the instigator of this colossal conspiracy, as well as the chief executor, had a pious training in his youth, the son of eminently respectable parents, who gave him the advantages of an excellent education as well as example. A year before he was of age the civil war broke out, and though he had some desire to enter military life, an opening for employment was presented which took him to New York City, where in a few months he became an investor in a small way in stocks, which yielded him a great profit. Encouraged by this favorable beginning, young Bidwell very soon developed into a Wall street speculator, but after acquiring a fortune the wheel of prosperity reversed its motion and he found himself ruined. The person who has once tasted the fruits of riches cannot be content to subsist on the husks of poverty, and so when in the hour of adversity he was approached with a proposal to negotiate the sale of a quantity of stolen government bonds, the opportunity to rehabilitate his fortune was eagerly seized upon. He went to London with Noyes and McDonald on this dangerous enterprise and succeeded so admirably that he planned other schemes of a like dishonest nature, in all of which the three operated with complete satisfaction and amassed the sum of $100,000. "One day," says Bidwell, in his confessions, "Noyes, McDonald, and myself, when about to return to America, were standing in front of the Bank of England and McDonald remarked, 'Boys, lightning ought to strike where the balance is heavy.' Understanding his reference I replied, pointing to the Bank of England, 'Yes, and there is the easiest mark in the world.' What at first was a half jest, an airy theory, rapidly crystallized into a steadfast purpose and a determined resolve to secure a million or more of money. We planned and plotted, and at last hit upon a scheme which we successfully worked."

Bidwell, acting as the chief conspirator, first ascertained who was the fashionable tailor of London, because this knowledge, once gained, would serve to give him the names of the rich men of the city, something very necessary for him to know. He went to this tailor and represented himself as an extensive railroad contractor operating chiefly in South America, from whom he ordered a most expensive suit of clothes which he paid for in advance. Returning to the tailor the following day, he told him he had been suddenly called to Paris on important business, but having a large amount of money on his person, and not being known at any London bank, asked the tailor to kindly take charge of $50,000, which sum he counted in his presence. The tailor, being an honest man, was unwilling to become the custodian of so large a sum, but kindly offered to introduce him at the Bank of England. This was exactly what Bidwell desired, and the money was accordingly deposited, in the name of Frederick Albert Warren, for he had assumed this title when leaving America to negotiate the stolen bonds. The tailor was not long, you may be sure, in telling his fashionable patrons of the very rich railway contractor who had so confidingly offered to leave $50,000 with him without security, and in a few days the name of Warren was on many persons' tongues. Warren went to Paris and in a few days sent a draft to the bank on Noyes for $25,000, which was promptly paid, thus giving him a deposit of $75,000 in the bank. He now had a credit which was rapidly increased by an exchange of drafts, drawn by the three conspirators upon one another, sometimes on South America, and again on Russia, so that considerable intervals must elapse between the collections. These were promptly paid, with no other loss to the three than the cost of exchange.

After working in this manner until confidence was fully established the men went systematically to work to float the forged paper. Still keeping up the purchase of genuine paper, which they took care was all payable at early dates, they interspersed the forged bills, each of which was not presentable until from five to six months after the day it was negotiated. The Bank of England accepted all this paper as cash, locking it up in its vaults until it should mature and crediting the amount of its face value, less the current discount rate, to Warren's or, rather, Bidwell's account. Under this system it can easily be seen that the operations of the gang were only limited by their cupidity and the capital of the bank, which was practically inexhaustible. The wildest dreams of the Count of Monte Cristo could have imagined nothing more fabulous.

The scheme worked like a charm, and in a comparatively few days the band had drained some $5,000,000 from the bank in exchange for worthless paper, which was locked up in the vaults of the bank and which would not, in the regular course of business, be presented and the forgery discovered for months to come.

It was the plan of the men to skip to New York with the money, where the best legal talent was to be secured to visit England and before the forgery could be discovered to lay the scheme bare to the directors of the bank, telling them frankly how they had been robbed, and offering to return a certain amount of the booty as a compromise. Bidwell counted upon the reluctance of the directors to make public the easy manner in which they had been victimized, and thought that the latter would be only too glad to hush the matter up. This stage of the game was, however, owing to the most trifling oversight, never reached.

The Discovery.

The last day on which the gang operated, forged bills, bringing the total amount of the booty secured up to $4,600,000, were cashed. Unfortunately for them, on one of these bills, the date, which had been left blank when the forgery was executed, was not filled in. The omission was not noticed by the cashier of the bank when he paid the money over, and in fact was not discovered until twenty-four hours later. The bill was for $10,000 and was on B. W. Blydenstein & Co., of London. When the error was noticed a messenger was sent to the person named with a request that the date line be filled out. Of course the forgery was at once discovered. A hurried investigation was made, and it took but a few hours for the bank to discover that it had been made the victim of a wholesale fraud, a fraud of such magnitude that at first it was not fully realized.

In some manner the news leaked out and spread like wildfire. The story lost nothing in the telling, and in fact the bank officials themselves did not have any idea of the amount of their loss. Rumor soon had the actual figure, large as it was, multiplied by hundreds, and the Bank of England, nay, the nation itself, was irretrievably ruined. The Stock Exchange suspended operations, banks in London and to a smaller extent in the provinces were besieged by depositors anxious to withdraw their deposits while there was yet time. Panic reigned supreme.

Meantime, the three men who raised all this commotion, all unconscious that they had been detected, were quietly engaged in Bidwell's chambers dividing the spoils. They had a grip full of forged paper, representing millions of dollars, which had not been used, and with many a jest and quip were rather regretfully burning the same. While so doing Edwin Noyes asked what cash balance had been left in the bank. Bidwell informed him that just $100,000 was on deposit there.

"That is too much to leave for Johnny Bull," remarked Noyes, "I guess I'll just go around and draw $50,000 of that to use for spending money." Filling out a check he proceeded to the bank, before which a crowd was just beginning to gather. Not realizing the intent of the commotion he walked inside and was of course instantly seized and placed under arrest. He was closely questioned as to the whereabouts of the others, but, true to his comrades, he returned evasive answers. He was finally led away to prison and was subsequently sentenced to penal servitude for life.

If he had betrayed his fellow-conspirators he would have gained his liberty and several thousand dollars cash reward.

A Thrilling Episode.

The failure of Noyes to return alarmed Bidwell and McDonald, who presently ascertained the true cause, and with promptness they planned an escape that must cost them an enormous sum to accomplish. Disguising themselves with false beards they fled first to France and thence to Spain, where they chartered a train to convey them to Madrid, and then by diligence and horses they made their way to Gibraltar. At this latter place they purchased a sailing vessel and proceeded to Cuba, at which time there was a rebellion on the island. In Havana the two assumed the rôle of rich American gentlemen, and spent money so lavishly that they quickly became favorites of the people, and obtained the confidence of every prominent person in that city. The Bank of England officers were not inactive, for from the moment of the discovery of the robbery, they adopted every known means to arrest the forgers. The Scotland Yard detectives were put on their track and stimulated with offers of large rewards, but these failing, the Pinkertons of America were engaged, one of whose members presently struck the trail, and following the two to Cuba attempted their apprehension in a café in Havana. Bidwell was prepared, however, for such an emergency, and shot the detective in the breast, but he was seized by others before he could escape, and was placed in prison. By the liberal use of money he bribed the guards, and gaining his freedom joined the insurgents, but in a little while he was apprehended by Spanish soldiers, and returned to England, where he was convicted, with McDonald, and both were sentenced to penal servitude for life, a sentence that had been passed on Noyes several months before.

Speaking of his imprisonment in England, Bidwell says: "We were taken to London, and after that famous eight days' trial in the old Bailey Court, were sentenced in August, 1873, to imprisonment for life. I never shall forget the moment when the old judge solemnly condemned me to what was worse than death. I was taken to Newgate prison. For a year I had solitary confinement, and during my twenty years' incarceration I had three books to read—the Bible, the dictionary, and a life of Jeremiah—and I've got Jeremiah on my brain to this day. For seven years I worked in the slimy mud in the ship basins, hauled cement for several years, and did masonry work and bricklaying the rest of the time. English prison life is worse than a thousand deaths. I saw seventy-four men commit suicide during those twenty years. I never gave up hope, however, as I knew that my family and friends were working hard for my release. My sister came over from America, and for ten years lived near the prison, working for me. A man dreams of two things in prison—liberty and good eating. I dreamed most of liberty, but heaven knows the eating was bad. I ate tons and tons of potatoes during my time there, as that was our main diet. I saved the potato peelings, and when they got hard I ate them for dessert. The day I got my ticket of leave I weighed ninety-eight pounds. My release came as a dream, and I did not realize that I was a free man for several days. I came into the world again like Robinson Crusoe, a stranger to everything and everybody. I immediately went to work to secure the liberation of my two comrades, and in a little more than a year I was successful. When I landed in America I had but ninety-five cents in my pocket. When Noyes and McDonald were released, a year later, we had a reunion in New York. Since that time we have lived upright, honest lives, and have been successful.

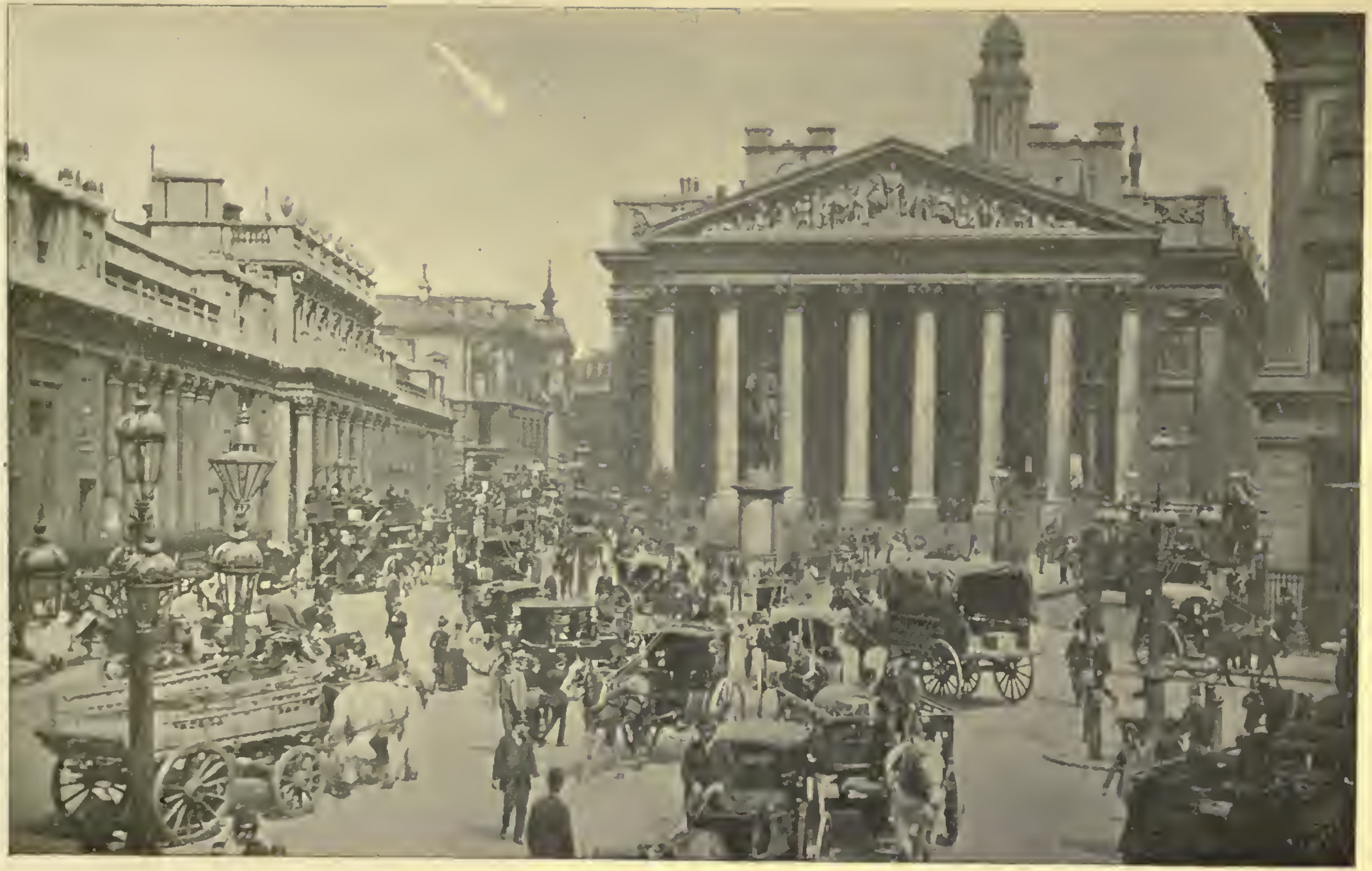
"We did not save a dollar of the millions secured from the Bank of England. When the Pinkertons got me they found $600,000 which I had salted away. It's a long time ago since all that occurred, but it is fresh in my mind to-day, and some day I may go back to England, just to get a peep at the familiar spots."

Verily, thy sins shall find thee out, for punishment awaits all transgressors.

Bidwell, Noyes, and McDonald are all living at this writing, and since their release have been supporting themselves by selling a history of their bank robbery, the truth having been exemplified to them that pride goeth before a fall, and that a dollar honestly earned affords more enjoyment than a million wrongfully acquired.

The Royal Exchange.

This great commercial institution is located opposite the Bank of England and the Mansion House, in a building that cost $900,000, which was opened



THE ROYAL EXCHANGE AND BANK OF ENGLAND.

with becoming ceremonies by Her Majesty, Queen Victoria, October 28, 1844. The area appropriated to the meetings of the merchants is 170 feet by 112 feet, of which 111 feet by 53 feet is uncovered. The two greatest days on 'Change are Tuesdays and Fridays between 3 and 4 p. m., when all the principal bankers and merchants of London are in attendance, and the transactions amount to hundreds of thousands of dollars.

Previous to the sixteenth century the merchants of London met in the open air in Lombard street, nor did it occur to them that some place of shelter was necessary until 1566, when Sir Thomas Gresham proposed the erection of booths for the purpose along the sidewalk. This suggestion led to the purchase of a site on the north side of Cornhill, and the construction of covered walks, which in 1570 was proclaimed the "Royal Exchange," by Queen Elizabeth. This rude structure was destroyed in the great fire of 1666, aud was followed by the building of a larger exchange, 210 feet long, by 175 feet wide, which cost $300,000, and opened for business in 1669. This building was also destroyed by fire, in 1838, and the merchants were without an exchange until the completion of the present one.

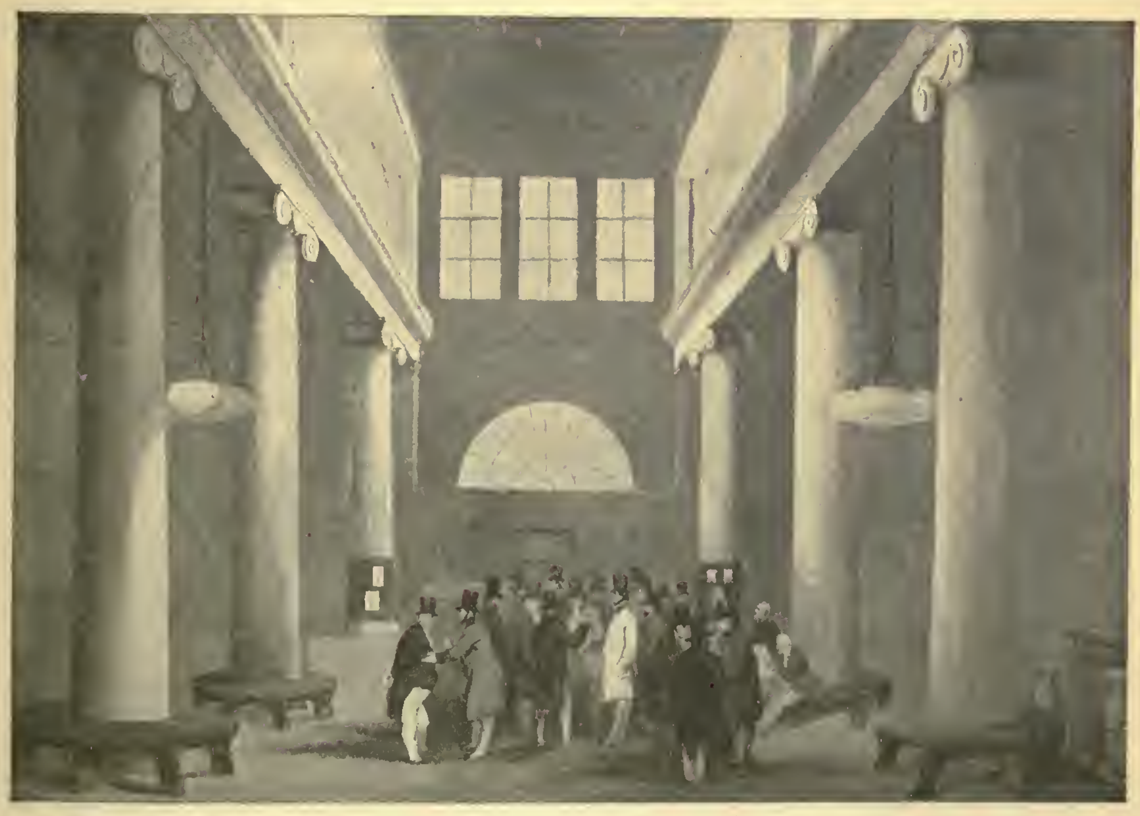
The exchange is a very interesting place, affording the visitor a practical idea of pandemonium during the sales hour, but it was picturesque, as well as noisy, in the earlier centuries. In the beginning of the seventeenth century there was no need for printed boards as now, to indicate particular traders, for at that time the foreign merchants, who composed the majority of operators, were easily distinguishable by their characteristic dress, and the representative from each nation, as a rule, confined themselves to certain lines. But that signs were in use is indicated by one of Oliver Cromwell's letters, which he addressed thus: "To my very loving friend, Mr. Storie, at the Sign of the Dog, in the Royal Exchange, London."

Cunningham says that "In excavating for the new Royal Exchange the workmen came upon a remarkable hole measuring 50 feet by 34 feet, which had apparently been a gravel pit in the time of the Romans, but closed and built over some time before they left the island. Numerous Roman remains, fragments of pottery, knives, combs, sandals, and other articles of domestic use were found in it, evidently thrown there when worn out or broken." These articles are now in the city museum, Guildhall.

Revenues of London.

The Custom House, in London, is in Lower Thames street, erected in 1817, but enlarged since by the construction of a new front. Before this building it is said the poet Cowper once stood a long while debating with himself whether he should end his disappointments by a fatal plunge into the Thames, or to make another effort to subdue the slings of outrageous fortune. The "long room" of the Custom House is 185 feet in length, 66 feet in breadth, and 55 feet in height, in which 2500 persons are employed collecting duties on coal, tea, spirits, and tobacco. The annual duties here received amount to nearly $75,000,000 which are about one-half the custom revenues collected at all the other ports of the country.

The Royal Mint was moved from the Tower of London in 1810, to Tower Hill, where it still remains, in a commodious building designed by Mr. John Johnson. Nearly all the coinage of the United Kingdom, and of most of the colonies, is executed here. The amount of money annually coined here fluctuates greatly, the lowest since 1855 being about $3,617,200, and the highest about $82,000,000. A remarkable robbery occurred at the old mint in 1798, when a bold highwayman, named Turnbull, entered the storeroom with a loaded pistol and served himself to 2804 guineas ($14,020), with which heavy load he succeeded in escaping. Admission may now be obtained by application to the Deputy Master, fears of robbery being no longer entertained.



LOBBY OF THE STOCK EXCHANGE.

Ties That Bind England and America.

It is undoubtedly true that great jealousy exists between England and America, an envious feeling that found fullest expression in two wars, and which has been kept alive, though in restraint, by bitter commercial rivalry. Notwithstanding this mood, no other two nations are so closely affiliated, not only by reason of kinship but also because of that more intimate relationship that is maintained by reciprocity of trade. So essentially are the people of England and America commercial, that though one is a limited monarchy and the other a republic, both are referred to by subjects of European governments as nations of shop-keepers. Of course no disgrace attaches to the designation except as the implication intended is that Englishmen and Americans are plebeians while Europeans are patricians. Since a cat may look at a king and even swell its tail in the presence of a czar, we ought not take such poor reflections seriously, particularly as no other two nations possess so much wealth and the aristocracy of genius.

The quarrels that break so often in fuss-and-feathers between England and America are, as they ought to be, only family jars which continuing over night are forgotten at the breakfast table. We cannot divorce the fact that the two countries have many things in common besides an identical ancestry, for there is an indissoluble bond of union forged by almost incalculable intercourse of a social and commercial character, which compels respect for each other and unites us in a common interest for mutual benefit. Very few persons appreciate the magnitude of the business between England and America, and some statistical information, compiled by J. Holt Schooling, member of the Royal Society of London, concerning the post-office of the United Kingdom, in 1896, may be here introduced as a fitting conclusion of this volume. Epitomizing Mr. Schooling's report, the interesting showing which he makes may be thus presented:

"The first thing that strikes the eye in the report is the cost of the British postal service and the profit, for Great Britain makes a profit in this department. The wages of employes alone amounts to $32,500,000 a year, while the total cost of the department for the same period is $53,750,000.

"The receipts amount to $68,750,000, leaving a balance of $15,000,000 profit a year. This would make a very startling comparison with the large yearly deficit of our own post-office were it not remembered that Great Britain owns the telegraph, too. Doubtless large telegraphic profits offset a deficit in the strictly postal business. On this point Mr. Schooling is, unfortunately, silent.

"While Great Britain exchanges 98,000,000 letters with all Europe, she exchanges 61,000,000 with America. This shows the bond between Europe and America, for the next continent on the list is Asia, with whom she makes only 22,000,000 exchanges.

"In the comparisons of nations the United States stands far ahead of any other, for 41,000,000 letters are exchanged annually between us and Great Britain. The next on the list is France, with an exchange of 25,750,000 letters, and Germany is third, with an exchange of 25,300,000. No other nation approaches nearer than Italy's 6,500,000."

Nothing else can so clearly show the extensive intercourse that subsists between England and America and the strength of the social and commercial ties that bind. Hail Columbia! God save the Queen!

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